Privateer Press™

NO QUARTER MAGAZINE™

ISSUE № 6
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IRON KINGDOMS™

FIVE FINGERS PREVIEW

HORDES

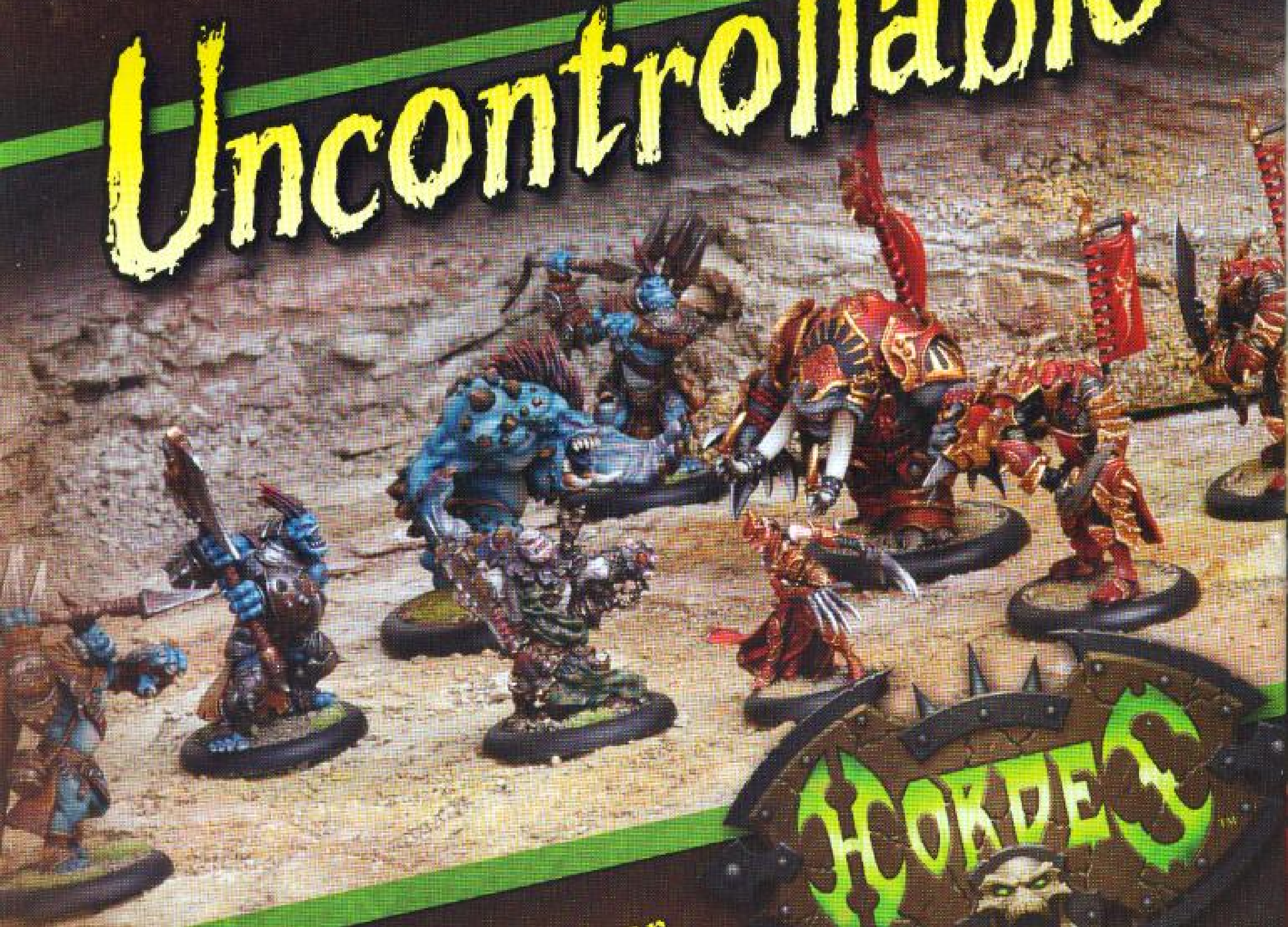
THE MAULER FRENZIES!

WARMACHINE

CENTURIONS, HAMMERFALL,
ASHLYNN IN LLAEL

MAY 2006
8 75582 00195 6

Uncontrollable



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ON THE COVER

The High Captain

Former High Captain Belchor Degrata, now a thane of Ord, returns to the infamous city of Five Fingers to attend the funeral of an old friend. While 'retired' from the city's underworld, the old thane keeps his hand on the pulse of the city, and remains an old crony of High Captain Hurley and Baird Cathor II, the Bandit King of Ord.

Brian Snoddy

One of the founders of Privateer Press, Brian Snoddy is a legend in the industry. He lives in Seattle where he collaborates on Privateer Press projects and collects Samurai armor. An award winning illustrator and contributor for dozens of products over the years, Brian is also reportedly able to kill a man using only his thumb.

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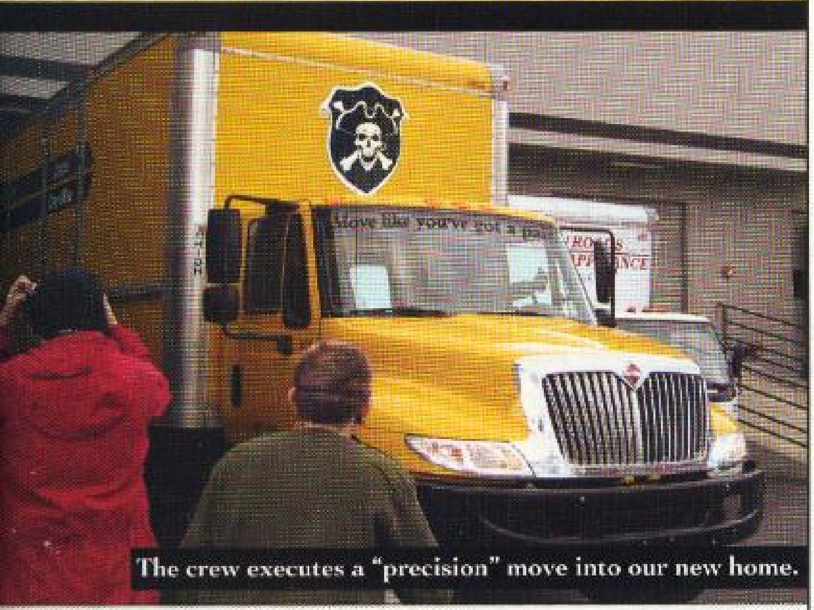

The crew executes a "precision" move into our new home.

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No Quarter Magazine

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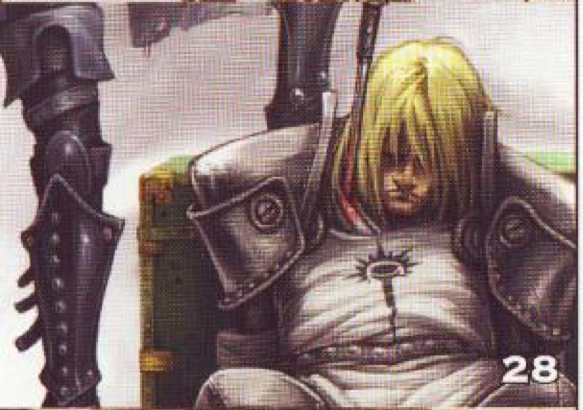

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The terrain boards you had at Gencon Indy last year were spectacular and fun to play on. Will you be having those and more boards like them at this years tourney? Any tables that will have special victory conditions above and beyond the usual Steamroller victory conditions?

I would like to also say that Pretijewel and her crew's contribution was stunning too. A lot of tables were covered with plentiful and varied terrain. The terrain showed the hard work and planning that went into it. Kudos.

- Mad Monkey

Thanks MM,

We had a blast building the tables for Gencon's events last year. Alfonzo Falco really rendered Matt's designs well. Our volunteers really knocked the tourney terrain out of the park as well. The hundreds of fantastic items they built for us should hold us for quite some time. In addition, you will see the return of the four themed tables, as well as something special that Alfonzo is cooking up (check next issue for details!)

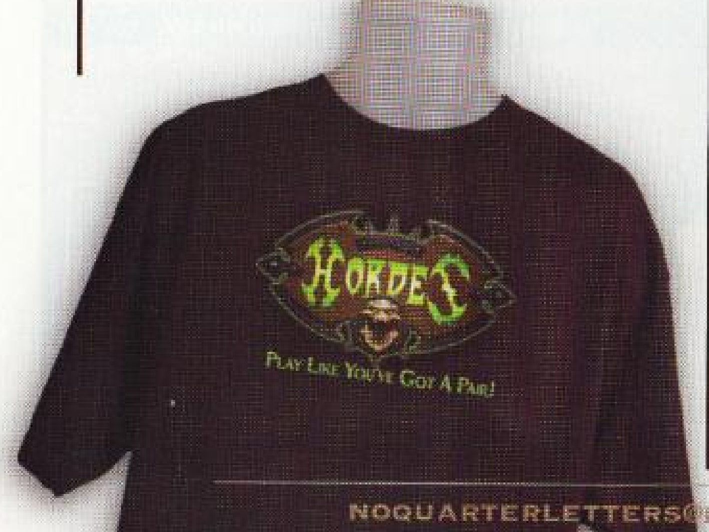
If you liked it last time, wait till you see it this year!

Now that HORDES:Primal is officially upon us will you have t-shirts and faction patches available like you do for WARMACHINE?

- BuddyG

You bet Buddy,

If you point your handy clicking finger on the internet over to www.privateerpress.com and visit the "Company Store" link, you will see a bunch of new HORDES themed additions including snazzy PLYGAP HORDES shirts and four new patches, one for each HORDES faction.



Can my local shop order a tournament kit for HORDES? I like the WARMACHINE faction coins, gold cards and other goodies from the WARMACHINE kits. Will you have the same stuff for HORDES?

- Sid Laramie

Without a doubt. Pressgang members and stores have been able to order the new kits for a few weeks now. They include four faction certificates, four "best of faction" coins, a championship coin and the afore mentioned PLYGAP t-shirt – All specifically designed for HORDES players.

The kits costs the shop $55 and can be ordered from the retail support section of our website.

I have read NQ4 and the article "Smoke on the Water". I was wondering if you can get your weapons back if they're taken away because you killed a lumber jack.

Matt "the Ripper" Thomas

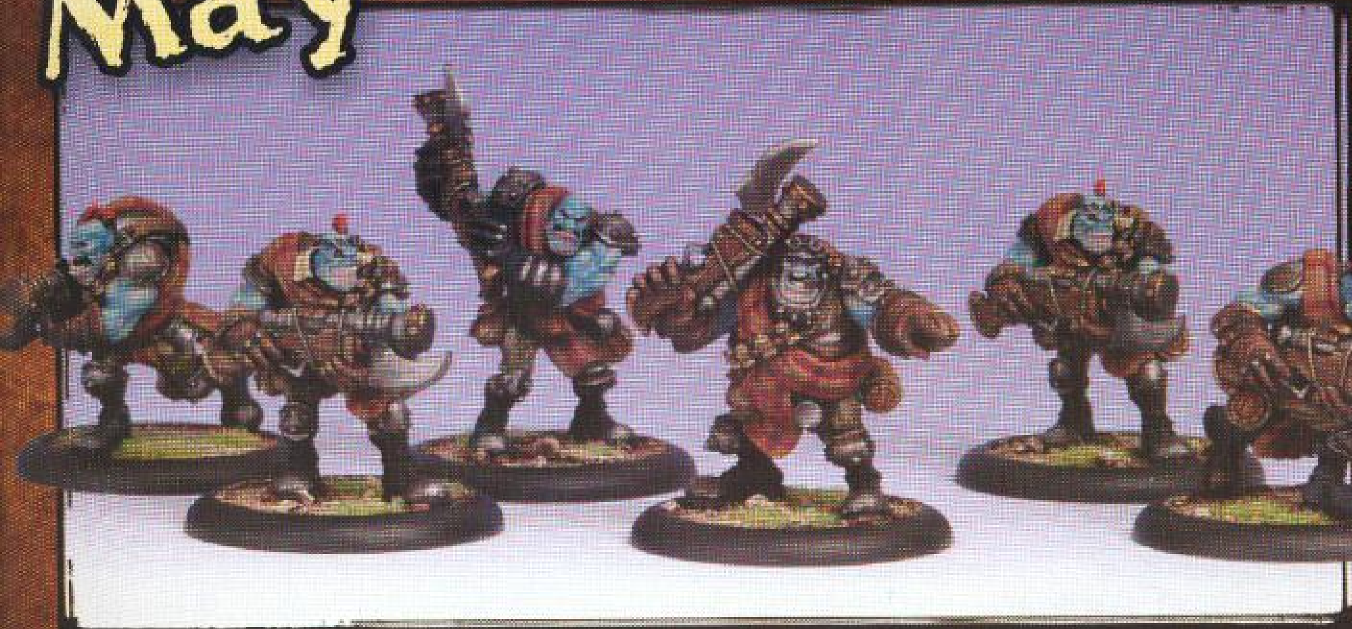
Dear Mr. Ripper,

We at Privateer Press do not recommend killing lumber jacks, and are fully in support of whatever measures the authorities or proprietor of the boat has undertaken to protect the lumberjacks or other inhabitants of Splintermill. In all seriousness, they were just drunken lumberjacks trying to have a good time; sure maybe they got a bit rowdy, but did you really have to impale them with your sword? That's just rude. I'm afraid you're going to have to buy some new weapons. Next time, try Unarmed Combat when confronted by drunken brawlers.

Two words – "Non-lethal Damage".

Privateer Press New Releases

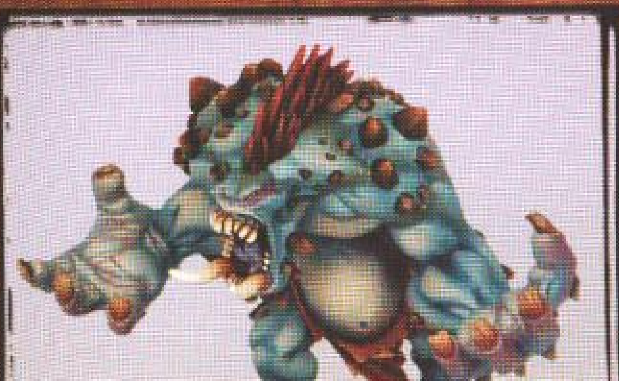
May



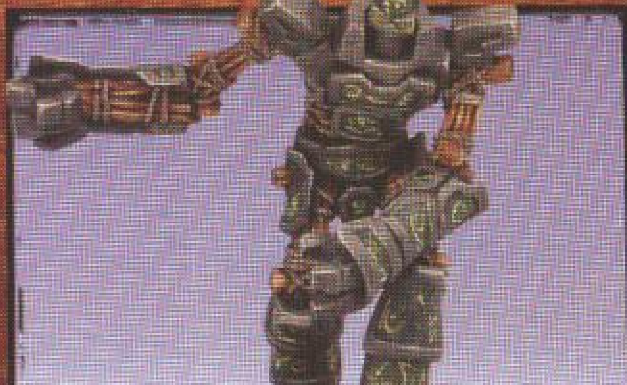
Trollblood Scattergunners Unit Box
PIP 71009 $39.99

Trollblood Scattergunners (2)
PIP 71010 $12.99

Sculpted By: Paul Muller



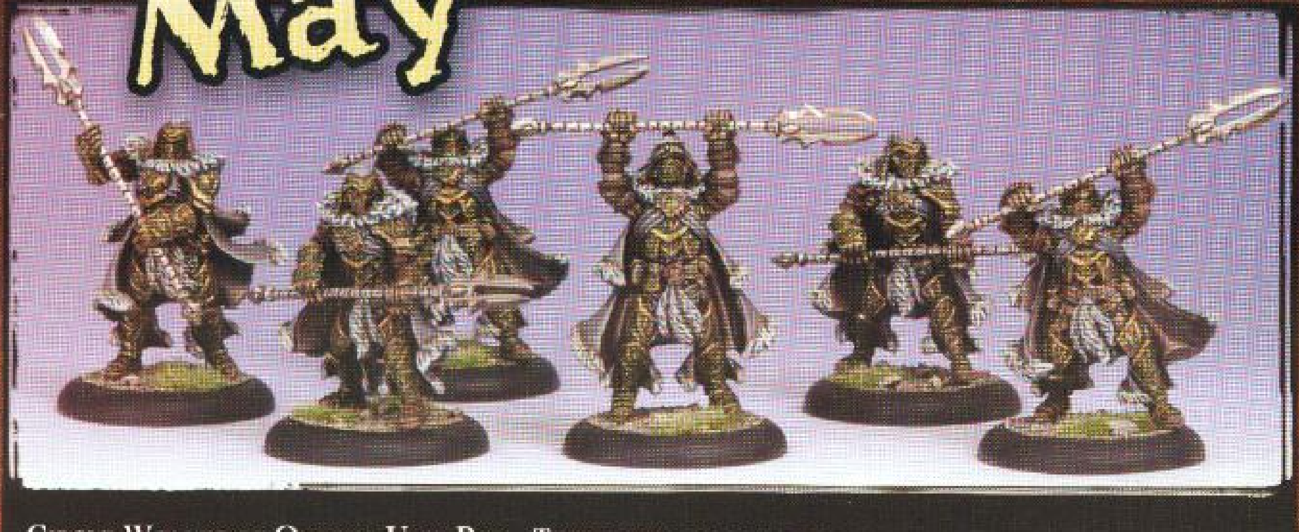
Trollblood Dire Troll Mauler
Heavy Warbeast
Sculpted By: Jason Hendricks
PIP 71007 $29.99



Circle Woldwarden
Heavy Warbeast
Sculpted By: Gregory Clavilier
PIP 72007 $24.99

Privateer Press New Releases

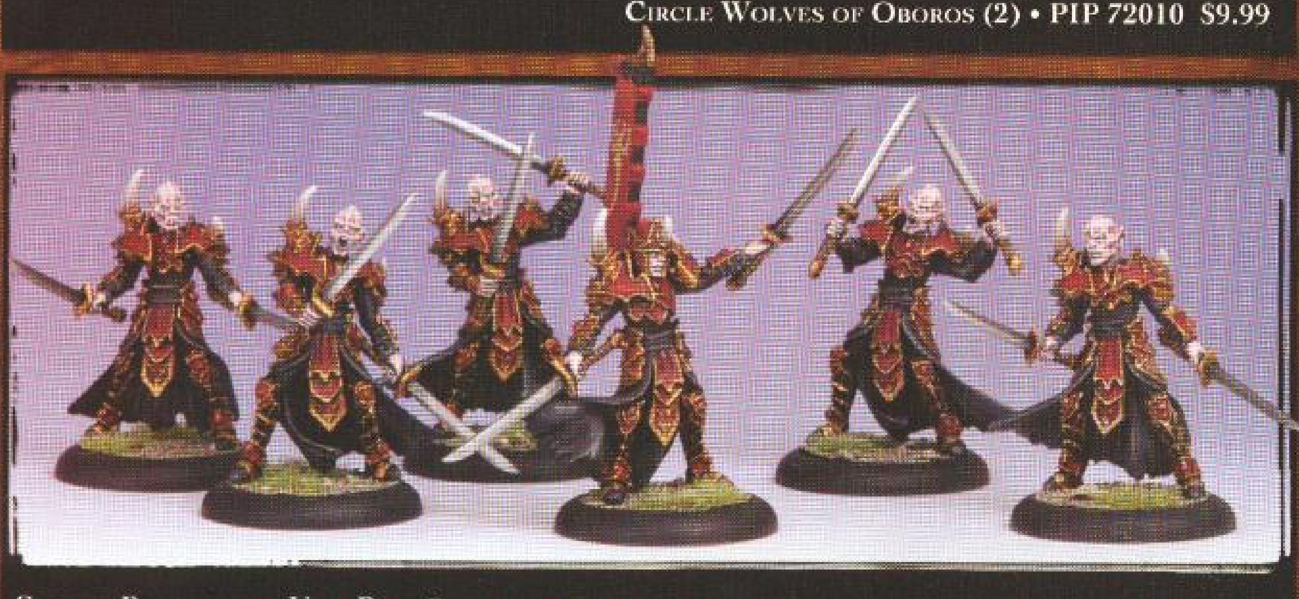
May



Circle Wolves of Oboros Unit Box - There have long been people willing to offer strength of arms to the wilderness prophets. These are the Wolves of Orboros— hunting packs of men that employed against the enemies of the druidic order. Each Wolf masters the cleft-bladed spear, a piercing weapon designed to punch through thick hides and armor. They must prove skill with this weapon and the ability to survive in the wilds to earn initiation to this ancient cabal.

Sculpted By: Jose Roig • PIP 720091 $29.99

Circle Wolves of Oboros (2) • PIP 72010 $9.99



Skorne Praetorians Unit Box -Recognized by their distinct two-weapon fighting style, the Praetorians represent an ancient tradition of skorne warfare. The Praetorians are the backbone of the invading Army of the Western Marches. Praetorians wear flexible plated armor and their swords are also of the finest make. In the capable hands of a Praetorian, each keen-edged blade can penetrate thick hide or armor.

Sculpted By: Adam Clarke • PIP 74009 $29.99

Skorne Praetorians (2) • PIP 74010 $9.99

Privateer Press New Releases

Skorne Titan Cannoner Heavy Warbeast
Sculpted By: Gregory Clavilier
PIP 74007 $31.99

The skorne have employed Titans to carry and fire cannons for almost two hundred years, exploiting their tremendous strength to maneuver with these massive weapons in a fashion no lesser creature could imitate. This enables the skorne to field its most physically imposing warbeast together with a powerful siege weapon, a brutal combination pit against the cities of mankind.

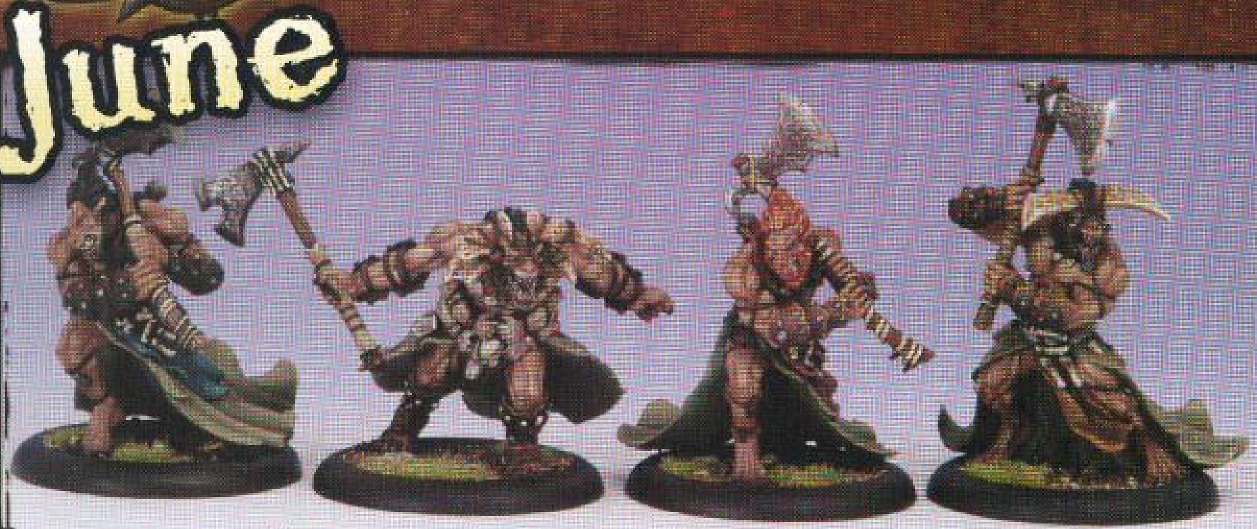
Legion Seraph Light Warbeast
Sculpted By: Kevin Adams
PIP 73007 $17.99

Peerless in graceful flight and blighted beauty, the Seraphim are Everblight's messengers of death. Its long tail ends in a wickedly barbed poison barb capable of piercing armor and flesh. The Seraph rarely engages in melee, preferring to breathe incendiary ash which licks out to annihilate adversaries at a distance, strafing past a group of foes and obliterating entire formations.

Not Pictured:
Legion Blighted Swordsmen Unit Box • PIP 73011 $29.99
Legion Blighted Swordsmen (2) • PIP 73012 $9.99
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

Privateer Press New Releases

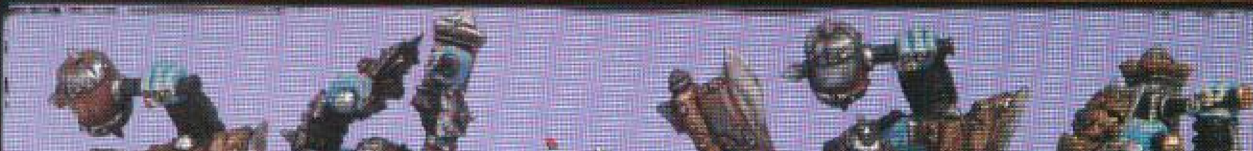
June



Circle Tharn Ravagers Unit Box - The Tharn have always been able to channel the savage power of the Devourer Wurm. Before battle they bellow a call to the Wurm, entering the chaos frenzy. Legends of inhuman deprivations among the Ravagers are true—they hunger to tear out and eat the hearts of their prey. These acts of frenzied cannibalism let them deliver grievous attacks while their eyes glow with berserk madness.

Sculpted By: Paul Muller • PIP 72011 $49.99

Circle Tharn Ravagers (1) • PIP 72012 $12.99



Trollblood Champions Unit Box

- The champions are hardened veterans, rising as the great heroes of their kriels. A tight bond links them to one another, an awareness that theirs is a greater destiny. They formalize these ties with the kulgat blood oath, learning to draw strength from their brothers and fight with seamless precision side by side. They distinguish themselves on the front line, hacking into enemies with a weapon in each hand, inflicting grievous wounds.

Sculpted By: Felix Paniagua • PIP 71011 $59.99

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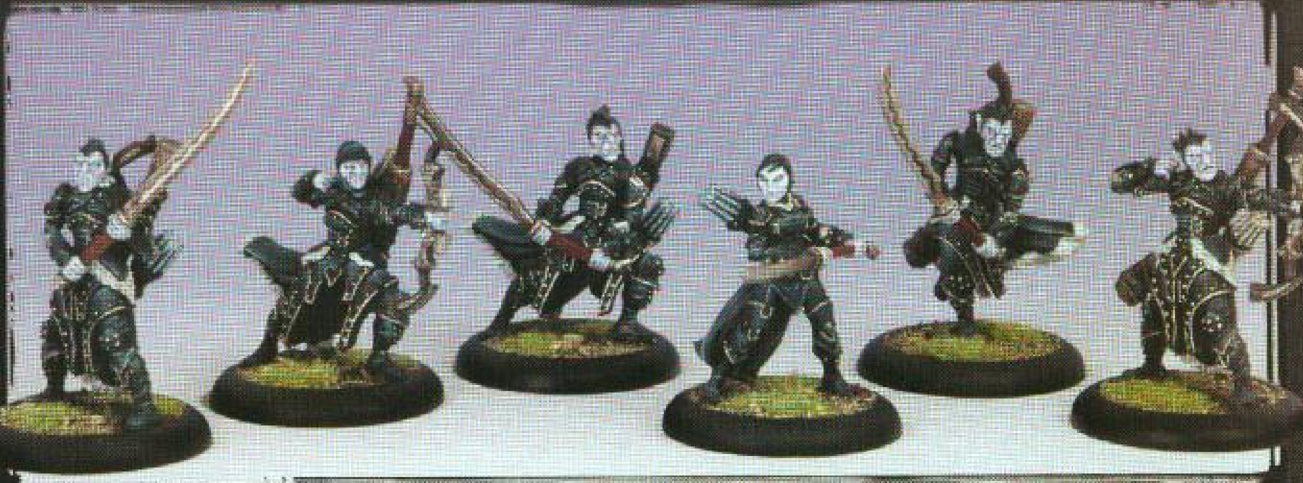

MERCENARIES CYLENA RAEFYLL & NYSS HUNTERS UNIT BOX – CYLENA WAS THE FOREMOST HUNTER OF HER SHARD EVEN BEFORE RECENT TRAGEDIES, WHICH HAVE PLUNGED HER PEOPLE INTO A STRUGGLE TO AVENGE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NYSS. RECENT FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL HAS HONED THEM INTO A PEERLESS KILLING FORCE. THEY UNLEASH ARCING VOLLEYS, PINNING DOWN FOES REGARDLESS OF ATTEMPTS TO HIDE OR EVADE.

SCULPTED BY: FELIX PANIAGUA • PIP 41032 $29.99
MERCENARY NYSS HUNTERS (2) • PIP 41031 $9.99

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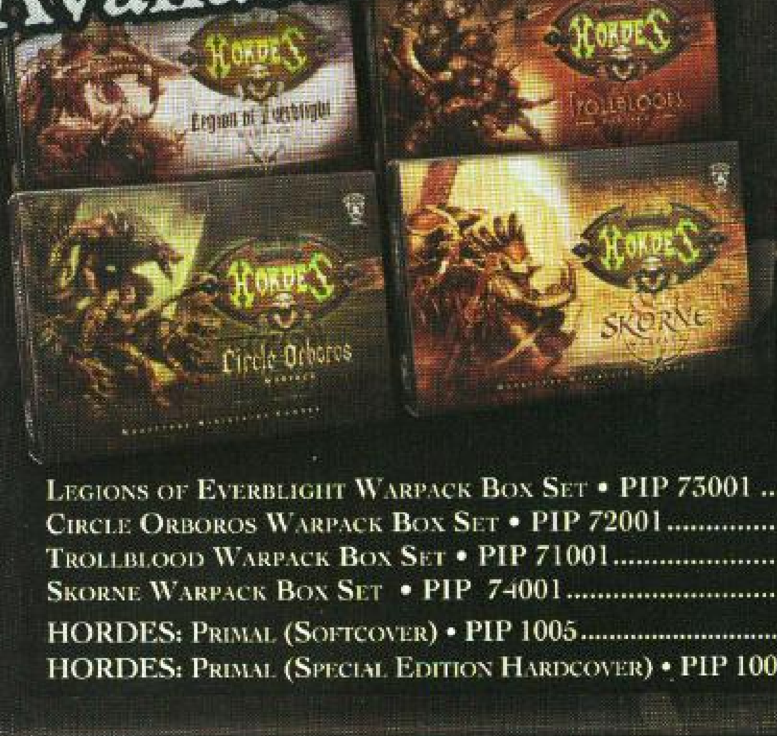
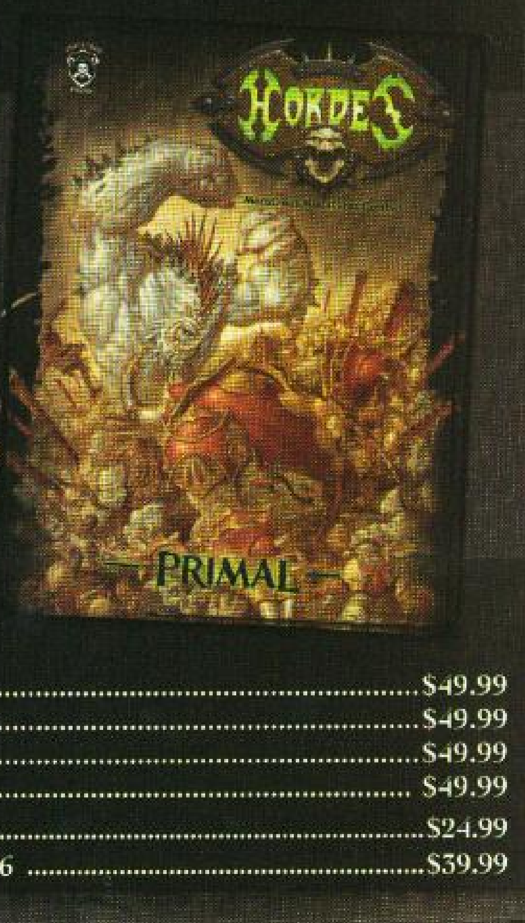

HORDES
Legion of Everblight
HORDES
Trollbloods
HORDES
Circle Orboros
HORDES
Skorne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CIRCLE ORBOROS WARPACK BOX SET • PIP 72001	$49.99
TROLLBLOOD WARPACK BOX SET • PIP 71001	$49.99
SKORNE WARPACK BOX SET • PIP 74001	$49.99
HORDES: PRIMAL (SOFTCOVER) • PIP 1005	$24.99
HORDES: PRIMAL (SPECIAL EDITION HARDCOVER) • PIP 1006	$39.99

GUN SORCERY

TRICKS AND TOOLS FOR THE GUN MAGE

by Nathan Letsinger and Doug Seacat with Luke Johnson and Duncan Huffman
Art by Chippy, Brian Snoddy, Matt Wilson, and Sam Wood

> *"They would raze an entire village to find a single man who spoke against them. Someone has to stand against the Grey Lords, lighting their way to Urcaen with a blaze of gunfire."*
>
> —Bartholomew Winnace, Llaelese gun mage (Gmg 7) and freedom fighter

Gun mages are as iconic to Western Immoren as steamjacks and gobbers, being a particular specialty of Cygnar and Llael—at least before Khador took over that beleaguered nation. This strange yet potent offshoot of sorcery is a uniquely modern phenomenon, arising among those born with sorcerous powers who feel an immediate and powerful synergy with the pistol.

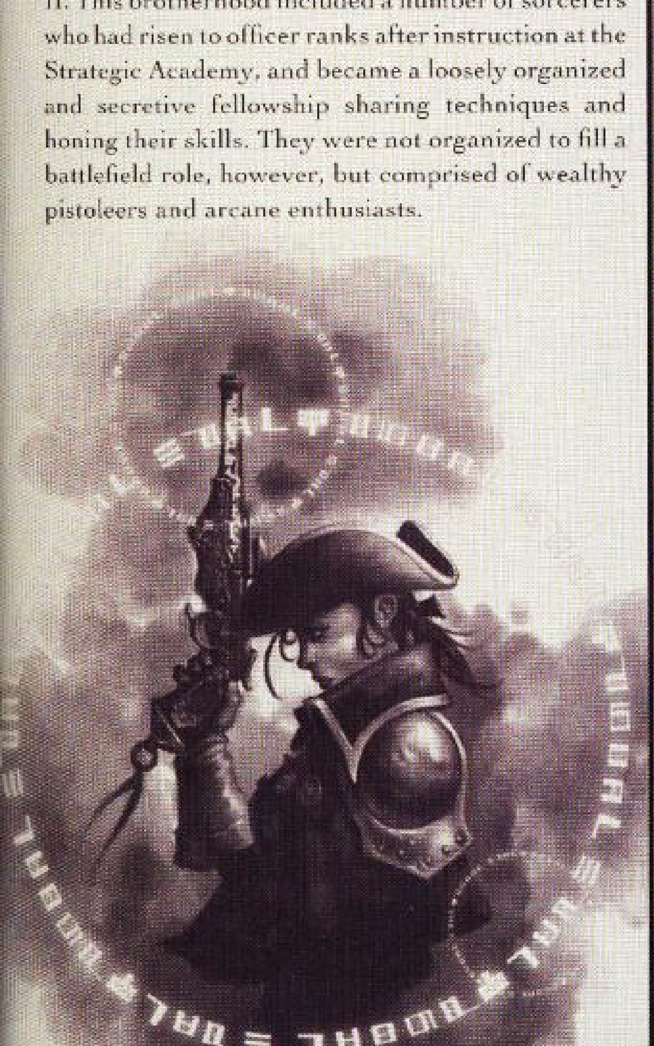
BIRTH OF THE GUN MAGE ORDERS

Since the invention of firearms centuries ago to fight off the Orgoth, many potential gun mages have gone unnoticed and their powers untapped, turning to regular sorcery with no awareness of their special potential. A few notable examples of gun mages have arisen in history, self-taught and carving out their own legends even before there was a name for this talent. Men such as Cygnar's Colonel Drake Cathmore, a warcaster who sacrificed his life in a brave gambit to hold off a Khadoran invasion during the Battle of the Tongue in 511 AR (see No Quarter Magazine issue #4). While not recognized as such in his day, the Colonel and others clearly learned to master this unique power.

In the last half century there have been more systematic attempts to recognize and organize those with this ability, put forward primarily by Cygnar and its long-time ally, Llael. Some have likely been born with this talent among Khador's large population, but there has been no effort to recognize and train them; such individuals likely fall in with the Greylords Covenant as "lesser" sorcerers, and learn their own way.

MILITANT ORDER OF THE ARCANE TEMPEST

In Cygnar a small cabal called the Brothers of the Tempest began to organize itself shortly after the end of the Thornwood War, coming together in 515 AR, just before the crowning of Vinter Raelthorne II. This brotherhood included a number of sorcerers who had risen to officer ranks after instruction at the Strategic Academy, and became a loosely organized and secretive fellowship sharing techniques and honing their skills. They were not organized to fill a battlefield role, however, but comprised of wealthy pistoleers and arcane enthusiasts.



This group didn't come to the attention of the Strategic Academy until many decades later, in a completely different climate. The man most responsible for this was the late Warmaster General, Carston Laddermore, Archduke of the Midlunds, who held that post under King Vinter IV during the first half of his reign. Warmaster Laddermore was friends of the current Chancellor of the Strategic Academy, Theodore Townsend. Even just five years into the reign of Vinter IV in 581 AR, an ugly public tide was rising against sorcerers in the kingdom, with the king as one of the most outspoken. Both Laddermore and Townsend felt it was crucial to protect military assets from this tide of sentiment, in particular to shield budding warcasters, a talent which most often arose among those born with sorcery. The Warmaster had friends among officers of the old Brotherhood of the Tempest and witnessed their effectiveness first hand. By his encouragement, a new branch of the Strategic Academy was created to shield these soldiers from King Vinter's budding Inquisition. This was how the Tempest Academy was initiated, to transition and legitimize the old secretive Brotherhood into the Militant Order of the Arcane Tempest.

This was a tense and interesting time to be a gun mage in Cygnar. Soon after the formation of the Militant Order, the Strategic Academy devoted resources to solve the problem of gun mages burning through regular pistols by the use of their powers. This had been a difficulty plaguing both the Amethyst Rose and the Tempest Brotherhood for decades; the only stop-gap measure being the use of reinforcement runes to extend the life of a pistol. The solution was discovered among the Rhulfolk; on contract from the Strategic Academy, magelock pistols were invented at the Ironhead Conclave in 583 AR using a special Rhulic alloy, and began being widely distributed to the Order of the Arcane Tempest by 585 AR. By this time King Vinter's Inquisition was in full force, hunting enemies of the state under the guise of rooting out sorcery and witchcraft. After the Scharde Invasions, the Inquisition was able to focus entirely on its dark hunt, gaining converts and becoming increasingly ruthless as its reach spread across Cygnar. There was enormous incentive for every sorcerer in the kingdom to enlist in the military, as the only option to avoid being executed as a witch.

The Strategic Academies in both Point Bourne and Caspia were flooded with applicants, bringing more gun mages to light than might otherwise have been possible. Chancellor Townsend did what he could to encourage the Academy to serve as a shelter for patriotic sorcerers, protecting them from the Inquisition and strengthening the growing Order of the Arcane Tempest. King Vinter was never impressed with these mages, considering them a waste of resources. It wasn't until after the coup and the crowning of King Leto in 594 AR that the Arcane Tempest would fully come into its own to exercise their power on the battlefield.

LOYAL ORDER OF THE AMETHYST ROSE

Llael actually integrated their own gun mages into their military far earlier than Cygnar. This was perhaps only natural in a kingdom placing such a strong emphasis on the pistol in their history, as the birthplace of the firearm and the Order of the Golden Crucible. Lacking some of Cygnar's paranoia toward sorcery, gun mages were more quickly accepted and exploited for military use. Individuals with this talent had long been counted valuable members in the eclectic High Royal Guard created in 274 to guard the Llaelese king. Nonetheless, these talented pistol sorcerers were not counted as their own organization until centuries later.

The Loyal Order of the Amethyst Rose was founded in 545 AR, shortly after the embarrassing death of King Artys VI, "the Stubborn" in 541, who was strangled by Archduke Guy Kylvse in front of the entire Council of Nobles before his bodyguards could cut the enraged Archduke down. While this king was not popular, his scandalous murder prompted a surge in royalist patriotism across Llael, and the kingdom's gun mages responded alongside their fellow kinsmen. The group was inducted into the Llaelese Army with distinction, and members of this order were occasionally recognized and chosen to join the High Royal Guard alongside wizards, pistoleers, and swordsmen. The Amethyst Rose prided themselves above all else on their pistol fighting skill, and found that working together allowed them to refine their unique arts. The populace of Llael delighted in military parades featuring these adepts and their flashy powers, while those protecting the king proved their capability preventing several assassination attempts.

As Cygnar's gun mage order began to flourish, Llael's King Rynnard died of old age in 595 AR without a clear legitimate heir; the Loyal Order of the Amethyst Rose began to wane with the rise of the corrupt Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn. He despised their loyalty to the empty throne, accusing them of disruption and conspiracies against himself

as the 'lawful' regent. Fallen from favor, they adopted black attire in mourning for the royal line, and began to search in secret for potential heirs. They continued to recruit those born with gun mage ability and initiated them into their fellowship, providing at least one surviving tradition of military excellence. They watched powerless to intervene as the Prime Minister undermined the Llaelese Army. During Khador's invasion, the Amethyst Rose were among the most heroic of defenders. Those that survived joined the brave but hopelessly outnumbered Llaelese Resistance, determined to make Khador pay for every inch of Llaelese soil stolen from them and every murdered patriot.

ASSEMBLING AMMUNITION

(Note: The following is an update to the IKCG, p. 146.)

Assembling ammunition requires a Craft (alchemy) or a Craft (gunsmithing) check (DC 25). You may take 20 on this check so long as you have a Gunner's Kit as there is no penalty for failure. Assembling an ammunition charge takes 1 minute per charge.

Assembling ammunition without a Gunner's Kit incurs risk. This involves estimating powder weights without a scale and manipulating blasting powder without the proper tools. If the check is failed by less than 10, the ingredients are ruined. If the check is failed by 10, the powders catch on fire, ruining the ingredients and causing 1 point of fire damage.

GUNMAGES TODAY

The military gun mages are the most obvious examples of the breed in the Iron Kingdoms, and when common people think of gun mages, they usually think of Cygnar's Arcane Tempest mages in their long greatcoats or the equally striking members of Llael's Amethyst Rose, garbed in black and attacking from the shadows. Among these gun mages, some have reached legendary renown, men such as Fynch d'Lamsyn among Llael's resistance, or the gun mage and Cygnaran warcaster Allister Caine—whose swaggering style has earned as many enemies as admirers.

The military is not the only home for gun mages, particularly in kingdoms like Ord. Many take up a mercenary or adventuring life, where they find their skills in ready demand. In an adventuring group, a gun mage fulfills a role similar to that of a sorcerer — usually heavy ranged support. Unlike sorcerers, they supply this support with pistol shots as well as spells. Their spell list is versatile enough that they can also support their allies in other ways *(cat's grace, good hope)*, defend themselves *(blink, shield)*, and act as troubleshooters *(dispel magic, locate creature)*. They are a bit tougher than sorcerers and wizards and more able to hold their own in a fight.

Gun mages consider themselves elite—few gun mages exist in the kingdoms, and they have a reputation for arrogance. Despite the complacency of some gun mages, they continue to develop spells and techniques to enhance their skills. As such a new discipline more innovations and methods to tap into their powers are sure to come. Some of those spells and techniques are presented here.

FEATS

FOCUSED CHANNELING

You can evoke more damage when channeling spells into your rune bullets.

Prerequisites: Cast Rune Bullets ability

Benefit: When you channel spells into your rune bullets, you do an additional +2 damage

Special: This feat may be taken as a gun mage bonus feat. You may not take this feat multiple times.

GUN SORCERY

You deal extra damage when casting ray spells from your pistol

Prerequisites: Weapon Focus (ray), Gun Mage level 1

Benefit: You gain +2 damage to ray spells that cause damage when they are channeled through your pistol.

Special: May be taken as a gun mage's bonus feat.

MAXIMIZED CHANNELING

You have mastered the act of channeling magic into your rune bullets

Prerequisites: Focused Channeling, Cast Rune Bullets ability, Gun Mage level 6

Benefit: You may channel additional spells into

FEATS CONT.

a rune bullet. When channeling spells into a rune bullet you may add multiple spells of the same level up to your highest level spell for additional force damage. You may not channel multiple spells of different levels. For example if your highest spell is 4th level, you may channel four first, or two second level spells into a rune bullet, providing an additional 4d6 points of force damage to your bullet's damage.

Special: You may not channel cantrips in this way. This feat may be taken as a gun mage bonus feat.

PISTOL FINESSE

Your skills at gun play can distract a foe into leaving an opening you can exploit.

Prerequisites: Weapon Focus (pistol), Chr 13

Benefit: You may use your Charisma modifier instead of Dexterity as a bonus to ranged attacks when targeting a living creature within 30' that is aware of you.

SPELLS

GUN CRAFT

Transmutation

Level: Gun Mage 0

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: See Text

This spell was invented by the Militant Order to assist gun mages in assembling ammunition in the field. Casting this spell allows you to clean, dissemble, and reassemble a single firearm. It also allows the caster to assemble firearm ammunition charges from the normal ingredients (silk or paper, bullet, blasting powder) as if they had a Gunner's Kit (IKCG, p. 199). Assembly still requires a skill check to complete, but this spell provides a +5 intuition bonus to this check.

ARCANE LOADING

Transmutation

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: V, F

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Personal

Target: One pistol

Duration: concentration + 1 round/level

This spell allows you to load your pistol without use of your hands. This spells does not produce ammunition, which must be on your person, and does not speed the time it takes to reload, but it does so without costing you any action to reload the weapon. Any checks to reload must still be made and reloading in melee still cause an attack of opportunity.

By casting this spell on a pistol, a gun mage could fire that pistol, then fire a different pistol the next round while the spell reloads the first pistol, and then fire the reloaded pistol the following round. This spell is generally cast on a single pistol before combat and the concentration maintained as long as possible.

Focus: an unloaded small arms weapon and ammunition.

CRIPPLING RAY

Transmutation

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Effect: Ray

Duration: 1 min./level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

A red ray springs from your hand. You must succeed on a ranged touch attack to strike a target. The subject takes a penalty to Dexterity equal to 1d6+1 per two caster levels (maximum 1d6 +5). The subject's Dexterity score cannot drop below 1.

ENERGY RAY

Evocation [variable]

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: V, S

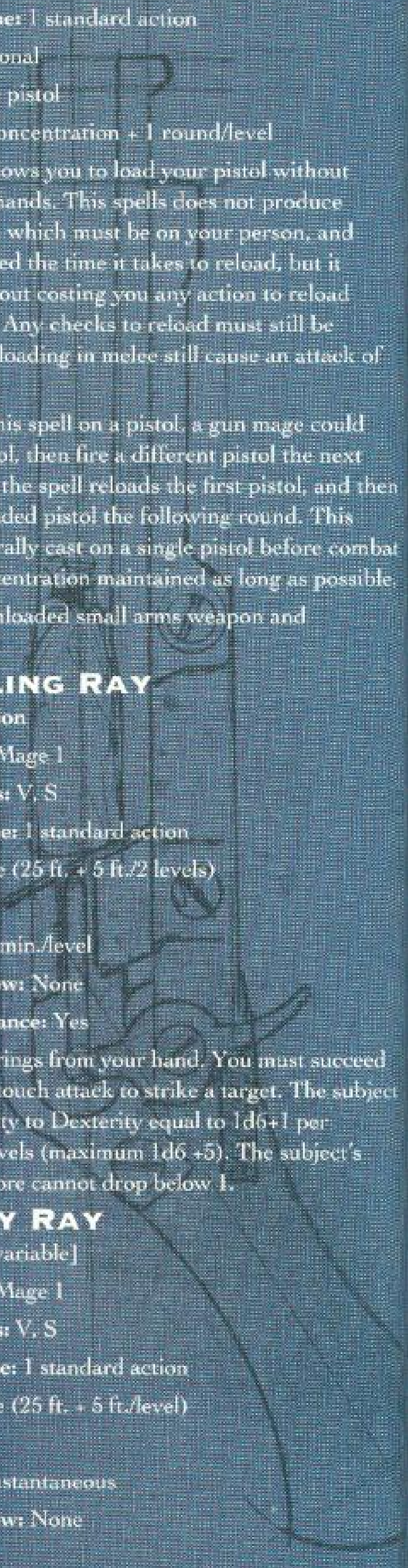
Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./level)

Effect: Ray

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None



Spell Resistance: Yes

A ray of energy leaps from your palm. When this spell is cast you choose a descriptor: acid, cold, electricity, fire, force, or sonic. If you succeed in a ranged touch attack the ray does 1d6points of damage +1 every two levels (maximum 1d6 +5) and uses the descriptor chosen.

RAY OF WOUNDING

Evocation [force]

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./level)

Effect: Ray

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

A ray lashes out from your palm; the ray is colorless, but the air shimmers in its wake, as if in a heat mirage. The ray deals 1d8 points of damage and causes a bleeding wound that causes an additional point of damage each round for a number of rounds equal to your level (maximum 10 rounds.) The damage is bludgeoning, piercing, or slashing (your choice at the time of casting).

STEALTH SHOT

Illusion (Glamer)

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: S, F

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: See text

Your next ranged attack with a small arms weapon is completely silent, and gives no sound when fired. Neither the firing of the weapon, nor the impact of its ammunition causes a sound. Furthermore, if hit, any immediate sound from the target, such as a scream, shout, or the fall of a body, is silenced. This silencing effect ends after the bullet hits.

Focus: a small arms weapon used to make the attack.

EXTENDED SHOT

Enchantment

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: V, F

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: See text

Your next attack with a pistol or Magelock small arms weapon has its range increment increased by one-half (multiply by 1 1/2).

Focus: a small arms weapon used to make the attack.

EMBER SHOT

Evocation

Level: Gun Mage 1

Components: V, F

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: See text

Your next attack with a small arms weapon adds +1 fire damage per spellcaster level.

SLAM SHOT

Evocation

Level: Gun Mage 2

Components: V, F

Casting Time: 1 standard action

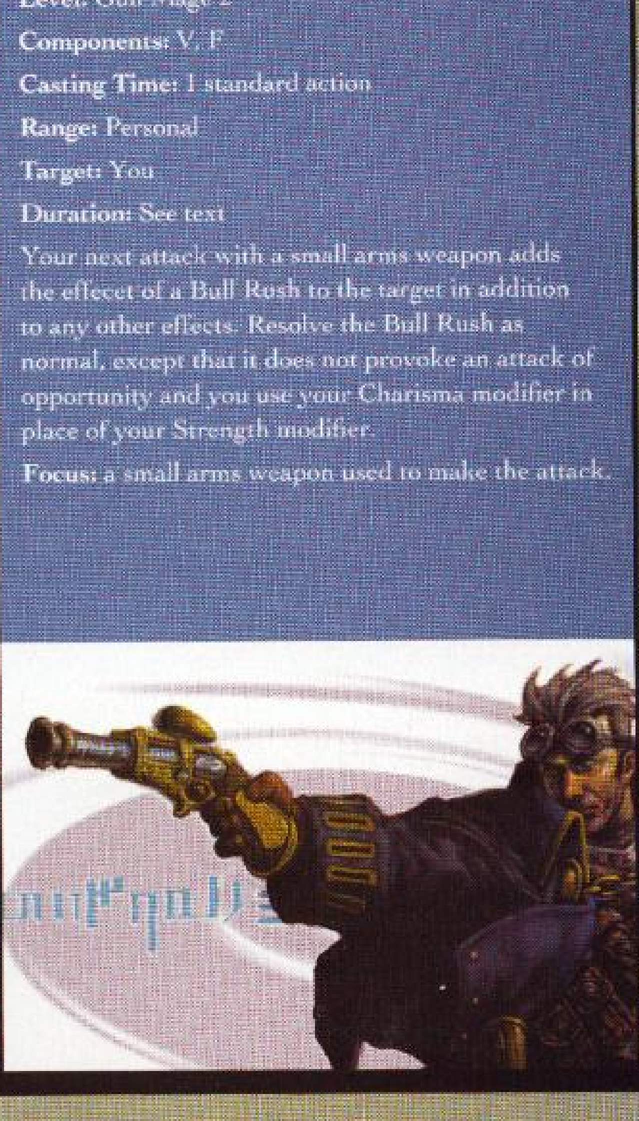
Range: Personal

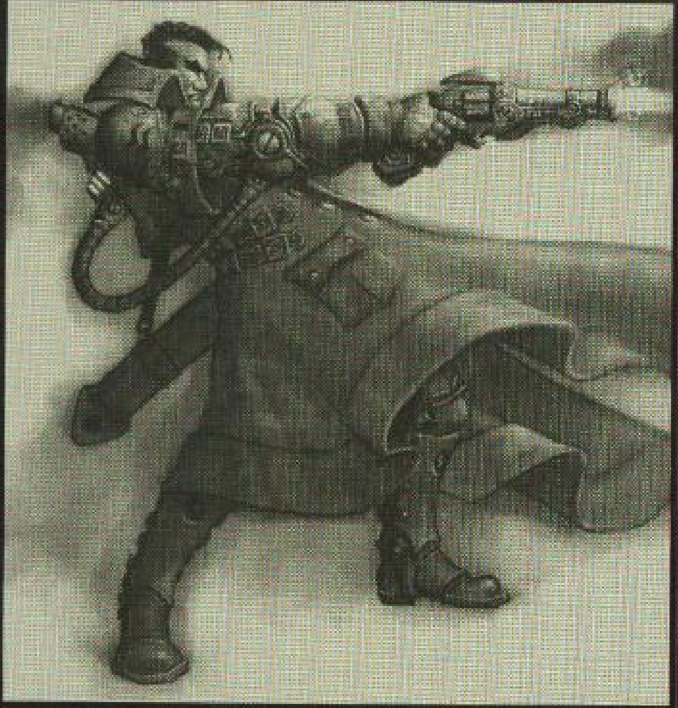
Target: You

Duration: See text

Your next attack with a small arms weapon adds the effecet of a Bull Rush to the target in addition to any other effects. Resolve the Bull Rush as normal, except that it does not provoke an attack of opportunity and you use your Charisma modifier in place of your Strength modifier.

Focus: a small arms weapon used to make the attack.





RUNE BULLETS

RUNE BULLETS

At 3rd level all gun mages can cast rune bullets which allow them to channel spell energy into a bullet, and with a magelock they may even transmit touch and ranged touch spells with the bullet. Many gun mages have learned to extend the powers of rune bullets by adding rare materials.

EVOKER RUNE BULLETS

A gun mage can add 10 gp of crushed gem powder into a rune bullet when casting it; if he does so, when he channels a spell into the bullet the damage evokes a different descriptor instead than force damage. A rune bullet cannot use multiple kinds of powder. Furthermore, when a gun mage uses an Evoker rune bullet to transmit a touch or ranged touch spell with the same descriptor, the DC on any saves are increased by two

Power	Damage Descriptor
Emerald	Acid
Sapphire	Cold
Amber	Electricity
Ruby	Fire
Diamond	Sonic

For example, if Bartholomew the gun mage channels a 3rd-level spell into an Amber Evoker rune bullet, the bullet deals an addition 3d6 points of electricity damage instead of force damage.

FOE-KILLER RUNE BULLETS

A foe-killer bullet deals extra damage against a particular type of enemy by including rare metals in the casting process. They are most commonly used by ghost-hunting gun mages such as the Adjacents of the Order of Illumination. Based on the principles of arcane alchemy discovered by the Golden Crucible, casting a foe-killer rune bullet requires the admixture of specific metals that vary depending on the creature type, as shown below; the purification of materials and alchemical construction cost an additional 20 gp per bullet. Against that particular creature type, when the gun mage channels a spell into the rune bullet, the additional force damage doubles. However, against creatures of other types, the bullet deals normal damage.

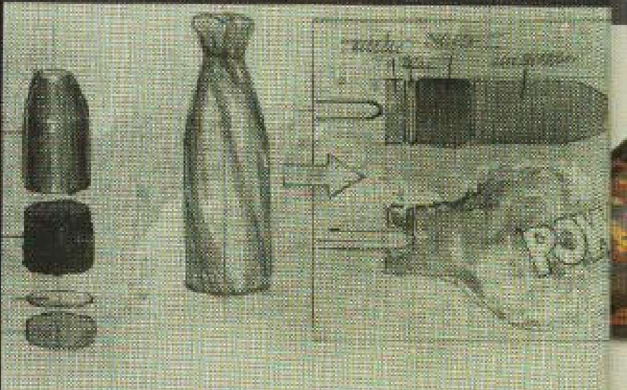
For example, Bartholomew fires a blessed silver foe-killer bullet at an Iron Lich and channels a 3rd-level spell into it. The bullet deals an extra 6d6 points of force damage (instead of the normal 3d6). If, however, the lich turns out to be a construct in disguise, the bullet deals no extra damage.

Creature Type	Metal
Blighted Creatures (using blight template	Platinum
Grymkin (fey)	Lodestone
Undead	Blessed Silver*

*The silver used in the casting must be blessed by a cleric who can turn undead.

PERSONAL RUNES

Each rune bullet is made with the personal rune of its creator, making using other gun mages' rune bullets for spell channeling impossible. The only exception to this fact may be found in gun mage military orders which employ a method to ensure all members of their order can exchange ammunition.



STARTING PACKAGES

Beginning gun mage characters can use the following packages that provide default equipment, feats, and gear. You may swap equipment for equipment of equal value. If you don't want to take a standard package, you can instead purchase weapons, armor and equipment, item by item. In this case, choose a pistol up to 200 gp in value and then roll 2d4 X 10 (average 50 gp) for your remaining gold for purchases. The pistol gained this way was either issued during military service, granted as family heirloom, or stolen. GMs using the optional rules for Shoddy & Flawed firearms may allow beginning characters to own a shoddy pistol instead, and gain the difference (25% of the pistols normal value) in gold.

HUMAN RYN GUN MAGE STARTING PACKAGE

Armor: Greatcoat (+1 AC , 5 lb.), Studded Leather (+3 AC, armor check penalty -1 , speed 30 ft., 20lbs.)

Weapons: Musket pistol (1d8, crit x2, range inc. 20 ft., 5lb.), punching dagger (1d4, crit x3, 1 lb.).

Skill Selection: Pick a number of skills equal to 3 + Int modifier.

Feat: Weapon Focus (pistol)

Gear: Backpack with waterskin, one day's trail rations, bedroll, flint & steel, holster, bandolier with 10 rounds of ammunition.

Gold: 1d4 gp

HUMAN CASPIAN GUN MAGE STARTING PACKAGE

Armor: Reinforced Greatcoat(+1 AC , DR 3/ blugeoning or slashing, speed -, 5 lb.)

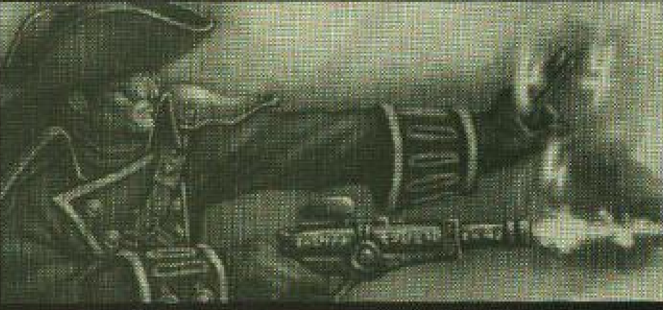
Weapons: small pistol (2d4, crit 19-20/x3, range inc. 40 ft., 4lb., piercing) ,dagger (1d4, crit 19-20/x2, range inc. 10 ft., 1lb., piercing).

Skill Selection: Pick a number of skills equal to 3 + Int modifier.

Feat: Quickdraw

Gear: Backpack with waterskin, one day's trail rations, bedroll, flint & steel, holster, bandolier with 10 rounds of ammunition.

Gold: 1d4 gp



ATTAINING A MAGELOCK PISTOL

Magelock pistols are important for gun mages; players with gun mage PCs will want to get their hands on one as soon as possible. Part of a GM's job is to determine an appropriate time. Several options exist:

1) EARNING A MAGELOCK

By this option, the gun mage earns a magelock pistol during play. The character might or might not have to work for the pistol – perhaps performing a service to gain one as a reward, which can be used as an adventure hook. A good time to give a gun mage PC his first magelock pistol is early in his career, definitely by 3rd level. If GMs give out a magelock firearm, it may be counted as treasure for that encounter.

2) STARTING WITH A MAGELOCK

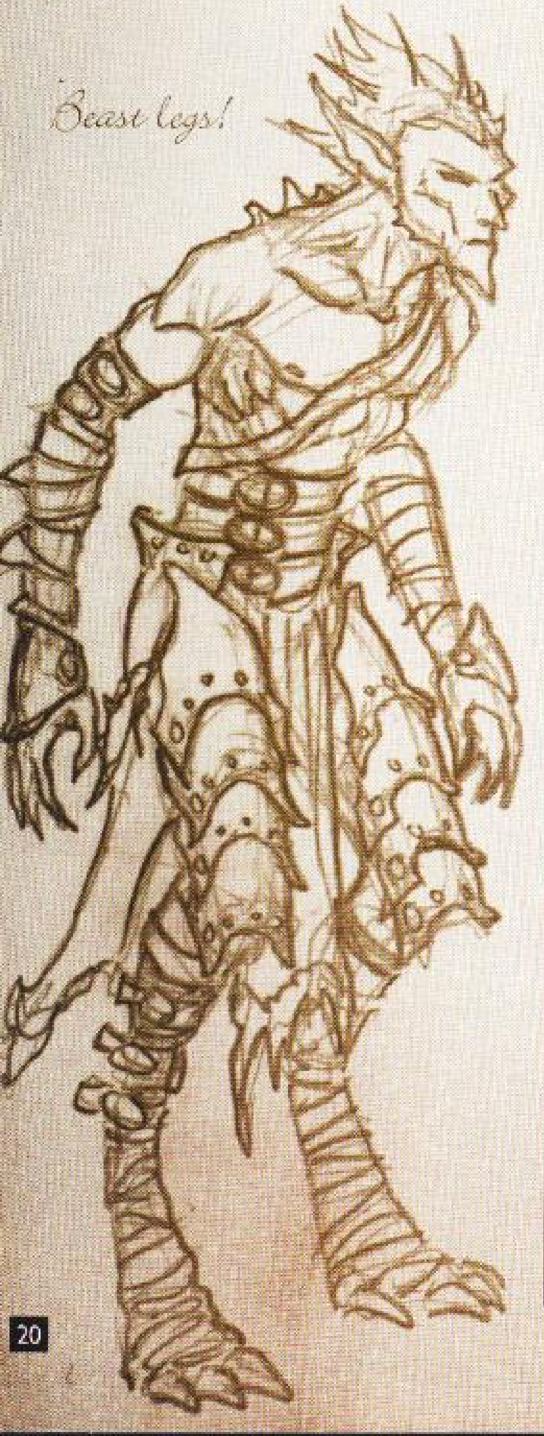
The most generous option is to give a PC a magelock pistol at 1st level, as part of character creation. GMs running a military campaign are likely to use this option, where other PCs are receiving additional equipment as well. The gun mage receives benefits immediately from having such a pistol, and gun mages are not particularly powerful at low levels; starting with a magelock can help them hold their own. Since ammunition costs can be prohibitive at low levels, allowing a gun mage to start with a dozen rounds of ammunition might be a good idea. This option removes some of the mystique of the magelock and takes away the accomplishment of "earning" one, as well as providing a 1st level character with an item worth far in excess of normal starting funds. GMs who use this option are encouraged to have the gun mage indebted to whomever provides their magelock, such as the military or a mentor. This should be a substantial debt requiring service or later payment (with interest!).

3) BUYING A MAGELOCK

The gun mage must buy the magelock pistol. Since gun mages rely so heavily on their magelock, they are sure to purchase the pistol at his first opportunity. Doing so is a good way to deprive the character of excess money. See this issue's article of Foundry, Forge & Crucible for pricing and availability guidelines.

THE PENDRAKE ENCOUNTERS

By Lynus Wesselbaum (Transcribed by F. Wesley Schneider)



THE RIMESHAWS MASSACRE

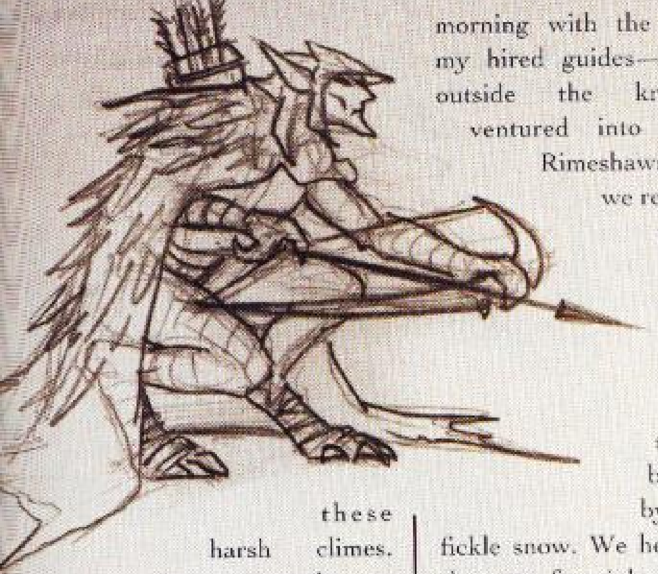
To: Viktor Pendrake, High Chancellor of Extraordinary Zoology, Corvis University, Cygnar

Dear Professor Pendrake,

As much as I would like to write this as a report of my successes and of how your example and lessons led me to the source of the Nyss migration, I fear I cannot. I have found myself in a peculiar situation, but it could be far worse. I praise Morrow to even be alive after seeing what I did in the Scarsfell Forest. I never expected there were things in this world that could chill you faster than this region's wet Khadoran snow, but knowing what I know now, some part of me doubts I'll ever thaw. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

At the direction of your letter I packed light but brought all the essentials including herbal and alchemical poultices. My travels through Cygnar and Khador were of little note—to my excitement I was able to get a decent sketch a warbling Westshore devil rook, bringing my catalog of southern raptors to a close. Upon reaching Tverkutsk I hired two of the most trustworthy guides I could find and bought their services for half again the asking price, so to "buy loyalty but not greedy daggers" as you've advised.

A freezing week's travel north brought us to Braggmaw Krielholme and Rathlok, your terrifying trollkin friend, with his equally intimidating clan. [Translator note: see NQM#2, "Pendrake in the Rimeshaws"] Had not the cooking fires of their crude and distinctly "aromatic" lodges proven tempting I might have fled back to Corvis. With some trepidation, I introduced myself and explained that I was your assistant. This incited a raucous round of introductions, queries after your health (which I wish I knew), and—to my embarrassment—a number of trollkin imitations of feminine screaming. (I'm not one to criticize, sir, but the incident with the vektiss was terrifying and not a moment I care to be reminded of even in

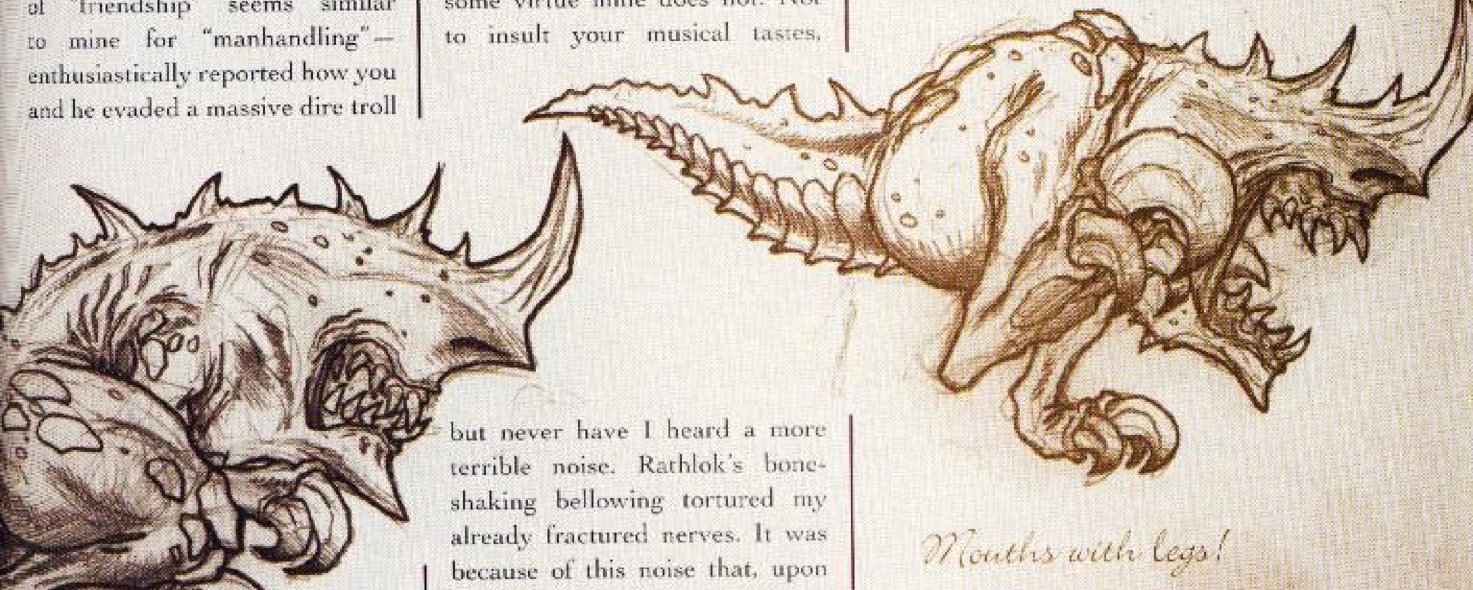


these harsh climes. I'm not sure why you feel the need to relate that story so often.)

Rathlok and I were able to converse at length and I told him of your instructions. Your comrade —whose definition of "friendship" seems similar to mine for "manhandling"—enthusiastically reported how you and he evaded a massive dire troll and saved a band of Nyss refugees. Rathlok and three trollkin hunters offered to show me the site and, out of friendship to you, head east with me in my search. I gratefully accepted.

Leaving the warmth of Rathlok's home early the following morning with the trollkin and my hired guides—who camped outside the krielholme—we ventured into the eastern Rimeshaws. By midday we reached the site where you encountered the dire troll, although all evidence of those struggles had been erased by time and the fickle snow. We headed on over the next fortnight in our march toward the Shard Spires.

Having heard your tales of the haunting melodies of the fell callers I was anticipating them as a comfort during these travels. Your ear must detect some virtue mine does not. Not to insult your musical tastes, but never have I heard a more terrible noise. Rathlok's bone-shaking bellowing tortured my already fractured nerves. It was because of this noise that, upon entering a rocky meadow, I didn't immediately notice the stark Nyss figure wearing a cloak of feathers, its stance wary.



Mouths with legs!

"Never welcome a friend with blade in hand," that's what you always told me, and so I put away my Radliffe. Knowing from your stories the Nyss to be of a particularly frosty sort, I took the next step and doffed my backpack, long blade, ammo belt, lucky scarf, and even the uncomfortable little dagger half-frozen to me in my boot. Knowing nothing of the Nyss's Aeric language, with arms held wide, I offered my best greetings in Shyr and Cygnaran. Treading across the field I watched the Nyss hunter for some sign of acceptance. He scrutinized me like a cornered predator, hunching as I came. A fear began to rise in me and only my foolish belief that it was unwarranted prevented me from fleeing. I had the sense to stop mid-meadow, and took a step or two back. That small cowardice might have saved my life.

With a cry that was something between a high pitched shriek and a garbled hiss, the thing that I thought was—and may once have been—Nyss threw back its head. Suddenly, the shapes I had believed were half snow-covered rocks burst from the ice field; living, eyeless things, all claws and spikes and razor teeth. I don't remember running, but in the next instant I felt myself rolling into a snow bank near my pack, the harsh cold of the snow silencing the terrible sound that must have been my own screaming.

Clambering to my feet and reaching for my rifle with trembling hands I turned to see one of the bounding monstrosities mid-leap, its mouth—that seemed to account for more than half of its body—opened impossibly wide, aiming to take off my head. A powerful shove was all that saved me as Rathlok stepped forward with a long bellow, the force of his call smashing into the creature like a physical blow. Lifting me to my feat with a jerk, the fell caller turned to his fellows and shouted something in their graveling, native tongue. The brave trollkin drew weapons and charged the horrors, but their courage did not avail them. Several were torn to pieces like bait thrown to dragonfish before they could land a single blow.

I don't know what happened after that—something in me must have snapped. I took up my rifle and fired and reloaded and fired again, but I know not how many of my frantic shots landed. All I remember is fragments. Two blighted beasts swallowed the hands and bear-like arms of a Khadoran whole, devouring him with quick, bone-splintering bites even as he pitched and flailed. The thing I thought was a Nyss knocked arrow after arrow, firing them into Khadorans and trollkin with brutal efficiency.

I remember Rathlok, bleeding from many wounds, fighting alongside his kinsman as the ravenous horrors circled, darting in to bite off chunks of flesh. The fell caller let loose a deafening bellow that brought down several mighty trees, each laden with an avalanche worth of snow around the pair. I don't know what Rathlok's fate may have been, but the monsters emerged and the trollkin did not.

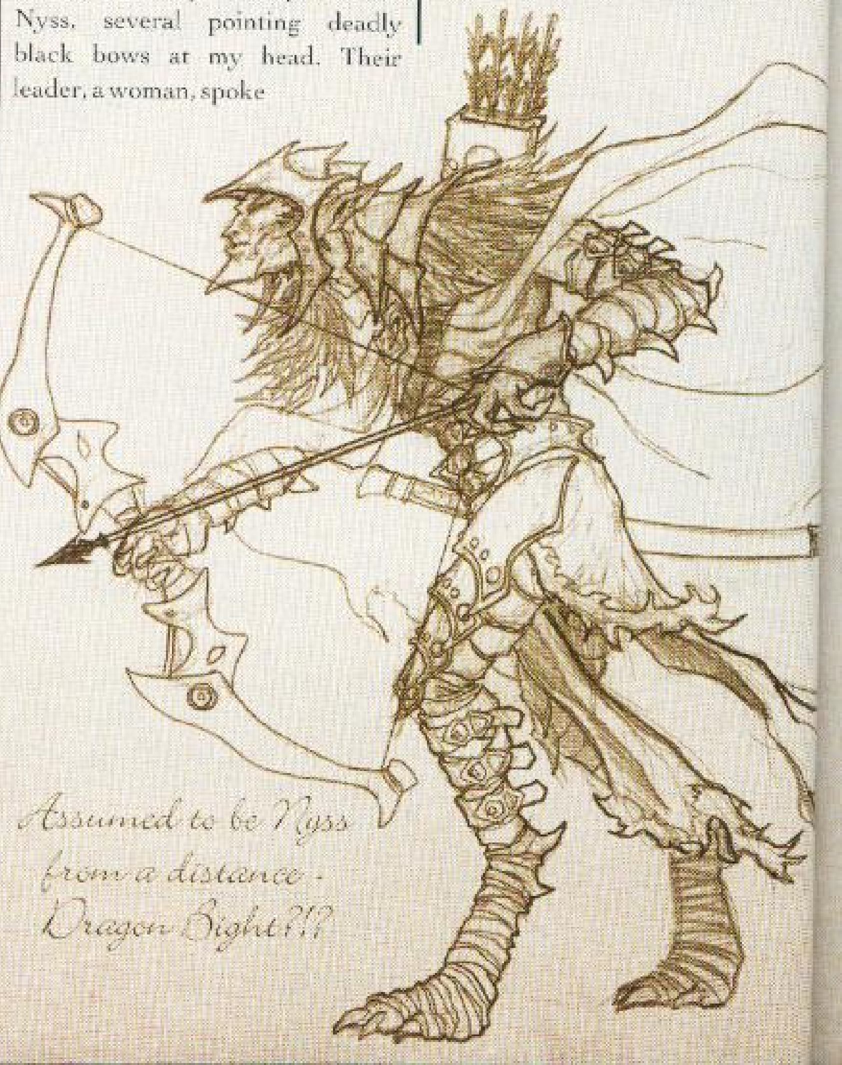
They approached with strange slowness, perhaps savoring their last victim, while I feebly raised my rifle. I squeezed the trigger, but the gun chose that moment to jam. The deformed archer stepped nearer, a cruel and almost mocking smile on his face. I saw with clinical detachment that his legs were all wrong, as if jointed backwards, yet he moved upon the snow with grace like a deer. He raised his bow in my direction. I faced my death, and froze.

Suddenly three black-feathered arrows slammed into the nearest blighted creature, dropping it to the snow. More arrows flew past overhead, one sinking into the leg of the bizarre bowman, who let loose an ear-splitting shriek of fury. Moving with a speed entirely unnatural, he fled as a blur toward the tree line, the toothy creatures following in his wake.

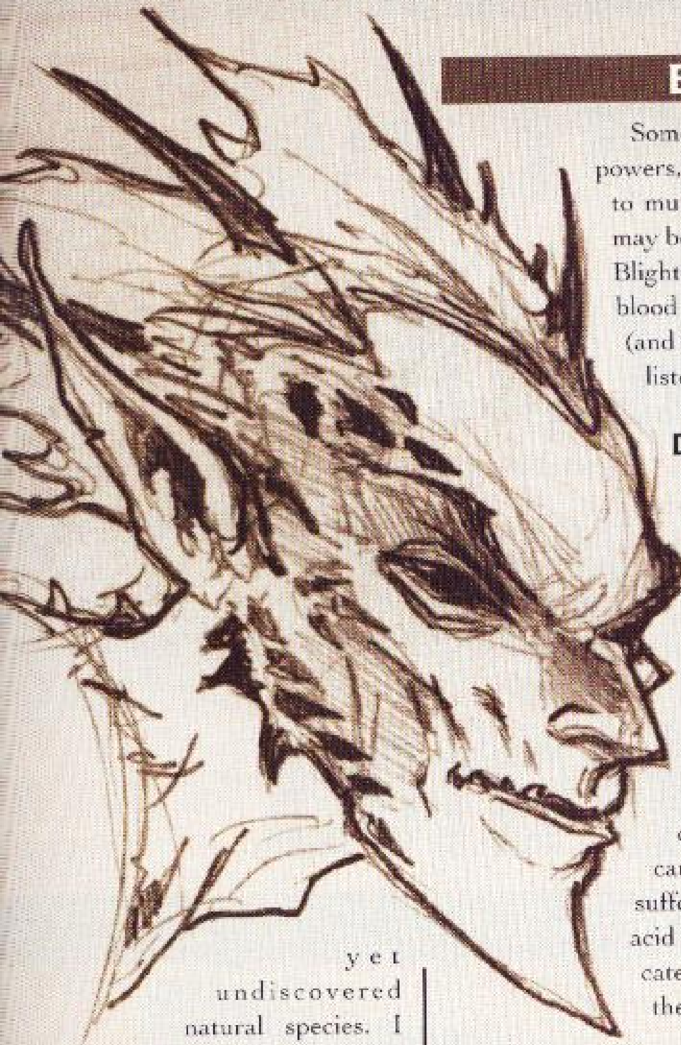
That's when I believe I fainted.

I awoke to find myself surrounded by sharp-featured Nyss, several pointing deadly black bows at my head. Their leader, a woman, spoke heavily accented Shyr, and they interrogated me about what I had seen. My travels through Khador proved of some interest and they decided to put me to use. What I learned is that these Nyss are refugees, survivors of the Raefyll tribe, wiped out by terrors related to the ones that nearly ended my life, horrors spawned with alarming frequency in this region. This leader, a Nyss who would be beautiful if it not for her cold eyes, called herself Cylena Raefyll. She seeks revenge against the profane creatures that invaded her home and slaughtered her kin, and hopes to find allies among the humans to the south.

I've been brought to the Khadoran port of Ohk. Professor, after all of your lessons, I don't know what those creatures were and the Nyss know nothing beyond the horrors they describe. I suspect dragon blight, not some new or as



Assumed to be Nyss
from a distance -
Dragon Bight?!?



BLIGHTED FEATS

Some kinds of dragon blight have darkly transformative powers, allowing those that survive its deadly initial effects to mutate into terrible new forms. These monster feats may be applied to Dragonspawn or to creatures using the Blighted template gained from the consumption of dragon blood (Monsternomicon, Vol. 1, p 54). Other mutations (and blighted monster feats) are possible besides the two listed here. GMs are encouraged to design their own.

DRAGON BLOODED

Within some dragonspawn and blighted creatures boils the blood of the dragon that created them.

Prerequisite: Dragonspawn or blighted creature, Medium or larger, 5 HD or more.

Benefit: When a creature with this feat takes damage from a piercing or slashing melee weapon, the opponent that successfully dealt that damage must make a Reflex save equal to 10 plus half the creature's Hit Dice or be sprayed with the creature's caustic blood. Those who succeed at this saving throw suffer no ill effect, while those who fail take 1d6 points acid damage plus an additional 1d6 points per size category above Medium. This blood deals no damage to the weapon used in the attack.

DRAGON WINGED

Blighted creatures may sprout fully functional blighted wings and may use them in combat.

Prerequisite: Dragonspawn with wings or blighted creature, Medium or larger, 5 HD or more.

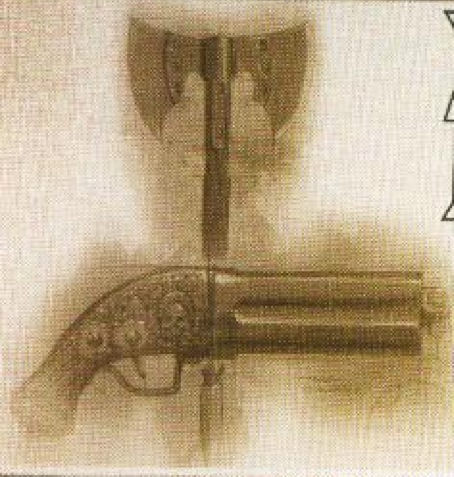
Benefit: Blighted creatures gain wings and a fly speed. Dragonspawn or blighted creatures with this feat gain the ability to make two slam attacks with their wings as secondary natural attacks. The creature's wings deal the following damage plus 1/2 the creature's Strength bonus. These wing attacks can be made even while flying.

A creature without the Multiattack feat takes a −5 penalty on attacks made with these wings.

Size	Movement	Wing Damage
Medium	fly 60' (good)	1d4
Large	fly 70' (average)	1d6
Huge	fly 80' (average)	1d8

yet undiscovered natural species. I have never seen blight first-hand, but your lessons on its nature seems the only logical explanation. I wonder if they serve some single master; has the terror the Khadorans call Halfaug returned? For now, I will stay with the Nyss, learn what I can, and write when I have occasion. I don't believe my captors mean me harm, intending to make service of my ability to translate. Any assistance you might provide on the matter would be appreciated. All speed to you in any upcoming travels, sir.

Associate Professor,
Lynus Wesselbaum



FOUNDRY, FORGE, & CRUCIBLE

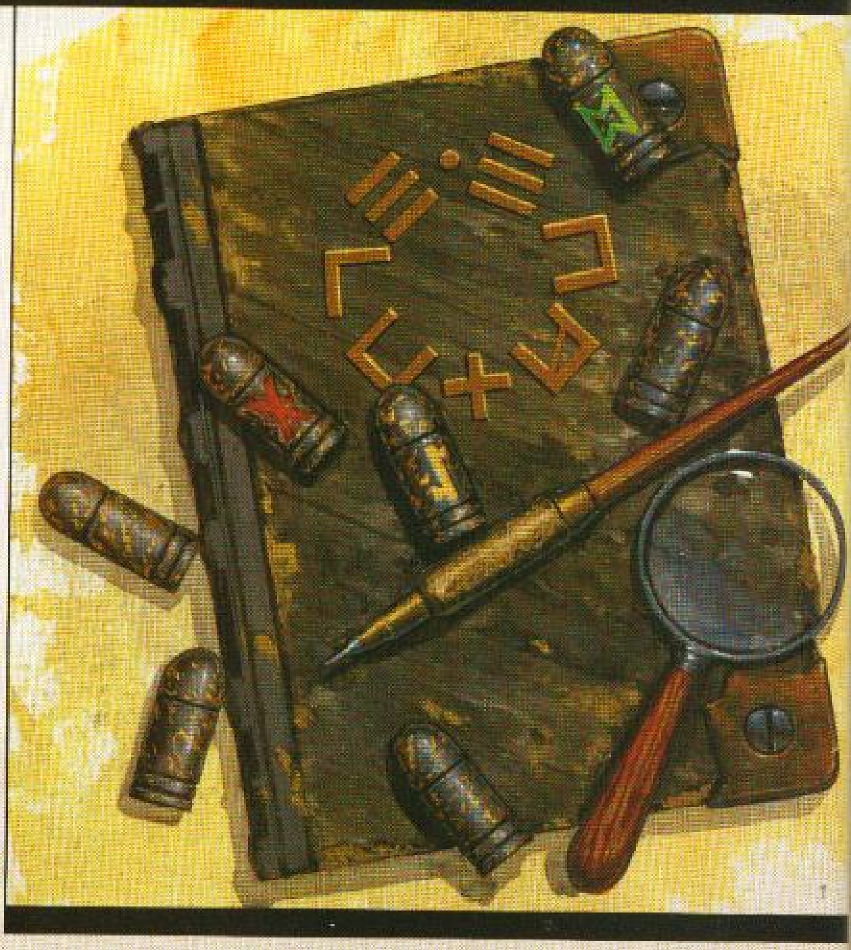
Written by Luke Johnson and Doug Seacat, Art by Brian Snoddy

***There is a mysterious Rhulic alloy which allows for a unique synergy between a gun mage and his weapon — known as Magelock Steel.** To the naked eye it looks the same as regular steel, but gun mages can discern the difference with a touch; the material attuned on an almost mystic level to arcane energies. Only firearms of this alloy allow gun mages to unlock their full potential.*

THE MAGELOCK

IRONHEAD CONGLOMERATE

Like serricsteel, the formulae for magelock steel is a trade secret, although in this case shared between clans in Rhul and those living abroad at the Ironhead Conclave in Cygnar. Magelock pistols have become a signature work of clans living in the Ironhead Conclave who partnered with a clan in Ghord to create the Ironhead Metallurgy and Smithing Conglomerate (shortened to the Ironhead Conglomerate). This conglomerate controls magelock production in Western Immoren. The only two places with facilities capable of producing this alloy are in Ghord and Ironhead, with most magelock pistols crafted at the latter. While located in the heart of Cygnar, the conclave agreements (see IKWG, p. 174) preserve their status as full Rhulic citizens. This has enabled the Conglomerate to leverage a



uniquely profitable relationship with the Cygnaran Army.

Metallurgy is a highly respected art among dwarves—many Rhulic metalworkers have attempted to develop signature metals or alloys with useful properties. Clan Searforge in Ghord is one example, a prestigious family noted for exceptional metallurgists with a long-standing relationship with Stone Clan Odom, who lead the Brand of Odom wizards. In the late 200's, Clan Searforge was attempting to create an improved alloy to aid in the production of robust and increasingly small cortexes.

A breakthrough happened as a result of inter-clan feuding in 280 AR when a competing clan deprived Searforge of access to coal and coke required for refining iron alloys. The Searforge clan lord boasted he'd create a new steel without relying on the carbon of coal or coke; he turned to exotic materials to strengthen iron. At great cost he created a new steel alloy boasting a considerably higher melting point, albeit requiring a difficult and extended alloying process. This alloy responded particularly well to arcane energies, but it would be centuries before its properties would be fully exploited. The cost of manufacture made it an interesting but expensive alternative for one of the vital components of cortexes in Rhul, only used in a minority of cortexes such as those required to be in higher than normal temperatures (such as very small steamjacks).

Meanwhile, Clan Grauss was busy with an unrelated enterprise far to the south in the lands of man. This clan was among the first to make the exodus from Rhul in the 200's, lured by rich untapped resources in the Wyrmwall Mountains. Grauss entered into permanent alliance with Clan Derigur, a local mining clan, to ensure access to plentiful iron and other minerals and metals. Grauss made a name for its peerless smiths, capable of finely crafted metalwork utilizing unusual alloys. In time they garnered a reputation for gunsmithing and cannon fabrication. Grauss ornamental bronze pistols still command a premium among those seeking exotic sidearms.

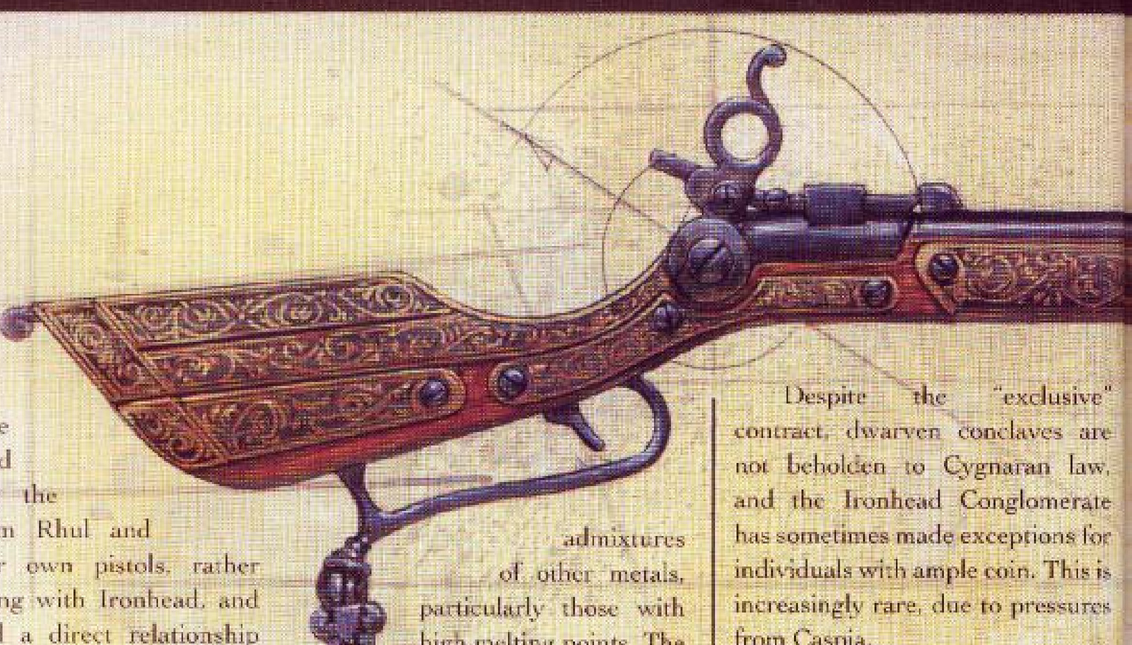
The alloying process requires specialized superheating mechanikal crucibles and furnaces with precise applications of heat and air, and an equally precise quenching sequence.

Demand for fine weapons and other dwarven-made items increased tremendously after the creation of Ironhead Station and the railroad's arrival to the area in 577 AR. Trade between Caspia and the conclaves of Orven and Ironhead increased, to the benefit of both. The reputation of Grauss and Derigur reached the ears of military minds in the Cygnaran Army who had been struggling with an ongoing problem. The clans were hired on retainer by the Strategic Academy to develop a pistol that could endure special stresses. Their patron was a new branch of that military school, dubbed the "Tempest Academy," home of the budding Militant Order of the Arcane Tempest. The powerful energies they channeled through firearms had the costly side-effect of burning out metal at an accelerated rate.

Brobek Grauss—one of the most noted gunsmiths of his clan and an accomplished metallurgist—remembered the Rhulic cortex alloy, noted for its high melting point. After some negotiation, Clan Searforge agreed to join the Ironhead Conglomerate as a full partner and sent clan representatives to Ironhead to set up the required alloy manufacturing process. The Wyrmwall proved rich in rare trace metals and minerals, perfect for such work. Clan Derigur acquired several mines with access to these "curious" substances, which until this point had no practical use. With the resulting alloy they crafted the first prototype pistol and invited their Caspian patrons to come and test its worthiness.

These tests exceeded the wildest dreams of Tempest Academy. The firearm endured channeled power without suffering any wear whatsoever. As an experiment, the testing gun mage carved reinforcement runes on its barrel. The gun reacted like a living thing, unlocking hitherto untapped abilities in the gun mage. The type of gun was soon termed a "Magelock" after this process of rune-imprinting, whereby a gun became attuned to its owner and a conduit for his power.

These clans entered into an exclusive arrangements with the Cygnaran Crown in 585 AR. Cygnar was soon persuaded to also allow sale of this metal to their long standing ally, Llael, which broadened the market. Both the Militant Order of the Arcane Tempest and the Llaelese Loyal Order of the Amethyst Rose paid high prices for these weapons to those who could craft them.



The Llaelese preferred to import the metal from Rhul and craft their own pistols, rather than dealing with Ironhead, and established a direct relationship with Clan Searforge. The finest gunsmiths of the Order of the Golden Crucible crafted passable magelocks, although discerning pistoleers claim the Ironforge ones are superior. The Crucible may have even unlocked the fundamental techniques for creating the alloy, but the difficulty and cost required made it more economical to import the metal from Rhul; whether or not any of the individuals knowing the secret of magelock steel survived the invasion is unknown. Weapons smuggling to the resistance includes magelocks to the Amethyst Rose members who fight the Khadorans from hidden resistance strongholds and safe houses.

Meanwhile, in Ironhead, the Conglomerate have been endeavoring to create other similar alloys, such as a metal to ease item enchantment for arcanists such as the Fraternal Order of Wizardry. The fields of both traditional wizardry and mechanika offer lucrative opportunities for metallurgy.

CREATION

The Conglomerate fiercely protects the smelting process for magelock steel, but Magelock steel consists of normal steel with small admixtures of other metals, particularly those with high melting points. The most important added element is derived by reducing alchemical tungstic acid with charcoal. The alloy includes trace amounts of platinum and more esoteric metals like "red lead" and a nearly impossible to melt substance discovered during copper mining which translates from Rhulic as "hard-lead".

The alloying process requires specialized superheating mechanikal crucibles and furnaces with precise applications of heat and air, and an equally precise quenching sequence. While the metal is excellent steel, it lacks the durability of Serricsteel and its use outside of Rhul is limited to magelock firearms.

PACKING ARCANE HEAT

You can't just go into a gunwerks shop and ask for a magelock pistol. Technically Cygnar's military has an exclusive contract with the Ironhead Conglomerate. Due to difficulties on the war front, occupied Llael no longer receives delivery of magelocks. Resistance forces, particularly members of the Amethyst Rose, are eager to obtain more.

Despite the "exclusive" contract, dwarven conclaves are not beholden to Cygnaran law, and the Ironhead Conglomerate has sometimes made exceptions for individuals with ample coin. This is increasingly rare, due to pressures from Caspia.

Given the cost and value of these items they are almost never resold except by thieves seeking to offload them on the black markets. The bond between a gun mage and his magelock is legendary, so few black market dealers are willing to take the risk of even handling them. The appearance of such items invites scrutiny shopkeepers would rather avoid. A notable exception is Pitt's Pistols in Corvis, which has gathered a few Llaelese magelocks from desperate Llaelese refugees and opportunistic smugglers.

OBTAINING A MAGELOCK PISTOL

Ironhead Conglomerate: The only way to get a new magelock is to go to the source, but given their delicate and lucrative arrangements with the Cygnaran crown, the dwarves at Ironhead Conclave must be persuaded to sell a magelock to a non-military gun mage, and since open war with Khador they have reduced the number of pistols they sell to individuals. With enough coin this remains an option, but the purchaser will pay a high premium. The Conglomerate requires a recommendation from someone they trust, and the purchaser must seek audience with Clan Lord Surg

of Grauss (male Rhulic Ftr5/Exp6), who coordinates the master gunsmiths of his clan.

Auction Houses: It's not technically illegal to own or sell second-hand magelock firearms; they occasionally appear at auction houses. These are generally offered by families of the deceased, so auctioneers do not face the same risks as shopkeepers displaying magelock weapons.

The Black Market: Magelock items appear on the black markets periodically, cropping up in cities like Five Fingers, Corvis, Clocker's Cove, Bainsmarket, and Ceryl. They are valuable items, and thieves steal and fence them. Soldiers down on their luck or looking for extra cash might offer a magelock on the black market. Rumors suggest less scrupulous smiths in the Ironhead Conglomerate make underhanded profit selling occasional magelocks through black markets as a buffer to protect their reputation.

Commissioning: In rare circumstances the Crown might commission a magelock weapon be made for its agents such as a warcaster or approve a request at the behest of the Order of Illumination, whose gun mage Adjacents hunt down rogue sorcerers and darker threats to the kingdom. Adventuring gun mages loyal to Cygnar might find such weapons a reward for fulfilling their duty to the Crown.

Theft: Someone could steal a magelock firearm and keep it. Doing so is very dangerous—as most magelocks are military property, punishment for such theft is death.

MAGELOCK PRICES

The majority of magelocks are classified as military pistols. Magelock rifles are very rare but not unknown; a gun mage can form the same bond with any magelock firearm. Gun mages rarely adopt this fighting style, since many of their class features are specific to pistols and their style of magic emphasizes keeping one hand free.

These prices are for masterwork quality magelock items purchased on the black market, in secret, or at auctions; commissioning a specific item costs at least twice this amount. Specific named styles of firearms (Clockwork, Radliffe) cannot be made as magelock unless a quantity of the alloy were acquired and delivered to that gunwerks for commission fabrication.

Magelock Prices

Carbine, military (commission only)	**6,000 gp**
Pistol, military	**1,200 gp**
Pistol, small	**800 gp**
Rifle, long (commission only)	**5,000 gp**
Rifle, military (commission only)	**8,400 gp**
Rynnish holdout pistol (rare)	**1,000 gp**
Other magelock items (very rare)	**At least 5 times normal (non-masterwork) cost[1]**

Magelock Customization and Other Considerations

Many gun mages like to customize or enchant their weapons. Magelock firearms follow all the normal rules for ammunition, reloading, skills, feats (a magelock military pistol counts as any other military pistol for the purposes of feats like Weapon Focus), and crafting mechanikal and magic versions. Customization follows the standard rules (IKCG pg. 188), but use double the prices on the above table when determining percentages.

CAPTAIN NIVENNE DROMERE

MALEFACTOR

Written by Doug Seacat, Art by Eva Widermann

Captain Nivenne Dromere is one of the most feared pirates from Five Fingers, a woman whose swift schooner "Wicked Sister" presages death and ruin. With forged letters of marque and having bribed officers in the Ordic navy, she can return at will through the Bay of Stone to her private pier on Eastern Wake Isle.

Nivenne was born in the slums of western Captain's Isle. Her father, an Ordic privateer, left one evening and never returned. Her mother took up work as a scullery maid for the priest of Morrow at the Church of the Waters Nivenne witnessed first hand the hypocrisy of this bloated and gluttonous priest who collected tithes to live in comfort from his poor parishioners. She discovered the priest slumbering at his table and succumbing to a dark impulse she slit his throat, taking pleasure in ending the man's life. Nivenne's ungrateful mother cast her out, while the locals searched for the murderer. Having a longing for the sea, she pretended to be a boy and volunteered for the crew of a privateer ship. By the time she could no longer conceal her gender, she had proven deadly with a harpoon and a sword-master too feared for the crew to risk harassing her.

Even the few rules obeyed by privateers chafed her spirit, so she killed her captain and took his place. She proceeded on a six month orgy of plunder and destruction, sailing across the western seaboard sinking whatever ships fell into her grasp. This blood lust came from deep within, a hunger never satisfied.

> She slaughtered two elderly priests and three Knights of the Prophet in the process...

Pirate hunters were deployed to catch her, funded by the Lord Mayor of Ceryl. She led them on a daring chase through the Dying Strands before turning on her pursuers. Both of the hunters' ships were boarded and sunk, their crews slaughtered.

Returning at last to Five Fingers to resupply, she collapsed into a slumber for two days. In this sleep she received a vision from Scion Roth, who told her he was well pleased and had chosen her as his champion on the waters. Gathering a motley group of brigands and thugs, she formed the "Wake Buccaneers," a fringe Thamarite sept endorsing the old pirate codes of the original city and revering Scion Roth as patron of plunder and heist.

One of Nivenne's most notorious hunts was a recent expedition against a Church treasury courier ship from Ohk. She slaughtered two elderly priests and three Knights of the Prophet in the process, prompting the Sancteum in Caspia to offer a large bounty for her capture or destruction. She delights in her steadily growing unholy powers and hopes to please her patron with further attacks on the Morrowan Church. Nivenne and her sept also nurse a hatred for Cryx, whose ships they view as false pirates, lacking true freedom and serving as soldiers for their master. Thamar encourages this view of the dragon-god as an unwelcome rival, urging her followers to hinder them.

CAPTAIN NIVENNE DROMERE

Female Thurian Fighter7/Malefactor (Voice of Discord) 5; CR 12; Medium humanoid; HD 7d10+5d8+24; hp 85; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 23, Touch 14, flat-footed 19; BAB: +10; Grp +12; Atk: +16/+11 melee (2d4+8, collapsible harpoon +3) or +13/+8 melee (1d6+2) masterwork short sword; Space/Reach 5 ft./5 ft.; SA Malefactor supernatural abilities, +1 to attack and damage rolls vs. clerics and paladins of Morrow (Scion Roth patronage); AL CE; Religion: Thamar (Scion Roth); SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +8; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 15

Skills: Balance 4, Bluff 8, Climb 6, Concentration 7, Diplomacy 4, Forgery 7, Gather Information 4, Intimidate 13, Jump 7, Knowledge (Religion) 7, Profession (sailor) 12, Spot 5, Swim 6, Use Rope 5

Feats: Blind-Fight, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Leadership, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (harpoon), Weapon Specialization (harpoon), Whirlwind Attack

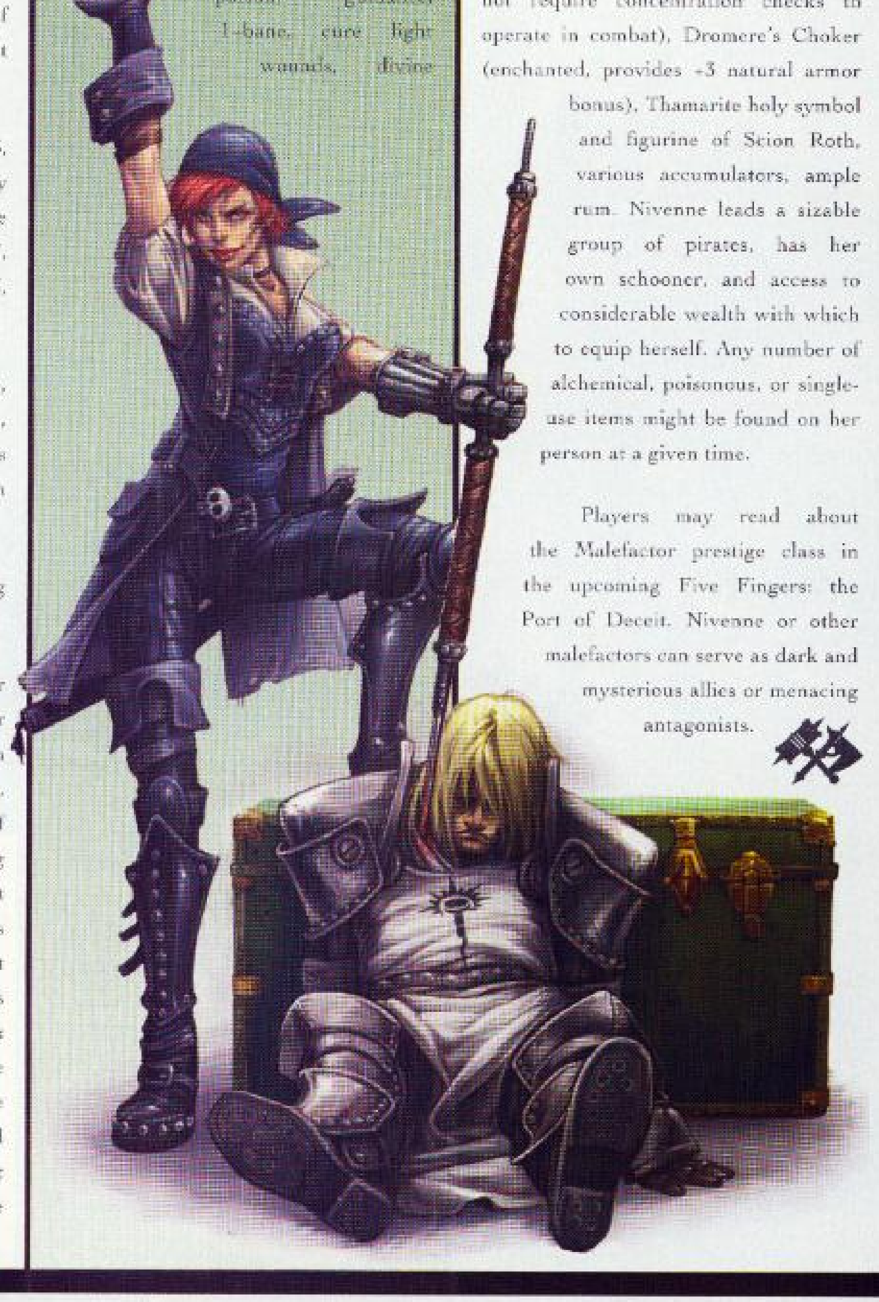
Languages: Ordic, Cygnaran (including Scharde and Five Cant dialects)

Supernatural Abilities: The War Mask: Once per day plus once per three class levels the Malefactor with this ability can make a touch attack, inflicting 1d6+class level points of negative energy damage and gaining that same number of temporary hit points. (However, temporary hit points can't exceed the subject's current hit points +10.)The temporary hit points disappear 1 hour later; **Doom Whisper:** At 3rd level, once per day plus once per three class levels thereafter the Malefactor can speak a phrase and send fear into the heart of a specified target within 60 feet. The subject must make a will save (DC 11 + Charisma bonus) or become frightened. If the subject succeeds, they are shaken for 1 round; **Ambition's Reward (Black Fire):** The Malefactor can increase the damage of a spell. Before damage is rolled, the Malefactor may choose to add up to 2 negative energy damage per Malefactor level to the normal spell damage, but the Malefactor immediately suffers an identical amount of non-lethal damage.

Malefactor Domain: Warrior; Malefactor spells prepared (caster level 5th): 0-detect poison, guidance; 1-bane, cure light wounds, divine favor; 2-inflict moderate wounds, spiritual weapon

Notable Possessions: Buccaneer's Leathers (unique Thamarite item equivalent to enchanted studded leather +3; allows casting of spectral hand once per day; bestows darkvision on the wearer. Non-Thamarite attempting to wear leathers is afflicted by bestow curse with no saving throw), masterwork short sword, mechanikal collapsible harpoon +3 (can collapse to 33 inches length, and expand to 6 feet, 6 inches), Nivenne's Clockwork Hand (14 Str, Dex 18, 10 Hardness, 9 hit points; does not require concentration checks to operate in combat), Dromere's Choker (enchanted, provides +3 natural armor bonus), Thamarite holy symbol and figurine of Scion Roth, various accumulators, ample rum. Nivenne leads a sizable group of pirates, has her own schooner, and access to considerable wealth with which to equip herself. Any number of alchemical, poisonous, or single-use items might be found on her person at a given time.

Players may read about the Malefactor prestige class in the upcoming Five Fingers: the Port of Deceit. Nivenne or other malefactors can serve as dark and mysterious allies or menacing antagonists.



FIVE FINGERS

PORT OF DECEIT

FULL-METAL FANTASY CITY SOURCEBOOK

Five Fingers, often called the Port of Deceit, is an infamous city scattered across dozens of rocky islands where the Serpent's Tongue River spills out into the Bay of Stone. Five Fingers is a place of stark contrasts and ominous reputation. It is a home to those shunned elsewhere, an Ordic mercenary haven, a last bastion of the pirates who refuse to surrender their souls to Cryx, a gambler's paradise, and a hotbed of Thamarite intrigues. In Five Fingers a motley assortment of ruffians and smugglers exploit a rich influx of commerce made possible by its uniquely independent status. The line between law and crime is blurry, and one can buy or sell anything imaginable as long as one finds the right market—black or otherwise.

Outsiders speak of this city as a pit of vice, but Five Fingers has a rich heritage and a surprisingly varied citizenry. Those who spend time on its streets find it nowhere near as vile as Cryxian ports, and its charm has drawn a lively and bustling trade of visitors from abroad seeking commerce or entertainment. It is a thriving city of over a hundred and seventy thousand souls, mostly industrious citizens trying to earn a normal living. It is a darkly cosmopolitan hub where class boundaries dissolve. In the clamor of a gambling den a lowly street thief can rub elbows with an Ordic castellan, and neither feel out of place.

There are three themes to adventure in the Port of Deceit, and any can serve to launch a memorable campaign: crime, intrigue and horror. Whether a player wants to get involved in street level gang warfare, a web of spying, manipulation and betrayal, the meat and drink of Ordic politics, or the dark cults inhabiting the shadows to spring terrors on their fellow man, this is the place to seek challenge and fame. Adventure in this city is salty and tough, and it contains a fair bit of gristle for flavor.

COMING JUNE 2006

Five Fingers, the Port of Deceit is useful for both players and GMs alike with over 160 pages of maps, illustrations, pirates, privateers, mercenaries, raucous gambling halls and taverns, deadly intrigue, and politics. Do not fear reading and enjoying this book if you intend to play adventures in the city of Five Fingers. It will serve you well to gain some familiarity with the streets and byways and the significant citizens who make the city their home.

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- **Chapter Two: Life on the Isles**
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- **Chapter Seven: Adventure in Five Fingers**

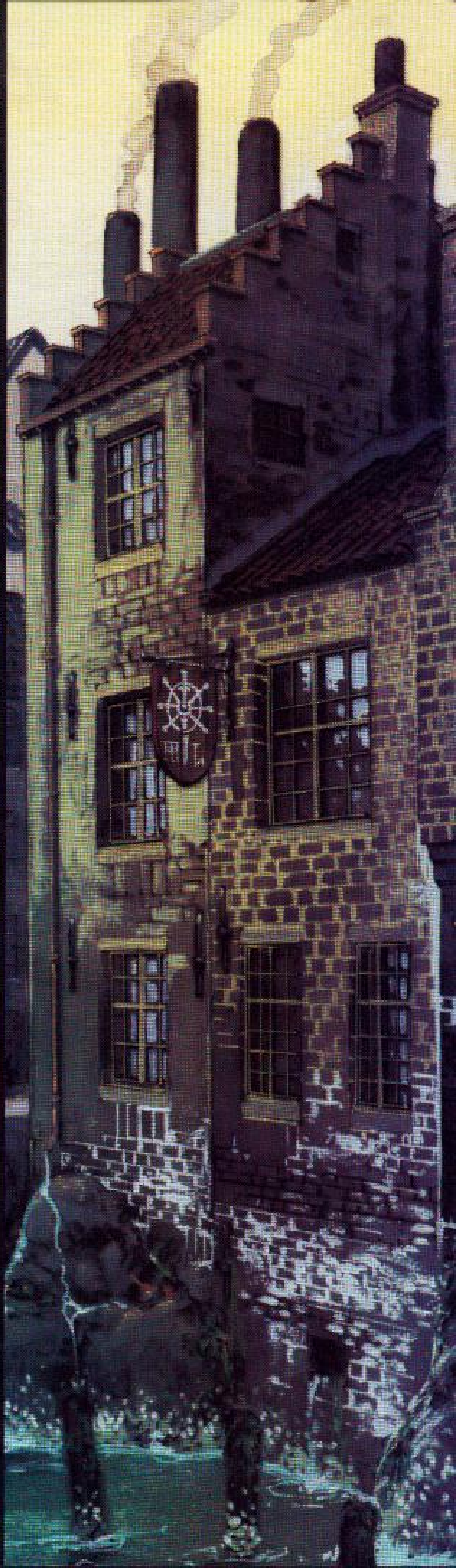
SAMPLE GANG

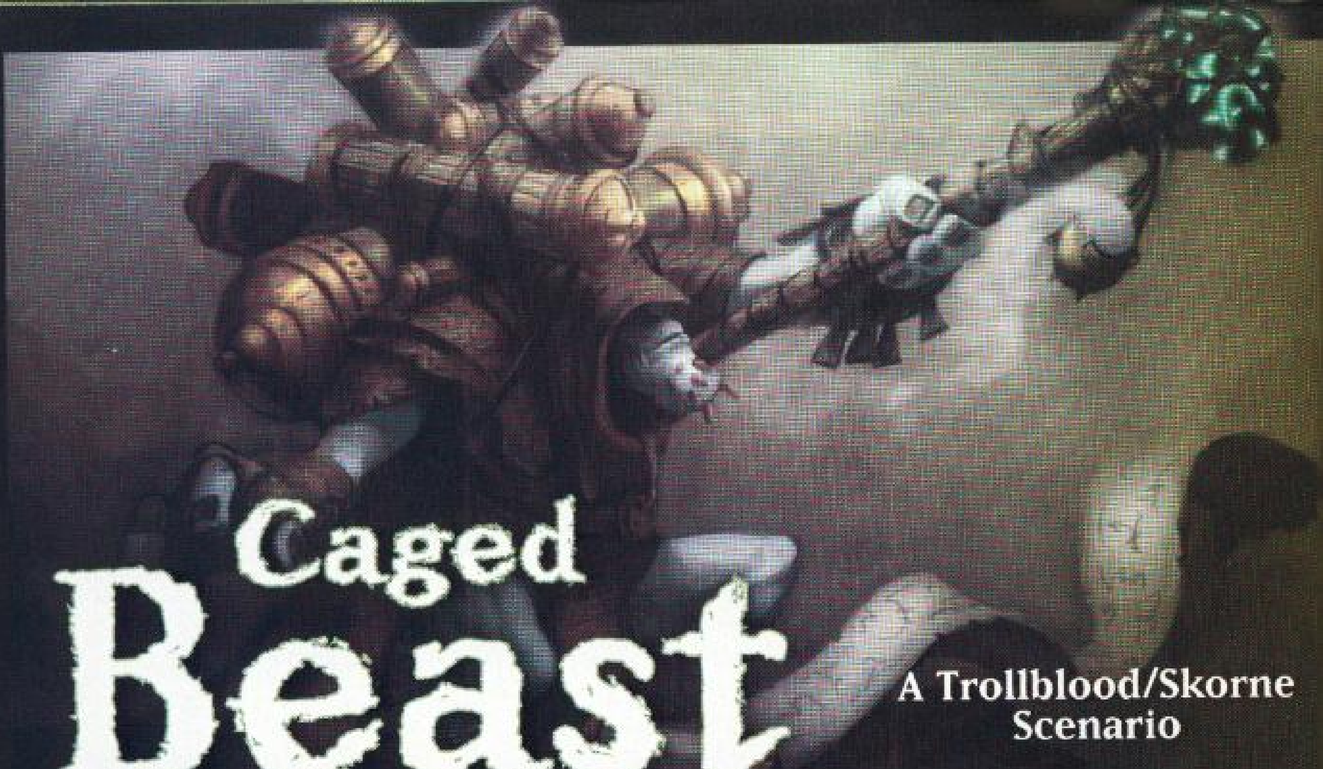
THE SALTER CREW

The Salter Crew is the core of Vinter Waernuk's muscle. More than the syndicate serving him, these are the favored men upon whom he relies most. Originally this group was comprised of all the top pirates who arrived with Waernuk and helped him consolidate his power. Seventeen years later, there are few of those old dogs left. They control the Wake Isles and spend considerable time across the bridges in Hospice as well, and they are always spoiling for a fight. The Salter Crew has always prized ruthlessness and fighting skill above all other qualities. Garrigan Hern is more than just the leader of this gang, he's Waernuk's most prized enforcer and is frequently employed as his bodyguard when the old man leaves the islands for meetings with his peers. The Salter Crew can be recognized by their distinctive heavy great-coats and cutlasses ornamented with the symbol of a broken anchor.

Secrecy: Open (Gather Information DC 15); Organization: Disorganized; Enforcement: Harsh; Size: Mob (335 members); Location: Wake Isles, Hospice/Chesake Bourg/Wake Bridge Bourg; Operations: Muscle/Smuggling; Alignment: NE; Cash Limit: 8,000 gp; Member Assets: 1,200 gp. (cutlass, greatcoat, pistol, dagger, poison); Membership Requirements: Crime (must perform a theft in daylight in a highly visible area and escape), Initiation (must maim, beat, or kill assigned target); Leaders: Low Captain Gerrigan Hern who reports directly to High Captain Waernuk.

Notes: Only a few of the old salt pirates are left, and now most members of this gang are toughened younger recruits from the streets of Hospice and Wake Isles. They are all capable of holding their own in a scrap, and Waernuk does not spend their blood lightly. He is more willing to sacrifice members of other lesser gangs, but he will send in the Salter Crew when he needs to hit hard and fast and leave no question of his authority.





Caged Beast

A Trollblood/Skorne Scenario

by Doug Seacat, Scenario by Duncan Huffman, Art by Daryl Madryk and Kieth Thomps

The cage was built to their best specifications, heavily reinforced, intended to be able to contain even the most battle-maddened titan. Yet already its sides were distended and several bars were badly bent from the pounding brute within. The enormous muscled creature glared out balefully from the spaces between the metal slats, unleashing a howl of rage periodically.

The blue-skinned creature in the cage was tremendously heavy; even with several cyclops pulling the wheeled box by chain it was slow to haul, and they'd eventually hitched up a titan as well. The cage floor was splattered with blood from many cuts and thrusts by the paingivers as they tested its anatomy.

The paingiver beast handlers were gathered around the outside, each in a state of excitement, torture implements ready as they discussed theories. Several held long poles topped by thin knives, used to deliver very precise slices at a safe distance. Others had similar lengths of wood affixed with sharp and thin rods intended to be coated with alchemical mixtures.

"The musculature is unique, different in several respects from the smaller ones." "It appears to have stopped regenerating the smaller cuts." "Hasn't been fed in three days, that may be slowing its ability to recover." "The toxins have almost no effect even at doses which would kill a titan." "Slowed it down a little, but we should try increasing the jevisha extract in a lixivium of mercurius vitae." "Ingestion is the key, we must keep him alive until we unravel this..."

There was a heavy thunk and a great length of wood tipped by an iron head slammed into the cage, startling all the paingivers who leapt back in surprise. None had been hit by this massive spear, but it had shattered with enormous impact directly into the heavy lock securing the cage. A dawning awareness of their peril crossed the features of the Paingivers as they watched the cage swing slowly open, creaking loudly.

The ranking Dakar of her personal Praetorian escort rapped for entrance to Makeda's tent and she bade him enter. He inclined his head deeply with fist to his chest. "Archdomina, Tormentor Koltesk seeks audience with you. He claims it is an urgent matter."

She had finished her hoksune exercises, a ritual deeply ingrained, and was finishing strapping on her armor, with the help of two attending slaves. Both were meek and well trained skorne of the lowest caste, she did not even notice their presence any longer. "Very well, let him come. I can indulge him for a moment before we are underway."

Koltesk was one of her most prized beast handlers, so she was willing to indulge him, although he lacked some of the expected discipline. He was an older tormentor and prone to odd enthusiasms. She did not think he would last many more years, but she hoped to extract additional service from him before he lost his value

had given the hardy blue-skinned beasts, derived from the name of a toughened flesh eating weed of the eastern empire noted for its regenerative abilities. "It is easily three times the weight of any other we have fought. This may be the same species Tyrant Noraxes reported causing him troubles in the north."

Her eyes narrowed with kindled interest. She snapped at her slaves, pointing to her sheathed pair of ancestral blades, which were promptly belted to her slender waist. "Unfortunate that Lord Tyrant Hexeris isn't here. Perhaps I can hold your captive as an incentive for him to improve his lackluster attacks through the southern pass."

She followed Koltesk as he continued to elucidate the qualities of the captured creature, which had been found roaming east of the river, and required two titans and four cyclopes to pacify and force into a cage. Makeda's personal guard of Praetorians accompanied her, their watchful eyes scanning the horizon, knowing they were vulnerable here near the western limit of their explored territory.

They came in sight of the campsite where the cage was secured just as its door swung open and the beast stepped free with a howl of triumph. The paingivers around it tried to scramble and run, but it grabbed one in each meaty hand and stuffed one skorne whole into its gaping mouth, biting down with a sickening and juicy crunch, blood flowing down its chin. It leapt forward behind the skorne running blindly away and backhanded it casually, as if swatting a fly, sending its limp and broken form through the air to land in a plume of dust and slide across the ground, unmoving.

Makeda reached out with her mind to call for the titan and cyclops nearby, which had been resting after pulling the cage. She called them to charge against the freed beast which was even now chomping its enormous fangs into the other skorne writhing in its left hand. Its stomach visibly distended as it gorged. Its many seeping wounds closed almost instantly.

Makeda shouted orders to her men as they advanced, but then observed newcomers moving toward the cage from the other direction. Two tall forms stepped from a copse of twisted and gnarled trees at the far end of the encampment, one bearing an enormous axe and the other a crude spear. Between them strode a hunched creature, leaning upon a long and knobby staff. Makeda felt a twinge of unfamiliar dread as she spotted them, considering how vulnerable she was with so few of her soldiers at hand. It was an awareness of vulnerability, a sensation she had not felt in quite a long time.

Caged Beast Scenario

Doomshaper has received reports that the Skorne have been capturing and torturing trolls, trying to understand their regenerative powers. He is determined to find the cause and end it once and for all.

Doomshaper must free the Troll from Makeda and get the beast away from them before Skorne reinforcements arrive.

TROLLBLOOD ARMY COMPOSITION

- **Hoarluk Doomshaper**
- **Dire Troll Mauler**
- **Troll Axer**
- **2x Troll Impaler**

SKORNE ARMY COMPOSITION

- **Archdomina Makeda**
- **Titan Gladiator**
- **2x Cyclops**
- **Praetorian unit with a Dakar and 5 Troopers**

SPECIAL RULES

See map. Place a 5" x 5" Cage in the center of the table. The Cage itself cannot be destroyed, but its lock has DEF 10, ARM 20 and 5 damage points. Only Trollblood magic or ranged attacks may affect the lock. When the lock is destroyed, the Trollblood player places a Dire Troll Mauler in play in base contact with the cage. The Dire Troll is under the Trollblood player's control. The Dire Troll begins with five (5) fury points and immediately suffers the effects of Frenzy. After resolving the Dire Troll Mauler's frenzy activation, it cannot activate again the turn.

SET UP

Players take turns, each placing three (3) terrain features. Terrain may not be placed within 6" of the Cage or within 3" of another terrain feature.

BEGINNING

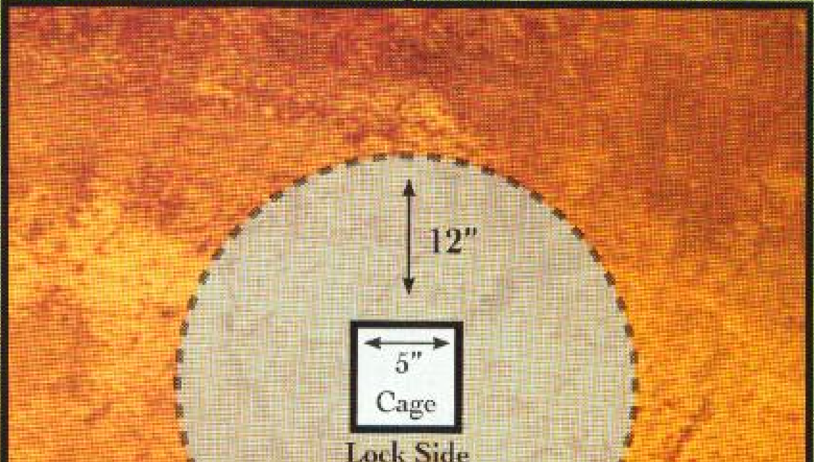
The Skorne player deploys his models first, placing his models anywhere within 12" of the Cage.

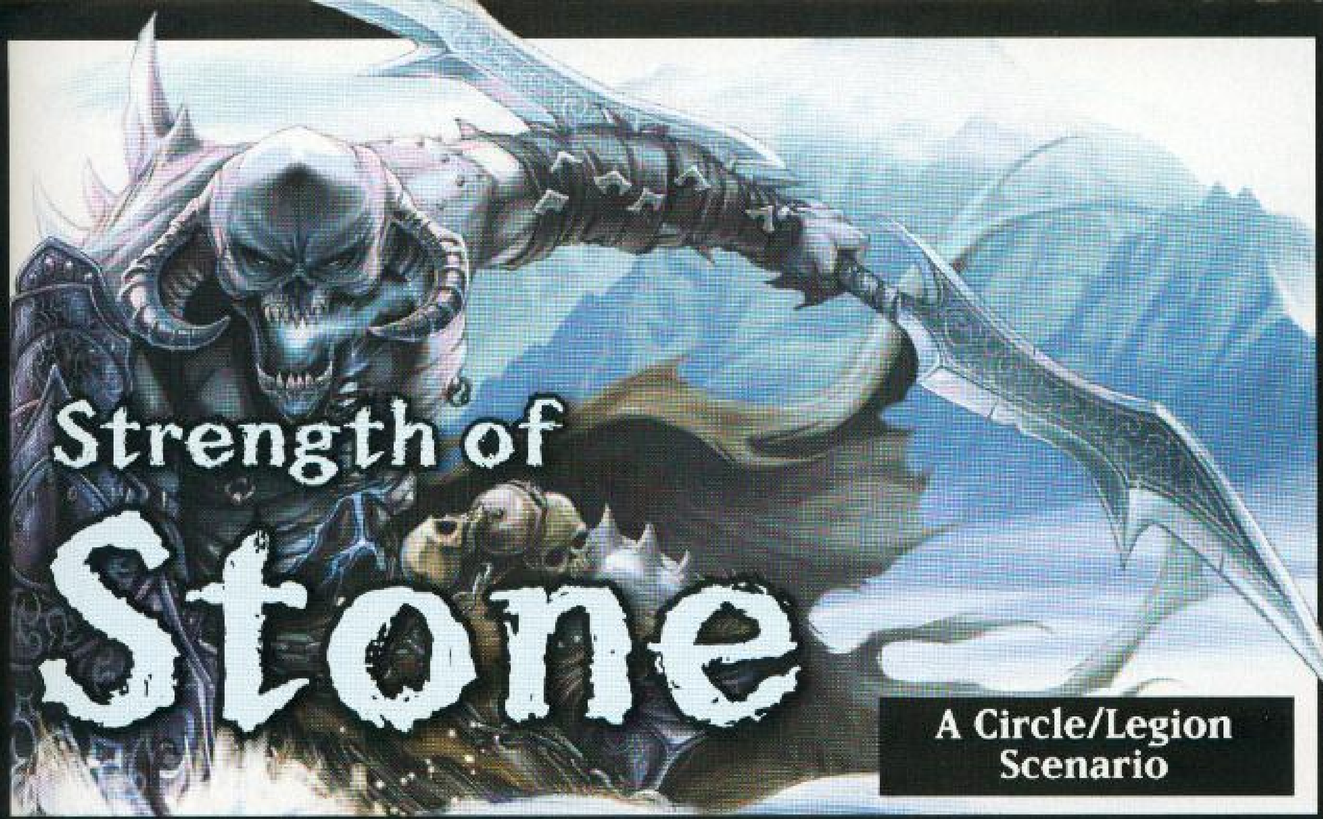
The Trollblood player then deploys Hoarluk Doomshaper, the Troll Axer, and the Troll Impalers within 6" of the rear table edge of the Trollblood deployment zone. The Dire Troll Mauler is not placed until the lock has been destroyed. The Trollblood player takes the first turn.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Trollblood player wins the game if the Dire Troll Mauler is within the Trollblood Deployment Zone at the end of a Skorne player's turn.

The Skorne player wins when the Dire Troll Mauler is destroyed.





Strength of Stone

A Circle/Legion Scenario

By Doug Seacat, Scenario by Duncan Huffman, Art by Karl Richardson & Eva Wiedermann

"We must destroy those stones before our adversaries unleash their full potential." These words from Everblight lingered in Thagrosh's mind as he advanced through the hills, his spawn following on his heels.

The hillside here was steep, the stones set up atop and surrounded by a knot of trees. A light snow had frosted the ground, and the air was very still. it seemed all animals of the region had fled. Thagrosh heard the patter of small stones being stirred underfoot and turned in time to see four bestial figures leaping from the tree line upslope, each swinging a long-handled axe. Despite his great size, Thagrosh was nimble, evading and parrying three, but grunting as the fourth landed a heavy blow, its axe blade sinking deep into his side with a gush of brackish blood. Behind him his spawn shrieked in fury, hastening to join their master, but Thagrosh only smiled.

Rapture vibrated with potency in his hands as he swept the great double-blade around with inhuman power to cleave clean through the center Tharn. Thagrosh felt a rush of blighted heat through the handle of his blade as the Tharn's form exploded into sizzling ash, the flesh instantly consumed from within and obliterated. This ash filled the air as a choking and burning haze, searing the two Tharn on either side, consuming their flesh. One fell outright, twitching and convulsing along the rocks of the hillside, while the other bared its teeth at Thagrosh and tried to bring its axe back for another swing. By the limitless power of his athanc, Thagrosh's blade was a blur in his grasp, slicing through and easily annihilating the last two creatures as he waded through clouds of ash, his flesh immune to its sting. The wound on his side closed as he walked, strength drawn from the Carnivean behind him.

He recalled his vision as he approached his destination deep in the Vescheneg Headlands. He could see the three great stones now through the trees at the top of the hill, just as he had foreseen them. He could almost feel their rough surfaces beneath his hands. They would crumble and fall beneath his claws. Diving into Everblight's mind he had discovered a swirl of portents around these stones, and something Everblight called the Feast Lord. An enemy Thagrosh must forestall if possible.

The Seraph flew past him and above, its wings sweeping through the cold air, and through its eyes the Prophet saw a force awaiting him above, just back from the stones was a stout man leaning upon a sword of stone. At the center of the triangle made by the ancient monoliths was one of the great constructs of the druids, an animated warrior of stone and wood; Thagrosh had faced them before. Clearly they anticipated his arrival. Thagrosh gnashed his teeth at the way the druids kept foreseeing his plans and moved to thwart him. It was one reason he had undertaken this task personally. "It is of no consequence," the dragon whispered to him, "Crush them. We will unravel the mystery of their foresight after."

The ogrun sent his spawn ahead, whispering to the eager mind of the Carnivean and the hungry shredders that followed alongside. They did not enjoy feasting on druid constructs, but the two-headed hounds circling the outside of the stones would appease their appetites. Thagrosh sent the Carnivean flanking to his left, while the shredders went to the right. He kept the Seraph nearer to him as he advanced up the middle. The flying spawn sensed by its eyeless awareness another threat lurking in the trees surrounding the stones, another man transformed into a beast, heavily muscled and covered in bone-like spurs, a Warpwolf.

The man watching his approach did not betray the familiar stink of fear as was customary with those Thagrosh faced. He stood in a wide stance, resolutely facing the ogrun, both hands folded on the hilt of his strange weapon.

"Stop, Blighted One. Come against me in this blessed place and your destruction is assured." The man's voice did not quaver as he spoke these ridiculous words, and Thagrosh felt the overpowering urge to punish him for his temerity.

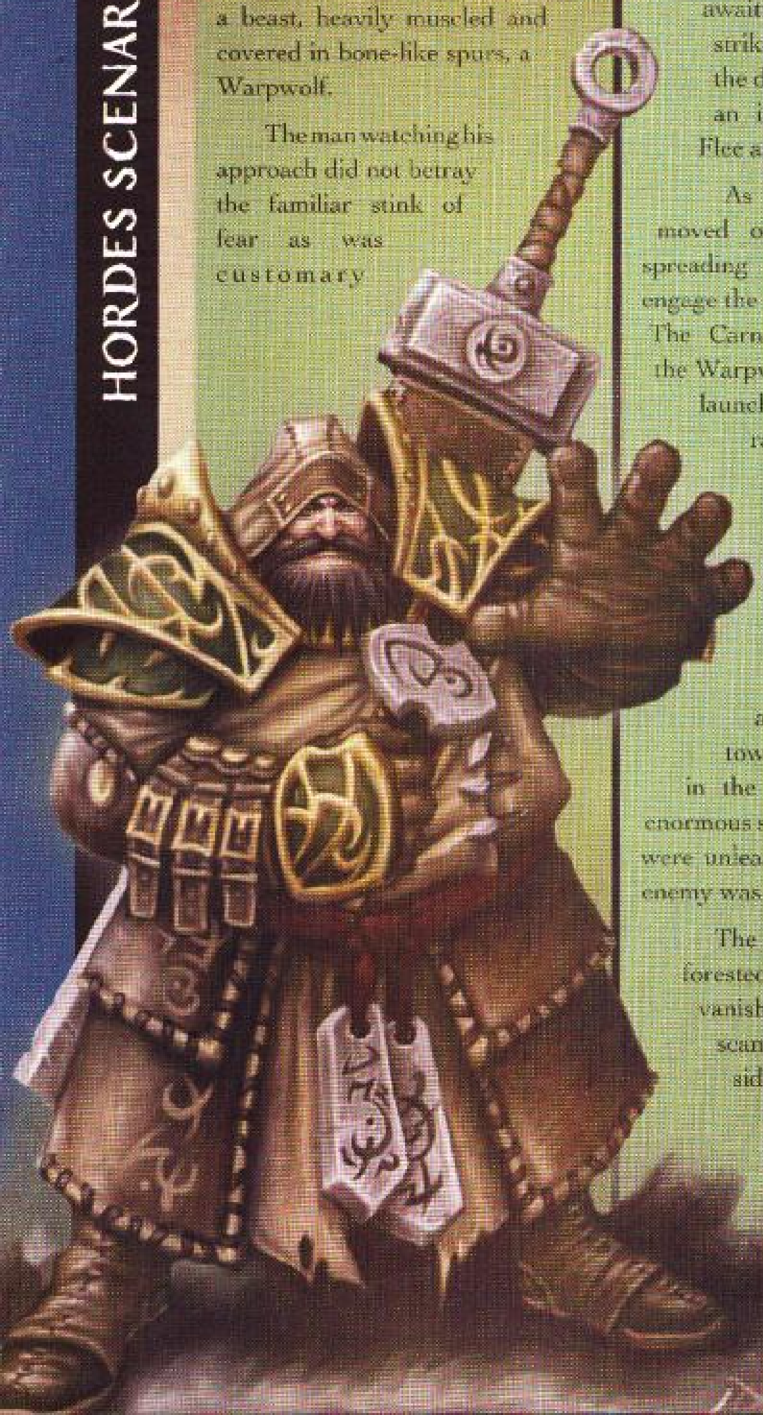
Thagrosh's spawn maneuvered into position by the urging of his mental commands, circling the beasts of his enemy and awaiting the command to strike. Thagrosh addressed the druid, "You are less than an insect in this struggle. Flee and you may yet live."

As he spoke his spawn moved on his mental orders, spreading out to either side to engage the guardians of the stones. The Carnivean charged toward the Warpwolf while his shredders launched themselves in a rabid frenzy against the double-headed hounds. The Seraph stroked its wings overhead to get close enough to wash the druid in its blighted breath, angling clear of the towering Woldwarden in the center. Thagrosh felt enormous satisfaction as his spawn were unleashed, knowing another enemy was about to fall.

The druid across the forested hilltop flickered and vanished. Thagrosh snarled, scanning the trees to either side before spotting his foe, coalescing from the shadows near a tree beside his Carnivean. The stout man raised his enormous stone sword above his head and brought it crashing down onto the armored plates of the Carnivean, shattering through and sinking into its hardened flesh. The spawn's flesh suddenly took on a dusty pallor, chalking and becoming brittle by some strange process of calcification. The druid swung another terribly blow, shattering the forward right leg of the Carnivean just as the warpwolf leapt through the trees beside him to tear into its hide. In a few short moments Thagrosh saw his proud spawn dismembered.

"Kill him!" Thagrosh roared, and the Seraph hastened to obey, beating its double-wings to execute a wide turn back toward the druid's new position, gliding closer to the ground as it lost altitude and stroked its muscled wings to regain speed. It nimbly avoided the construct, but the Woldwarden slammed its fists into the earth, and across the distance spikes of stone shot up like stalagmites right below the Seraph, piercing its torso and shredding the webbed flesh between its wings, knocking it to the ground.

Thagrosh felt the searing hatred of the athanc in his chest, the dragon's awareness exploding full bloom across his mind. There was no more time for games; he had underestimated this adversary. The stones were all that mattered. He roared and charged the first pillar, leveraging Rapture's edge into its granite mass with a clap like thunder.



Strength of Stone

Everblight is aware that the circle can use the wardstones at Vescheneg Headlands as a method of finding the main body of his forces. Not quite ready to show his full hand just yet, Everblight compels Thagrosh to strike the stones and eliminate the threat.

Thagrosh must destroy all three wardstones before Baldur can stop him.

CIRCLE OF ORBOROS ARMY COMPOSITION

- Baldur
- Woldwarden
- Warpwolf
- 2x Argus

LEGION OF EVERBLIGHT ARMY COMPOSITION

- Thagrosh
- Carnivean
- Seraph
- 4x Shredder

SPECIAL RULES

See map. Three Wardstone markers approximately 2" in diameter are placed as shown 10" from the center of the table. The Wardstones have ARM 20 and 10 Damage Points. See Damaging and Destroying Structures, WARMACHINE: Prime, pg. 62 for details.

While within 2" of a Wardstone, Circle models gain +1 ARM and +1 MAT.

If Baldur is destroyed, the Circle Warbeasts do not become Wild and are activated normally.

The Legion of Everblight player wins once the last Wardstone has been destroyed.

SET UP

Players take turns, each placing three (3) terrain features. Terrain features cannot be placed within 6" of a Wardstone, within 3" of any other feature or in the Legion deployment zone.

BEGINNING

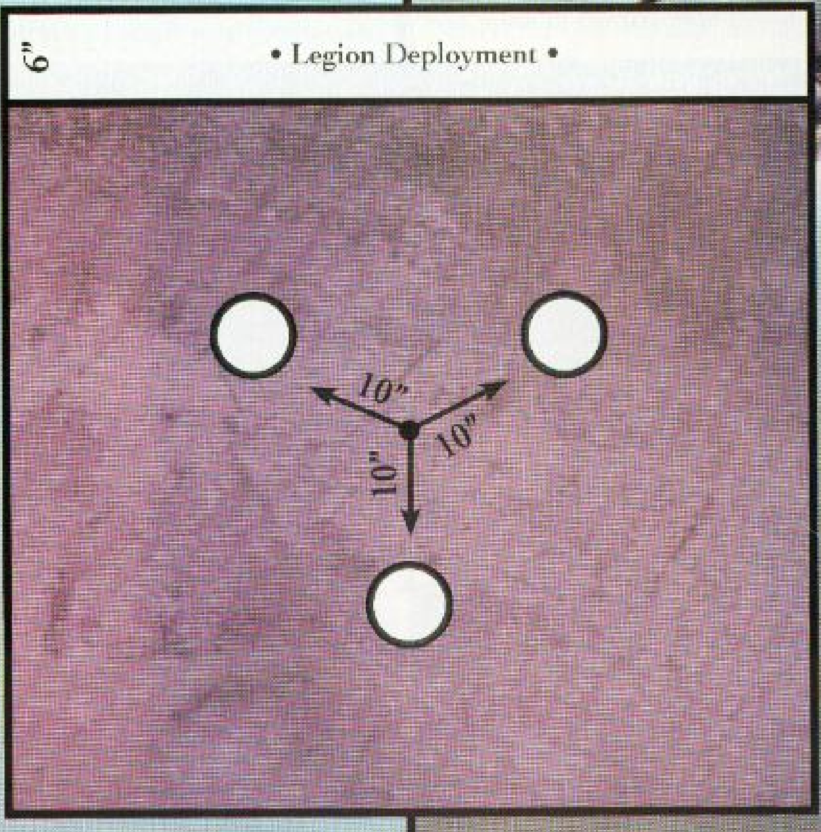
The Circle player sets up first, deploying his models within 2" of the Wardstones.

The Legion player then deploys his models and takes the first turn.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Legion player wins when all Wardstones have been destroyed.

The Circle player wins when Thagrosh is destroyed.



BONUS HORDES ISSUE!

Guts & Gears

THE WARRIORS AND BEASTS OF HORDES

Written by **Doug Seacat,** Art by **Keith Thompson, Matt Dixon,** and **Brian Snoddy**

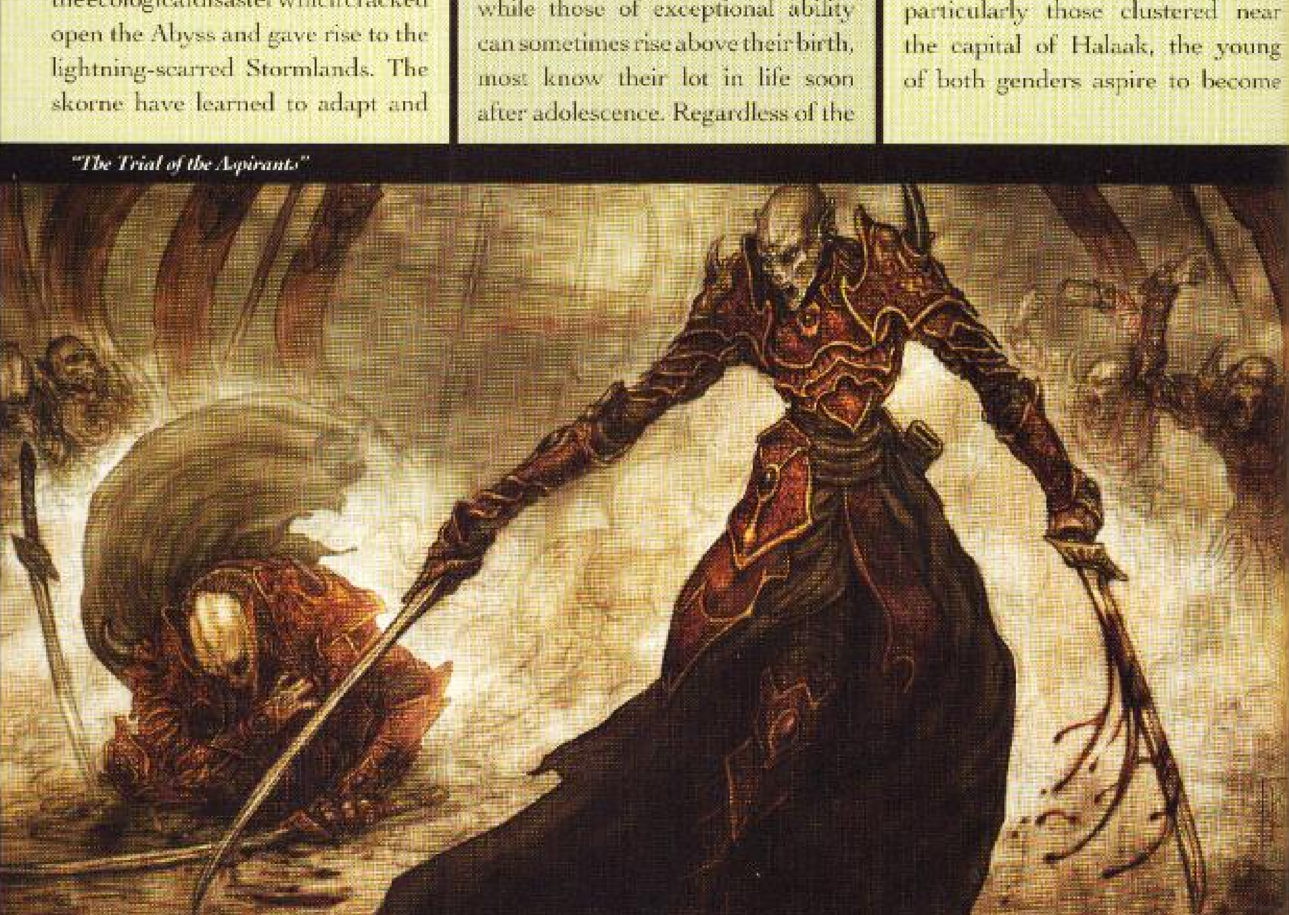
PRAETORIANS

The cruelty of life is a given among the skorne; the struggle for survival inextricably linked to fighting ability and the will to kill without hesitation. The lands beyond the Bloodstone Marches have never been kind, even mellowed by the passing of so many centuries since the ecological disaster which cracked open the Abyss and gave rise to the lightning-scarred Stormlands. The skorne have learned to adapt and have refined their culture, shaping singular warriors who expect no comforts in life except those they wrest from their enemies. At the heart of the skorne armies and making up the rank and file of every major house are the Praetorians, distinctly recognizable by their double bladed fighting style, drilled to flawless perfection over rigorous training.

Skorne culture is caste based; while those of exceptional ability can sometimes rise above their birth, most know their lot in life soon after adolescence. Regardless of the status of a house, youths must learn to fight to defend their kinsmen and endure the rigors of the harsh environment and its dangerous predators. Some in the outer regions may become exceptional trackers, handlers of beasts, and experts fighting in difficult terrain, but their lot in life will always be to guide their betters, considered a lesser caste of warriors.

Among the great houses, particularly those clustered near the capital of Halaak, the young of both genders aspire to become

"The Trial of the Aspirants"



Praetorians. Even those of poorer houses may aspire to this status, hoping to prove themselves and be adopted into a great house and elevate their destiny. Praetorians have a special place in skorne society—some time in service in their ranks or the cataphracts is required to rise to the highest leadership positions among skorne society. The majority of house leaders, including the great Archdomina Makeda, have trained as Praetorians.

Those born to great houses are expected to enter the grueling trials required for membership. Poorer lesser houses cannot always afford to maintain a standing guard of Praetorians, so their youths may seek to elevate their status by petitioning a great house for entry in the trials. Such a house must pool enough goods and funds to equip one or several of its finest youths, expending considerable resources. This is a political gambit, where a lesser house hopes to earn adoption by its champions into the greater house, thereby strengthening the ties between them and increasing their fortunes.

For millennia the annual Trials of the Aspirant Praetorians have been conducted. This is a two-week period keenly anticipated by the skorne, particularly in Halaak. In the western cultures this would be an excuse for revelries and festivals, but among the skorne this is time carries almost sacred reverence and solemnity, when all feuding and fighting is put on hold. The major houses attract considerable outsiders to witness the fights, as each great house conducts its own trials. An aspirant must meet several important qualifications to enter a trial, including wearing the proper ceremonial attire, but most crucially they must bring an Aspirant's Blade.

Each aspirant must bring a sword of exceptional quality to the trials, intended to represent the measure of regard that his kinsmen and ancestors have placed in his trust. For those of the great houses this is no difficulty, as these blades are passed down the line to the next generation. But for poorer houses lacking standing Praetorians, this requires great effort and cost, as a blade may need be crafted to exacting specifications. The services of the most valued bladesmiths among the skorne—both highly skilled slaves and those born to the lower working and labor castes—are in great demand in the months leading up to the Trials. Only those with foresight or connections can enlist the greatest artisans. Others must compromise to those of uncertain skill, trusting the fortunes of their house on a blade of unproven pedigree.

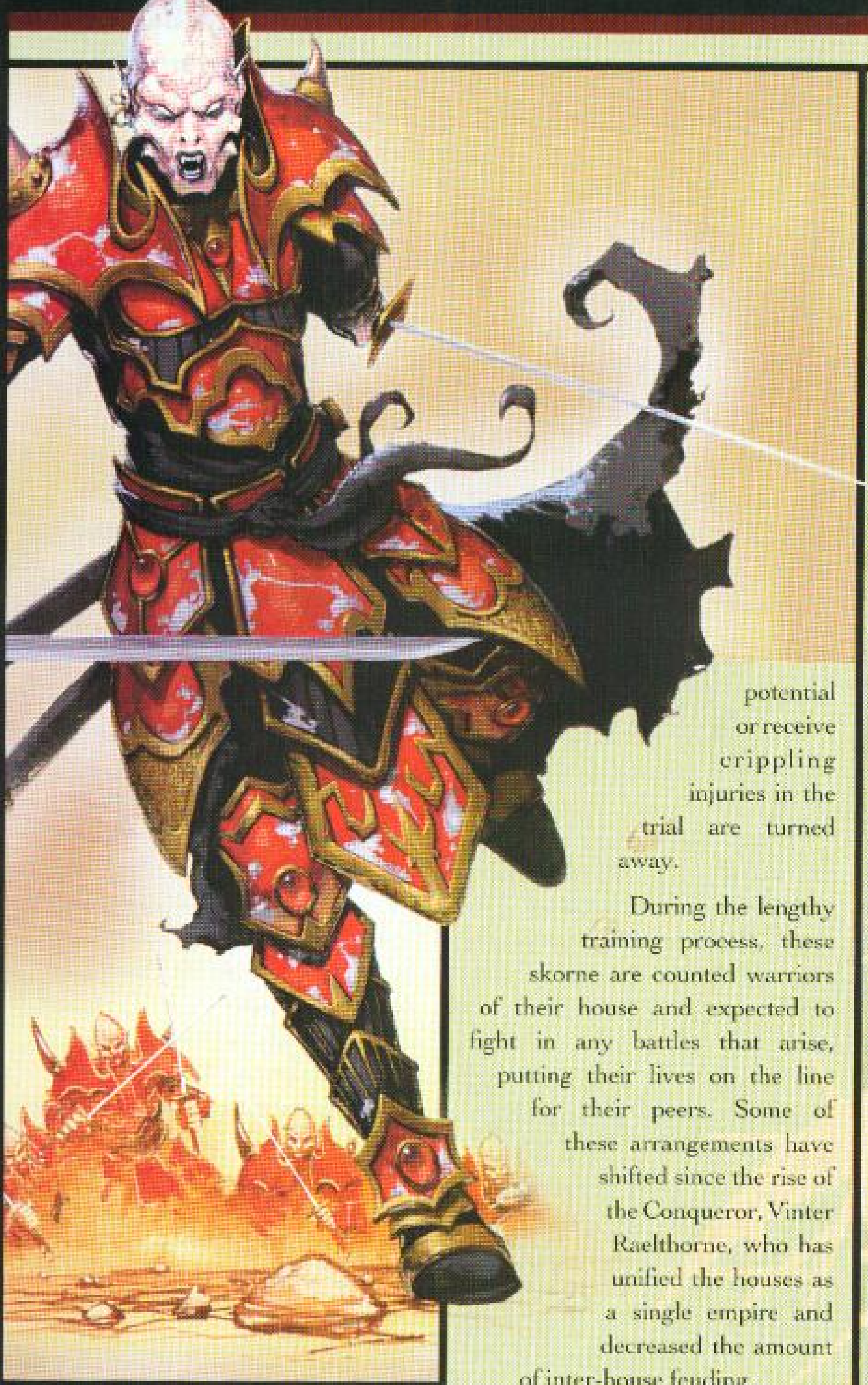
Those whose blades are insufficient are turned away, and these individuals must adopt a different path, or return to their original clan as warriors of lesser caste: most commonly Hestatians, the lowest rank still recognized as members of the warrior caste. Some with demonstrable skill in other "lesser" weapons may be chosen for another role, such as the Venators, trained to master the Reiver rifles.

Trials are conducted in the large open courtyard at the center of a great house complex—a series of combat matches judged by veteran warriors of the house, including senior members of their Praetorian cohorts. The aspirants fight with their entry blades, and while these trials are not to the death, injury and the occasional mortal wound among participants is common. Some who enter would sooner die than fail. Those who are defeated have their blades taken from them and have failed. The victors now wield two blades, each of exceptional quality, to bring with them into training. Aspirants are not expected to be true swordsmen yet; but must demonstrate strong aptitude, endurance, instincts, awareness of their surroundings in the midst of melee, and courage.

Those who fail in any respect are removed from the Trials after their blade is taken by those who defeated them. A spiral brand is burned into the back of their right hand, and they are turned out on the street. Most houses will accept these skorne back into their ranks as Hestatians, allowed to fill less crucial combat and support roles for their house, while others are relegated to lesser labor and crafts tasks, learning to become useful. Even among the Hestatians those who have been branded are continually reminded of their failure, often referred to as "Lokshi" a term which is used for anyone who tries and fails to exceed their caste, whether by incompetence, injury, or disability. Even former house heirs endure this dishonor, and are forever barred from the ranks of tyrant or dominar. Such individuals usually take their own lives rather than endure shamed status.

Those who succeed are welcomed in the house, outsiders provisionally adopted and sworn in with oaths of fealty. Any who are killed, crippled, or shame themselves have their blades taken; those who do not take their lives are branded and join those who failed the initial trials.

Being passed forward to the second year requires another phase of ritual fights called the Trials of the Second Year. Unlike the



Aspirant Trials, these fights are only witnessed by those in the house's Praetorian ranks. Chirurgeons are kept on hand to minimize losses, although some will be permanently maimed and unable to continue. These fights are not a matter of only accepting the victors, but ensuring all who move forward are highly skilled and worthy of the honor. Any who fight with exceptional skill and courage will be retained, while those who fail to measure up to their potential or receive crippling injuries in the trial are turned away.

During the lengthy training process, these skorne are counted warriors of their house and expected to fight in any battles that arise, putting their lives on the line for their peers. Some of these arrangements have shifted since the rise of the Conqueror, Vinter Raelthorne, who has unified the houses as a single empire and decreased the amount of inter-house feuding.

During the second year training focuses on the deeper disciplines of the Praetorians, particularly the hoksune fighting code and mastering the double-bladed fighting style which is their specialty. The hoksune code emphasizes the honor brought to one's ancestors in bloodshed, and the sublimity of death while embraced with an enemy in melee. It describes how a skorne can transform into a weapon as sharp as his blade by discipline and enduring hardship. Those who follow hoksune must always take the difficult path, taught to beware the path of least resistance. Mastery of the code takes a lifetime, but emphasizes unlocking predatory instincts and the repression of doubt, the ability to follow orders instantly and to conduct fighting drills until the proper moves are etched into the very muscles and sinews.

Along with internalizing this fighting philosophy, Praetorians are trained to recognize weak spots in an enemy's defenses, whether that foe is an armored swordsman or a rampaging beast. Larger houses import dangerous creatures from the periphery of the empire and pit them against Praetorians to ensure they can hold discipline when facing unexpected threats.

There are three basic postures which must be mastered by all Praetorians. The first is described as "two blades low" and by this posture the warrior approaches with his swords held at waist level in a crouched posture, ready to attack or defend, and emphasizing thrusts and side-slashes. This posture is the first to be learned and most reliable for Praetorians attacking as a line together. The one favored by older Praetorians who have survived many battles is "one blade high," a defensive stance with one sword held back and arched over the head while approaching with the other to attack. This is the most stable parrying posture, allowing the Skorne to respond to approaching threats; but is often neglected by youths seeking glory. The last posture and most difficult to master without injury is "two blades high" which is a posture emphasizing strong offense as the Praetorian attacks with an unrelenting series of whip-like attacks with each hand. This style requires considerable space and is rarely practiced in formation. All Praetorians must learn the basics of each posture, but focus on one as they gain experience in the field; only rare masters can demonstrate equal ability in all three.

Iron mines are a highly valued resource among the skorne, relatively few and scattered. While the process of smelting steel is well known to the skorne that valued metal is generally reserved for weapon blades. Swords are crafted using folded sheets of very thin steel, a process mastered by the best artisans, some of whom are technically slaves yet valued as the finest living treasures of their house. The armor worn by Praetorians is most often constructed of strengthened bronze, using an ancient technique which produces a light metal only marginally weaker than steel. With many overlapping plates, this armor provides excellent protection without inhibiting mobility. Every Praetorian learns to endure fighting in the punishing heat of the sun and to push their endurance past normal limits.

Each armor suit is set with fire-hardened tusks and horns, providing additional protection and serving as impromptu weapons if a Praetorian is disarmed or outnumbered and grappled. Large tusks are commonly added to shoulder armor and helmets so Praetorians can slam into an adversary as a last resort. These also help deflect blows intended for the neck. Many Praetorians prefer to fight bare headed, reserving helmets for the most dangerous engagements, such as when assaulting walls during a siege; their fighting style emphasizes all-around awareness, and helmets constrict both field of vision and hearing.

A final sequence of ritual battles is entered into at the conclusion of training, called the Trials of the Dakar. These hotly contested and bloody duels determine the best of the best. The finest swordsmen of each group of ten are elevated to the rank of Dakar to lead their peers. The swords of each new Praetorian are cleansed in a ritual of purification before the great sacral stones of the house's ancestors. When the Praetorian dies or becomes too old to serve, the swords are passed to his house and given to the next generation of aspirants.

When Vinter Raelthorne set Makeda of Great House Balaash as the leader of his Army of the Western Reaches, the Archdomina took the ancient traditions of the Praetorians and brought them to the great Abyssal Fortress. She put out a call for Aspirants and Praetorians of all houses, and has incorporated them as one force in her army. This is the largest gathering of Praetorians ever assembled, organized into large cohorts and sent to conquer the fertile western lands under the direction of their ranking tyrants. Each of these Praetorians hopes to carve a legend for himself and gain immortality by conquest and glory in battle

Veteran Praetorian

Race: Skorne

Level: Fighter 5

Hit Points: 5d10+1d8+5 (37)

Armor Class: 19 (+5 Praetorian Plate, +3 Dex, +1 two weapon defense)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

BAB: +5

Full Attack: 2 longsword +5 melee (1d8+4/19-20)

Saves: Fort +5 (+1 Con), Ref +4 (+3 Dex), Will +1

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Wis 10, Int 10, Cha 10

Skills: (28)

Feats: Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Two Weapon Fighting, Two Weapon Defense, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

Equipment: Masterwork Praetorian plate, 2 masterwork longswords

	Cost	Armor Bonus	Max Dex Bonus	Check Penalty	Spell Failure	Speed	Weight
Praetorian Plate	*400 gp.	+5	3	-3	25%	30 ft.	25 lb.

Praetorian Plate crafted of lightweight metal pieces (often bronze, but sometimes other metals), classified as medium rather than heavy armor, is considered masterwork, and if worn by the individual it was crafted for, it does not slow the wearer (if worn by others, Speed reduces to 20 ft.). Praetorian plate is considered spiked armor, allowing damage with grappling attacks, and can also be used to deliver 1d4 damage on a successful bull rush.

***Cost provided for reference for skorne equivalence; this armor not available for purchase on the open market. Captured Praetorian Plate could sell to interested buyers in western Immoren for a wide range below or above this cost, depending on buyer (25%-400%).**

Dire Troll Mauler

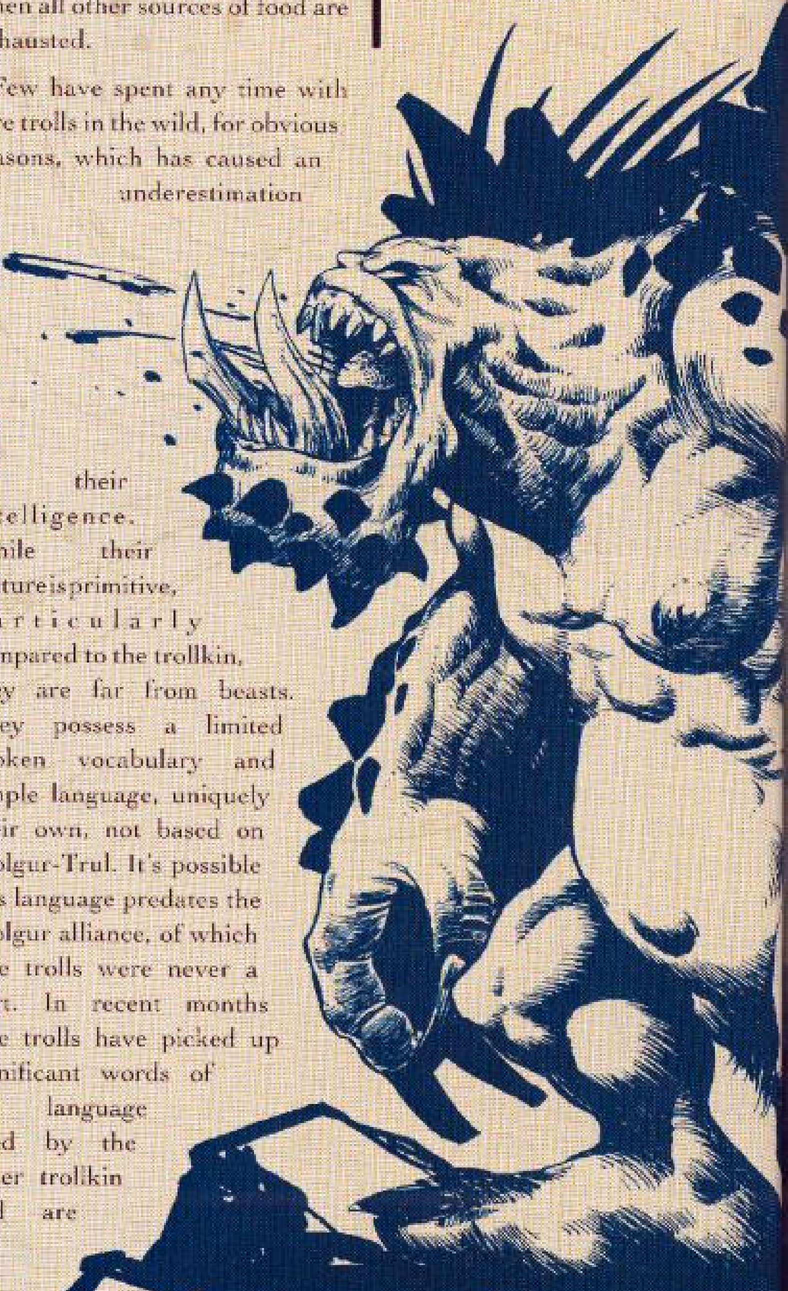
The dire troll stands alone, a beast so fierce even other trolls will uproot themselves and migrate away when a dire troll enters the region. Contact with these creatures has been shunned and avoided by even the most battle-seasoned trollkin shamans or fell callers, even those boasting a bond over the savage breeds linked to their bloodlines. The appearance of dire trolls fighting alongside the trollkin in recent conflicts is a dire omen for all those who have drawn the wrath of these proud people. By answering the call to battle, the dire trolls have brought unequalled aggression and raw fury to the trollkin kriels.

Fortunately for other creatures walking Caen, the dire troll is not a numerous breed, its own ferocity and territorial nature keeping it spread thin across wide regions of the wilderness. They are most numerous in the Wyrmwall Mountains and the Scarsfell Forest, with some few carving out territories in the Gnarls and the Cloutsdown Fenns. They have learned to avoid human regions, as humans invariably band together to exterminate them. All things being equal most human towns and small cities would just as soon never deal with a dire troll menace. So long as they have kept to remote areas, there has been no organized attempt to root them out.

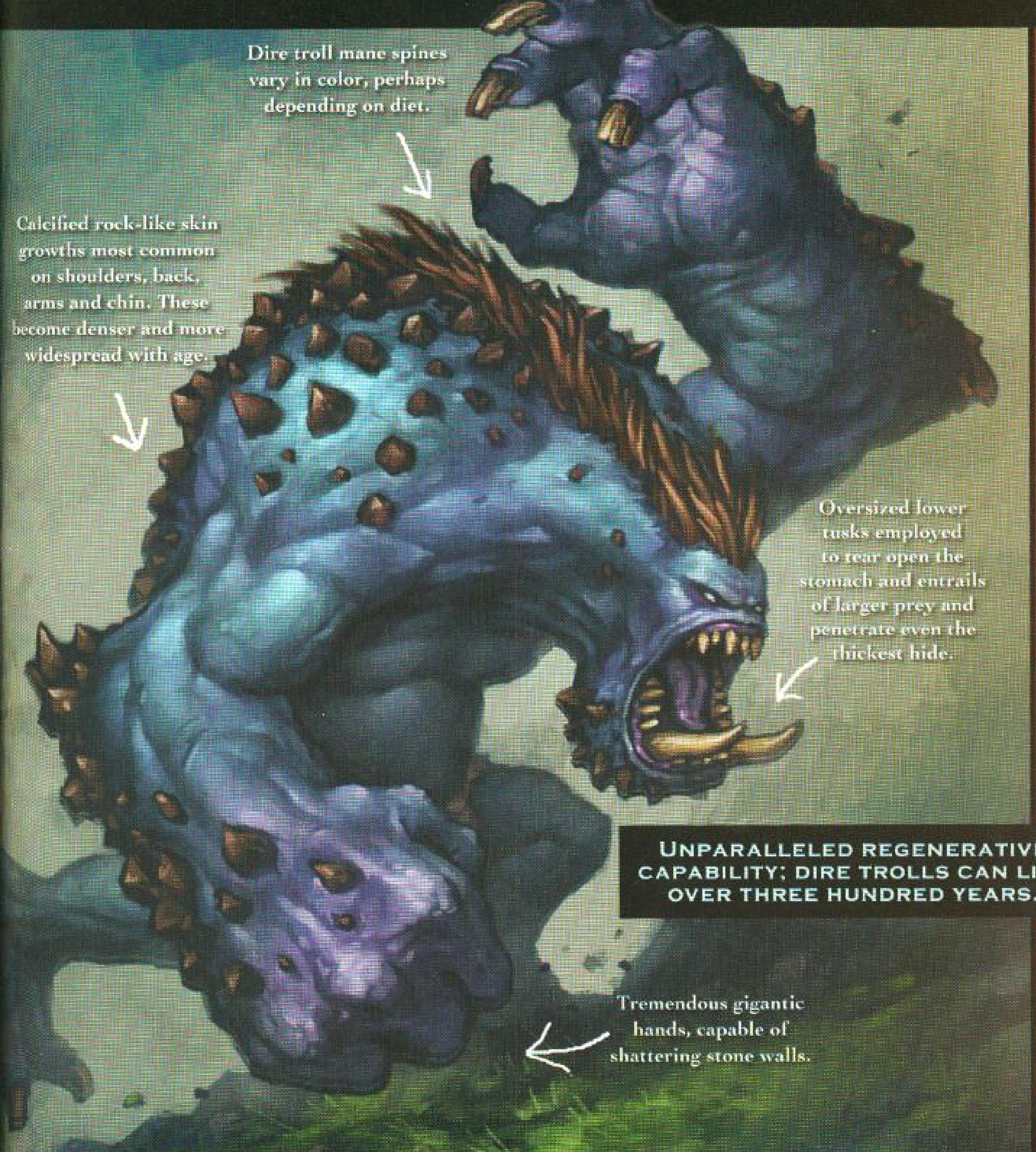
Dire trolls hunt and roam across a large area, and have been known to chase out and slay any creatures they consider competition, including smaller full-blood trolls. The only creatures they endure for extended periods are diminutive pygmy trolls, more commonly called "pygs." As with other full blooded trolls, the dire trolls can produce 'whelps'—small degenerate trolls which are not true offspring—when a body part is severed, and their whelps live several years before expiring. Some human scholars theorize the great brutes mistake pygs for their own whelps, but this could be a natural symbiotic relationship. Even pygs and whelps fall prey to dire troll hunger, but usually only when all other sources of food are exhausted.

Few have spent any time with dire trolls in the wild, for obvious reasons, which has caused an underestimation of their intelligence. While their culture is primitive, particularly compared to the trollkin, they are far from beasts. They possess a limited spoken vocabulary and simple language, uniquely their own, not based on Molgur-Trul. It's possible this language predates the Molgur alliance, of which dire trolls were never a part. In recent months dire trolls have picked up significant words of the language used by the other trollkin and are intelligent enough to respond to these terms. As with full-blood trolls, hunger and extreme aggression have been barriers to more sophisticated culture between them. The sheer amount of food required to support their metabolism makes them jealous of each other and prone to battles for territory.

The main interaction between dire trolls is reserved



FEW SIGHTS ARE AS TERRIFYING AS AN ENORMOUS BLOOD-FRENZIED DIRE TROLL BEARING DOWN FOR THE KILL. DIRE TROLLS SEEM CAPABLE OF CONSUMING AND DIGESTING ALMOST ANYTHING, AND HAVE BEEN WITNESSED SWALLOWING STONE AND METAL WITHOUT ANY APPARENT ILL EFFECT.



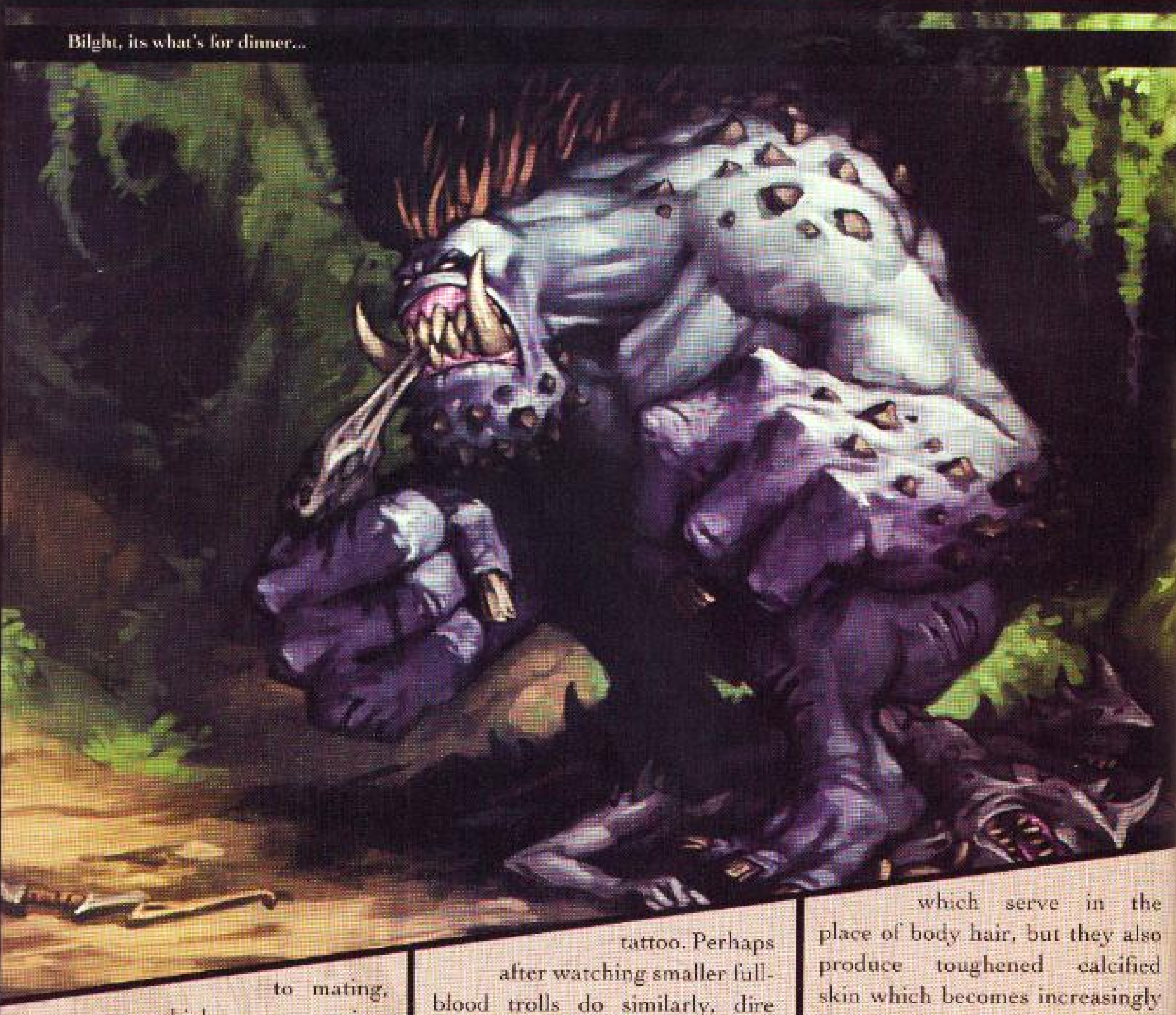
Dire troll mane spines vary in color, perhaps depending on diet.

Calcified rock-like skin growths most common on shoulders, back, arms and chin. These become denser and more widespread with age.

Oversized lower tusks employed to tear open the stomach and entrails of larger prey and penetrate even the thickest hide.

UNPARALLELED REGENERATIVE CAPABILITY; DIRE TROLLS CAN LIVE OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

Tremendous gigantic hands, capable of shattering stone walls.



Bilght, its what's for dinner...

to mating, which requires searching outside of their normal territory. Dire troll females rarely tolerate males after they become pregnant, driving them away. Dire trolls are born in pairs, and there is a prolonged period of over a decade when young are cared for by the mother. Once they can hunt and subsist on their own, they are driven out. What passes for language among the dire trolls is passed down by the females, who may be slightly more intelligent than the males, but no less fierce or territorial.

Mature dire trolls pick a name for themselves in maturity, but also have an awareness of their bloodline, represented by a symbol. These are often branded into flesh as ritual scarification or tattoo. Perhaps after watching smaller full-blood trolls do similarly, dire trolls learned that fire-branding along with the mixing certain poisonous plant dyes creates long lasting colored marks on their skin. These eventually regenerate, but endure for months before needing to be replaced.

One of the most remarkable aspects of the dire troll is their longevity, an extension of their phenomenal regenerative powers. It is suspected the dire trolls may live upward of three centuries, and perhaps they have no natural mortality, only succumbing to madness which pushes them into frenzies that bring their deaths indirectly.

As a dire troll ages, they produce hardened growths, shared by other troll breeds to a lesser degree. Some are quills which serve in the place of body hair, but they also produce toughened calcified skin which becomes increasingly large and rocky with age. These are prominent on the dire troll's shoulders and back, providing considerable natural protection. Similar growths are found on full-blood trolls and even elder male trollkin, particularly on the chin and arms.

While most trollkin have tried to dismiss kinship with these untamable creatures, it was these similarities which drew the attention of one great shaman of the Gnarls, Hoarluk Doomshaper. Even before recent events Doomshaper had become a living legend among his people, respected and feared. From youth Hoarluk demonstrated great aptitude for Dhunian ritual. Yet it was his affinity and connection to trolls which has become his true legacy. While others are periodically born with the ability to tap into the minds and strength of full-blood trolls, Hoarluk delved these mysteries with singular focus.

Hoarluk has explored the western region in search of old krielstones and other evidence of his people through the ages. He has tapped into ancient wisdom preserved and forgotten since the time of the Molgur, and added this lore to his perspective of his species. He has gone to places other trollkin avoid, and tamed bloodlines of full-troll others considered completely feral. It was inevitable he would turn his attention to the greatest breed of them all: the dire troll.

Much of Hoarluk's relationship with dire trolls remains a mystery known only to him. It is told he ventured alone into the wilds in early 603 AR, telling his kriels that he might never return. He explored the great trackless peaks of the Wyrmwall between Orven and Fharin. There he used his powers to observe the dire trolls, to learn their singular tongue, and pit his mind and will against their unfathomable and wild natures.

One anecdote he has related to his kin was learning the posture by which dire trolls confront one another, likely similar to what occurs when a male seeks a mate. The dire troll intruded upon enacts a terrifying display against the outsider, shattering trees, howling, and ending with an all-out charge. For the outsider to demonstrate non-violent intent, it must stand still and unflinching during this. The charging dire troll will punch the intruder in the chest and howl in his face; if the intruder does not retaliate, there are no further hostilities. Hoarluk witnessed this interchange between two dire trolls, after which they carried on a limited discourse, scratching at the ground to help illustrate, and later sharing the carcass of a mountain elk.

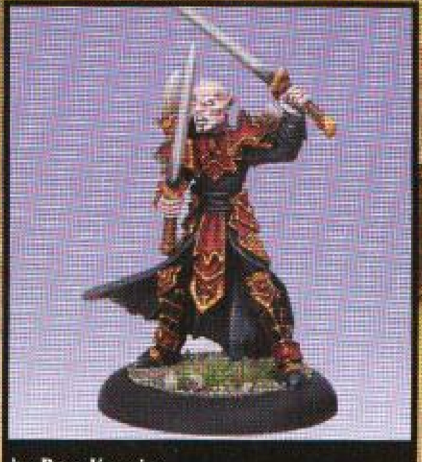
> **By speech and gesture, Hoarluk came to an accord with the dire troll, and soon contacted others, including one of the oldest and most feared dwelling in the Upper Wyrmwall.**

Hoarluk used this knowledge to confront the dire trolls, following the same behavior, walking openly before one and announcing his presence in their tongue. He was forced to endure the display of a dire troll in its full rage, and then a rib-shattering punch to his sternum, all the while biting down on his pain and fear. While in close proximity he discovered his troll kinship could penetrate the thick skulls of the dire troll just as he had with other full-blood trolls. By speech and gesture, Hoarluk came to an accord with the dire troll, and soon contacted others, including one of the oldest and most feared dwelling in the Upper Wyrmwall. This enormous ancient first called Doomshaper "Krol," the name he is now called by all dire trolls following his bidding. Hoarluk has not explained the meaning of this word, only heard to remark cynically, "they will not eat me."

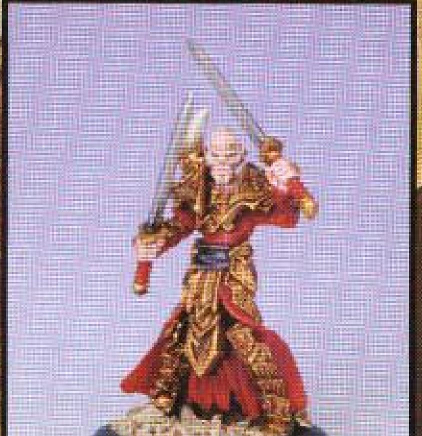
Other shamans believe Doomshaper was able to teach them of the ties that binds their species. The term "Krol" may indicate belief he has a dire troll's soul, reincarnated as a trollkin. Whatever the case may be, for the first time in the history of the west, dire trolls have given up isolation and endure the company of trollkin and other trolls to battle those whom Doomshaper names enemies. The dire trolls called by Hoarluk prefer to utilize their innate strength and natural assets in battle, and have been termed "Maulers" among the trollkin, but in the wild they have been observed to employ improvised weapons such as clubs or oversized rocks. Only time will tell to what other uses these fearsome creatures will be put by Doomshaper and the trollkin chiefs.

Guts and Gears will continue to bring you the history and heart of the military might of WARMACHINE and now HORDES in each issue.

by **Jeff Hoy**



by **Ron Kruzie**



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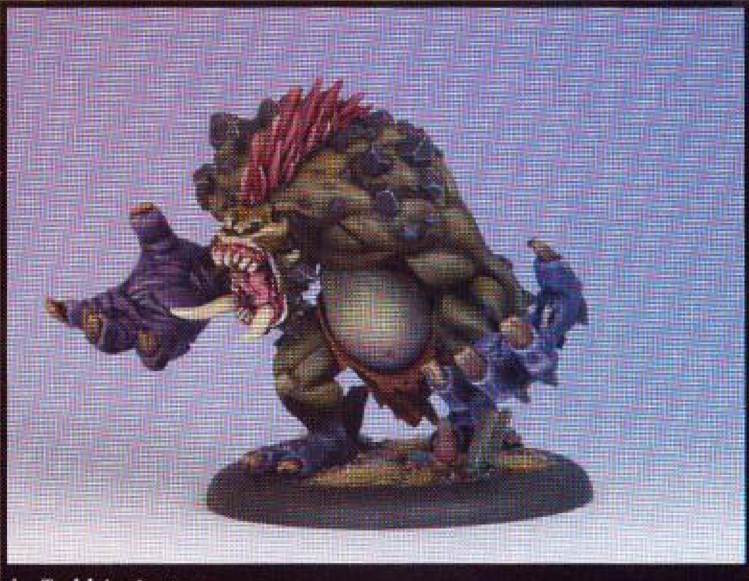
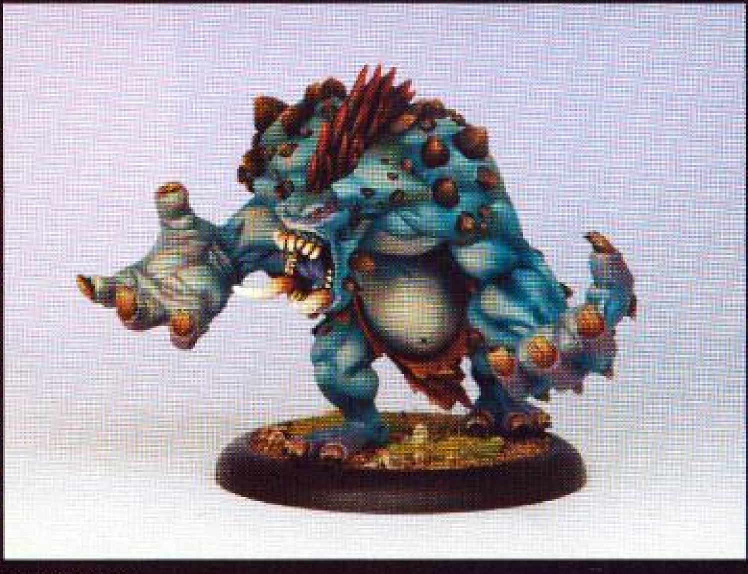
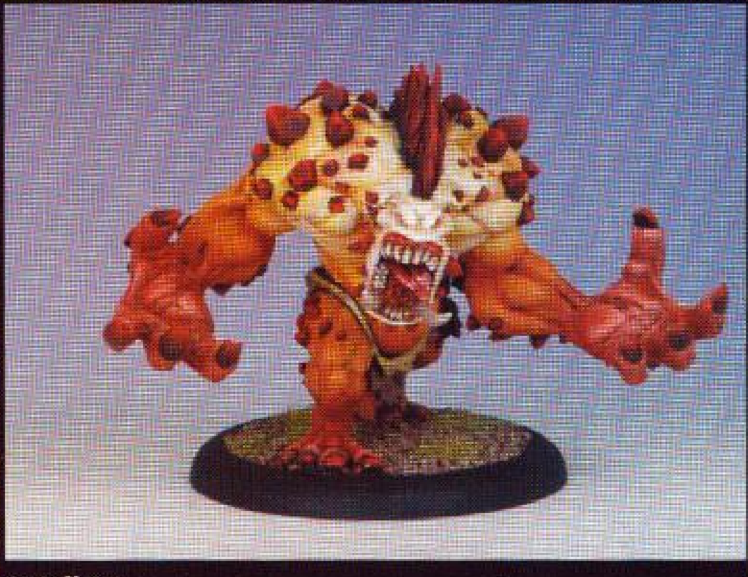


by **Todd Arrington**



by **Ali McVey**



by **Jeff Hoy**

GUTS & GEARS

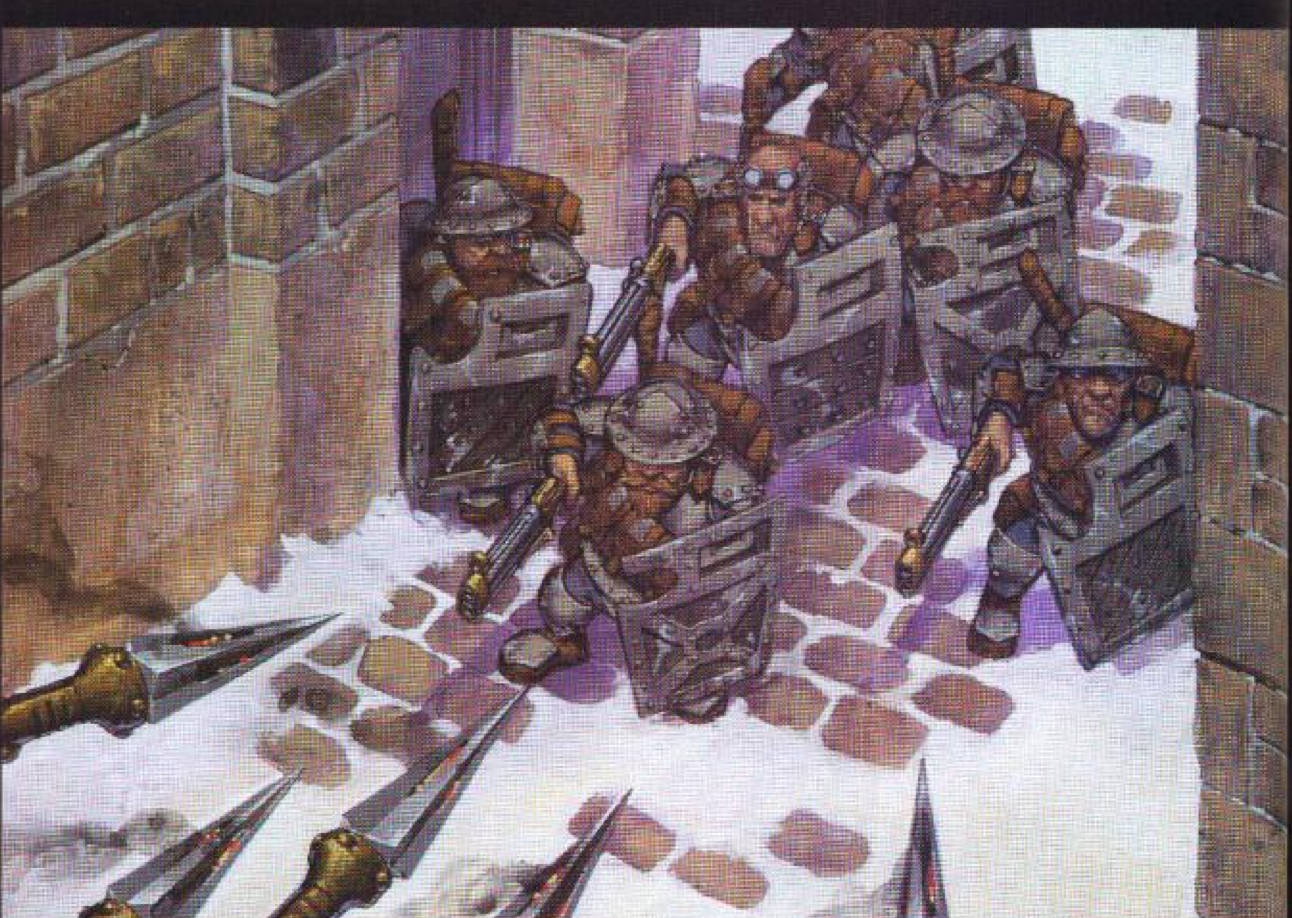
THE MEN AND MACHINES OF WARMACHINE

Written by **Sean Fish**, Art by **Brian Snoddy**, Rules by **Douglas Seacat**

HAMMERFALL HIGH SHIELD GUN CORPS

In the western mountains of Rhul lies an unassailable fortress complex composed of dozens of smaller terraced castles, known as Hammerfall. Essential to Rhulic security, the compound has withstood countless attacks over the ages, but has never been breached. Hammerfall was built to guard both major roads leading to the interior of the nation. Along with the Horgenhold which watches over the primary trade river into Rhul, it is one of the most impressive defensive works anywhere in the Iron Kingdoms.

The High Shield Gun Corps, the rugged garrison stationed at Hammerfall, are a tough and determined reflection of that stalwart bastion. Though kept in a constant state of readiness, it has been centuries since the fortification actually withstood siege. With such a large number of highly trained soldiers at there disposal, it was only a matter of time before the commanders of Hammerfall found a way to make



a little extra coin. Many of the finest rifledwarves residing within the walls of Hammerfall were selected from among the Corps and sent abroad as mercenaries to fight in the wars of men.

Hammerfall is controlled by Stone House Dhurg, which is responsible for maintaining the western defenses of Rhul. This is significant because it results in Stone Lord Joharl Dhurg, one of the 13 leaders of Rhul, being the ultimate commander of the fortress. Many dwarves of House Dhurg are stationed at Hammerfall, including Champion Pelgor Dhurg, Joharls older cousin. In his younger days, Pelgor spent a great deal of time in Llael as a mercenary.

The dwarves of Rhul have a long history of serving as mercenaries in human conflicts and it is not uncommon to see individual dwarves serving with mercenary companies throughout western Immoren. Seeing the potential for profit in his experiences, Pelgore came before Stone House Dhurg to petition the creation of a regiment of Rhulic mercenaries drawn from the disciplined soldiers stationed at Hammerfall. Seeing great potential in his proposal and having an abundance of trained fighters at their disposal, House Durg agreed, so long as these mercenary operations did not threaten the safety of Rhul. The majority of Gun Corps Sergeants have the blood of Dhurg flowing through their veins.

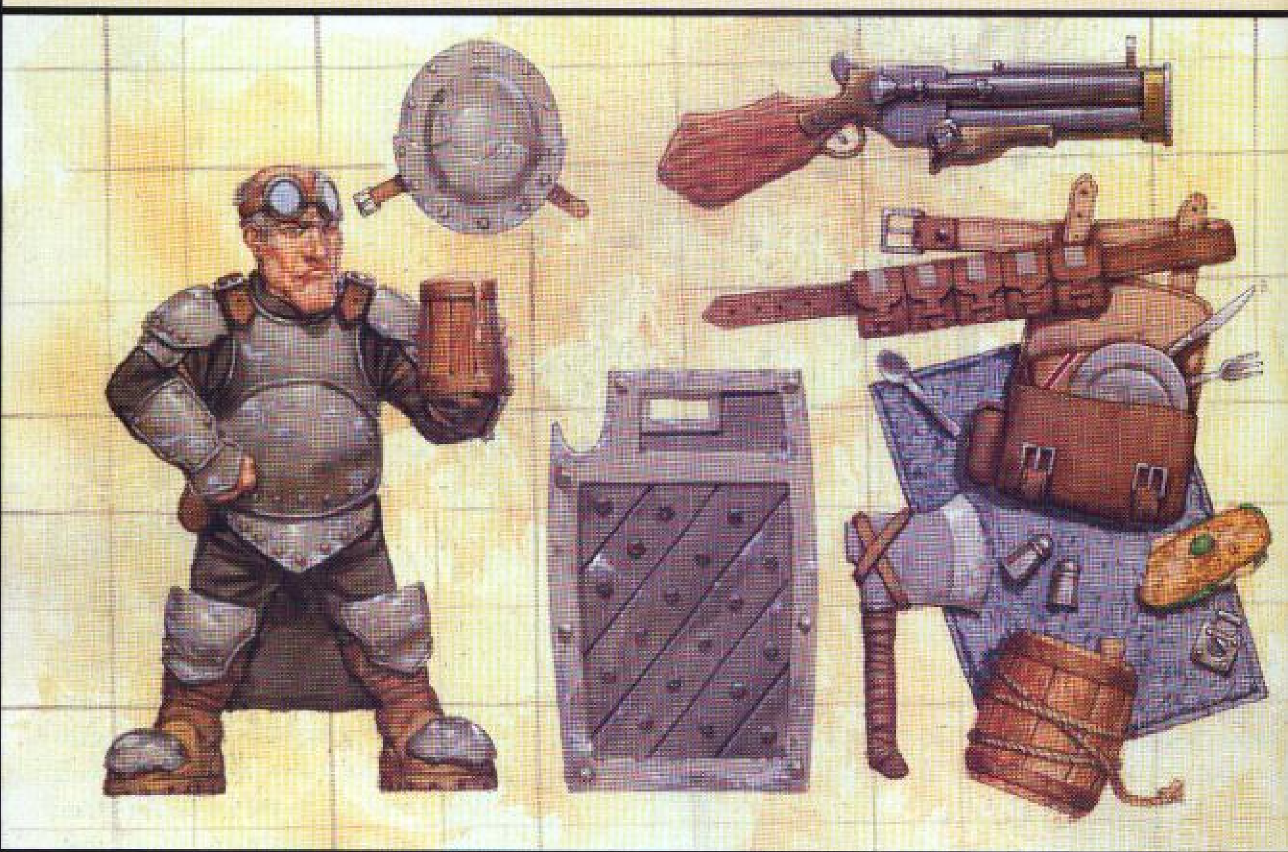
No doubt part of House Dhurg's decision was a response to the Khadoran invasion of Llael. Many dwarves were disturbed by the occupation of their neighbor to the south. The traditional bad blood between Rhul and its western neighbor was exacerbated by Khador's attempts to cut off river trade through Llael. Cooler heads among the Dhurg debated in the moot and found a way to justify what they see as a necessary evil. They decided the best solution was to become more active in human affairs in the interest of their continued security. Sending the High Shields into mercenary service accomplishes a number of ends for Stone Lords of Rhul.

First and foremost it fills House coffers. Second is the invaluable experience it gives to the dwarven soldiers while keeping Rhul neutral to direct conflict. First hand knowledge will serve to strengthen the fortress when these soldiers are recalled to duty at Hammerfall. In order to more efficiently accomplish this, Gun Corps units are rotated into and out of mercenary service on a regular basis. This has given a large number of gunners a taste of battle on the human front. The vast reserve force at Hammerfall is never depleted and part of the profit from every field unit is returned back to the fortress to be put toward better equipment and armor for the force as a whole. Thus the gunners find profit for themselves as well as the overall Rhulic war effort.

The gunners at Hammerfall are well trained and equipped. In Rhul, all conflict, from individual duels to long standing and bloody clan feuds, follow strict laws that have been in existence for generations.

The final benefit of having troops serving on foreign soil, is that it allows Rhul to maintain a daily awareness of affairs in the war front across the southlands, a benefit that has been exploited by House Dhurg to silence critics. By seeking employment with both Khador and Cygnar, they are able to watch both sides of the conflict that rages outside Rhulic borders. Information is primarily received through letters home and financial reports from the units in the field. The exception to this are detailed reports requested by the Stone Lords and Stone House Jhord in particular, which handles the gathering of intelligence. First and foremost they want information about the most current battlefield tactics used by the human warcasters. They also seek detailed reports on the newest warjacks such as the Cygnaran Thunderhead and the Khadoran Behemoth.

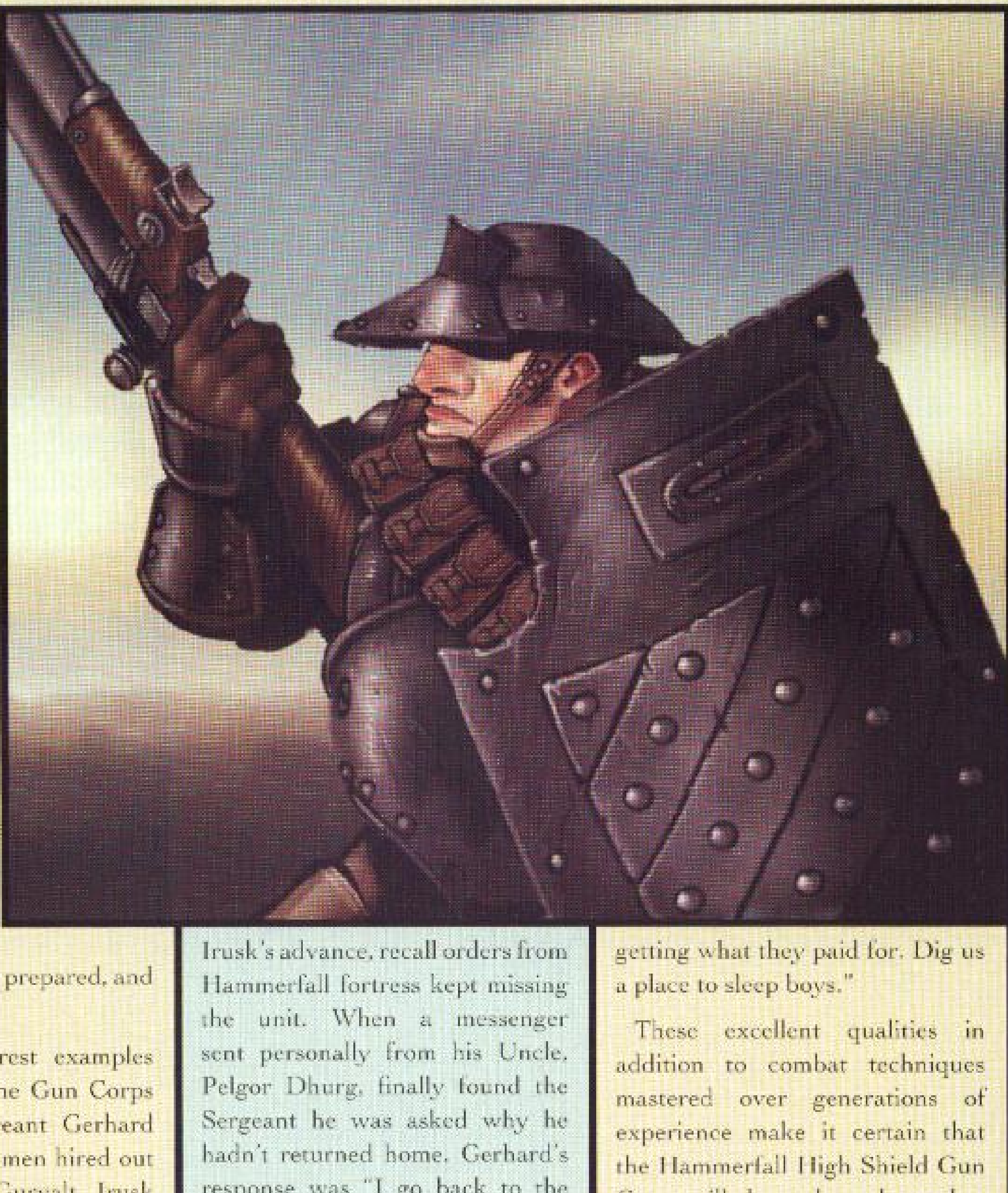
The gunners at Hammerfall are well trained and equipped. In Rhul, all conflict, from individual duels to long standing and bloody clan feuds, follow strict laws that have been in existence for generations. The precepts and practices of combat in Rhul are confusing to the point of being almost unintelligible to most humans. For example two dwarven clans might be involved in a long siege over the right to build on a specific plot of land but instantly suspend their conflict at the first sign of an attack from outsiders.



The tactics employed by the Gun Corps, like their unerring ranking fire that bombards their enemy from around their mates, make them well prepared for battle in current conflicts in Western Immoren. Heavily armored, the Gun Corps provides a movable strong point for field commanders. They are trained to respond instantly to the command of their Sergeant, forming an almost impenetrable wall with their shields. Far from merely a defensive formation, the gunners can unleash a withering covered fusillade with their double-barreled rifles, deftly avoiding their shield mates and obliterating enemy infantry in their line of fire. Their shields are brilliantly designed to give the gunners a steady place to rest their deadly rifles during these volleys and peer out from safety. In a pinch the dwarves can have-to with their trusty axes, but it is while at a distance that they are most effective.

In addition to keeping his gunners in tight and effective formations, the Sergeant of a High Shield unit is trained as a Jack Marshal. He can control a Rhulic warjack and many opposing commanders have changed their battle plan rather than try and dislodge a Gun Corps unit with a Ghordson Driller attached to it. Training their Sergeants in this manner allows the Gun Corps to take advantage of their ability to operate as an independent unit, easily anchoring the flank of a battle far from their warcaster. Adding a 'jack to the unit obviously increases cost but is often well worth the extra expense.

It is in the dwarven nature to want to leave something behind that will last longer than his lifetime, as a legacy to others. This is most often in the form of monuments of stone or great structures. Another way to do that is to be part of something bigger than any individual. This makes being picked for training in a High Shield company is a great honor for a dwarf. Once in their ranks, any gunner who is considering venturing out as a mercenary is given further incentive to go abroad with a substantial pay increase over those who stay back at the fortress. This ensures the gunners are anxious for this



duty and hit the road to conflict with high spirits. Units of dwarven gunners are highly sought after by warcasters who know of the Rhulic reputation for combat prowess and honor. The dwarves of Rhul believe that war is waged to settle disputes or prove skill, not to sack and pillage. They are a known quantity and solid in the midst of battle, with a professionalism that is the envy of rowdier human companies. They are proud of their reputation for being tough, always prepared, and ready for anything.

One of the clearest examples of this attitude is the Gun Corps Unit lead by Sergeant Gerhard Dhurg. He and his men hired out to Kommandant Gurvalt Irusk during one of the Khadoran's offensives. Sergeant Gerhard sent back a steady stream of reports and revenue but so fast was Irusk's advance, recall orders from Hammerfall fortress kept missing the unit. When a messenger sent personally from his Uncle, Pelgor Dhurg, finally found the Sergeant he was asked why he hadn't returned home. Gerhard's response was "I go back to the Hammer' when I am officially recalled, until then my men and I are gonna keep fighting alongside this lot with the fur hats. They're getting what they paid for. Dig us a place to sleep boys."

These excellent qualities in addition to combat techniques mastered over generations of experience make it certain that the Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps will always be welcomed as allies and hated by their foes as war continues to rage across the Iron Kingdoms.

High Shield Double Barreled Rifle

Created in Rhul for the specific use of the High Shield Gun Corps, this double-barreled military rifle is lighter and more compact than other double-barrels, utilizing serricsteel barrels and Rhulic tooling. Reloading each barrel takes two standard actions and a Craft (small arms) skill check (DC12). (See IKCG, p. 186 for Double Barreled rules; for the Rifleman's Bulwark utilized by the High Shield, see IKCG, p. 197.)

Name	Cost	Dmg	Critical	Range Increment	Weight	Type
High Shield Double Barreled Rifle	1600gp	2d8 (each barrel)	19-20/x2	160 ft.	22lb	Piercing

Note: This weapon is only available to the High Shield Gun Corps directly from the armories at Stone House Dhurg in Rhul.

CENTURION HEAVY WARJACK

For most of its illustrious military history, versatility and speed have been the watchwords for Cygnaran warjacks. In the latter part of the 6th century increasing border hostility with Khador brought with it a need for Cygnar to create a 'jack that was not only capable of standing toe to toe with the monstrous Juggernauts of their enemies to the North, but was in fact specifically designed to exploit their weaknesses. Turning back to an earlier time in their history, when colossals towered over battles, the greatest military minds of Cygnar decided it was time to fight strength with superior strength. This desired tactical advantage combined with certain political factors to launch the development of the Centurion, a warjack capable of negating the charges of Khadoran 'jacks and thereby stopping enemy assaults cold.

In 590 AR, Khador's Queen Ayn was making it painfully clear that she intended to increase hostilities with Cygnar. Her rhetoric was becoming so strident that it easily reached beyond her own borders into Cygnaran lands. At this time Cygnar was in the midst of the brutal rule of King Vinter Raelthorne IV. The spies he sent into Khador brought back reports of a concerted effort by the Queen to ramp up the kingdom's war production facilities even beyond that of her predecessor, Lord Regent Simonyev Blaustavya. Both Queen Ayn and her mentor the Lord Regent strongly believed in the philosophies of her grandfather, King Ivad Vanar who had driven Khador toward a brighter and more prosperous future. By instilling their people with a fresh sense of pride in their heritage, they wished to recapture the sense of a northern Empire within its populace.

King Vinter's response to this information was to order the creation of a warjack that could not only stand toe to toe with the brutally powerful Khadoran heavies but would in fact have a significant tactical advantage over them. The Cygnaran Mechaniks Coalition of the Royal Cygnaran University, working alongside the Cygnaran Armory, were given the contract to create the Centurion after proposing a set of plans that combined raw strength with the advanced mechanika Cygnar has always been known for. The Centurion would have an incredibly sturdy chassis with a mechanikally-enhanced magno shield and a hydraulically-powered piston spear. Work on the 'jack began in earnest in the fall of 591 AR. The first few years were spent focused on the creation of a chassis that could not only withstand tremendous punishment but also support intricate and powerful armaments. At first there was some resistance, particularly from Cygnaran warcasters who were concerned about constructing such a heavy and hence slower moving machine. Much effort was expended in an attempt to maintain the speed that had always been a trademark of Cygnaran

CHASSIS: Centurion

IN SERVICE: 599 AR

HEIGHT: 12.7'

WEIGHT: 8.5 tons

MAXIMUM LAND SPEED: 14.5 Km/h

ARMOR THICKNESS RATING: 2.25" riv
plate

CARRYING CAPACITY: 1,250 Kg

MAXIMUM LOAD: 4160 Kg

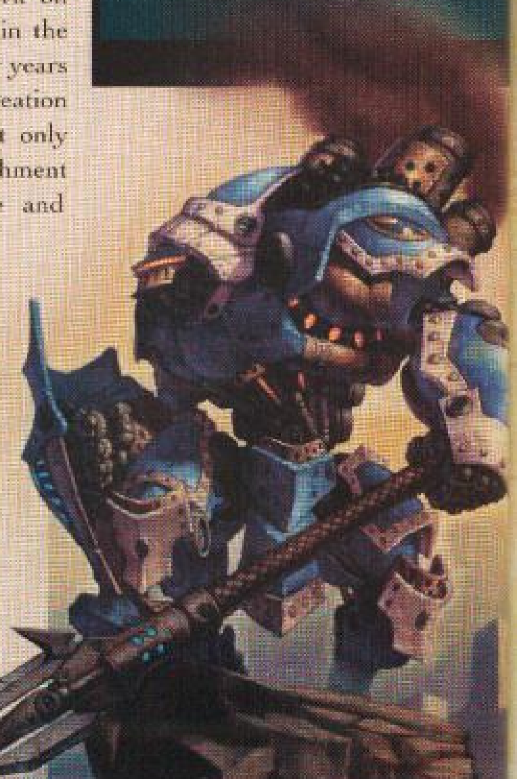
OPTIMAL BOILER FILL: 60 gallons

FUEL LOAD: 180 Kgs

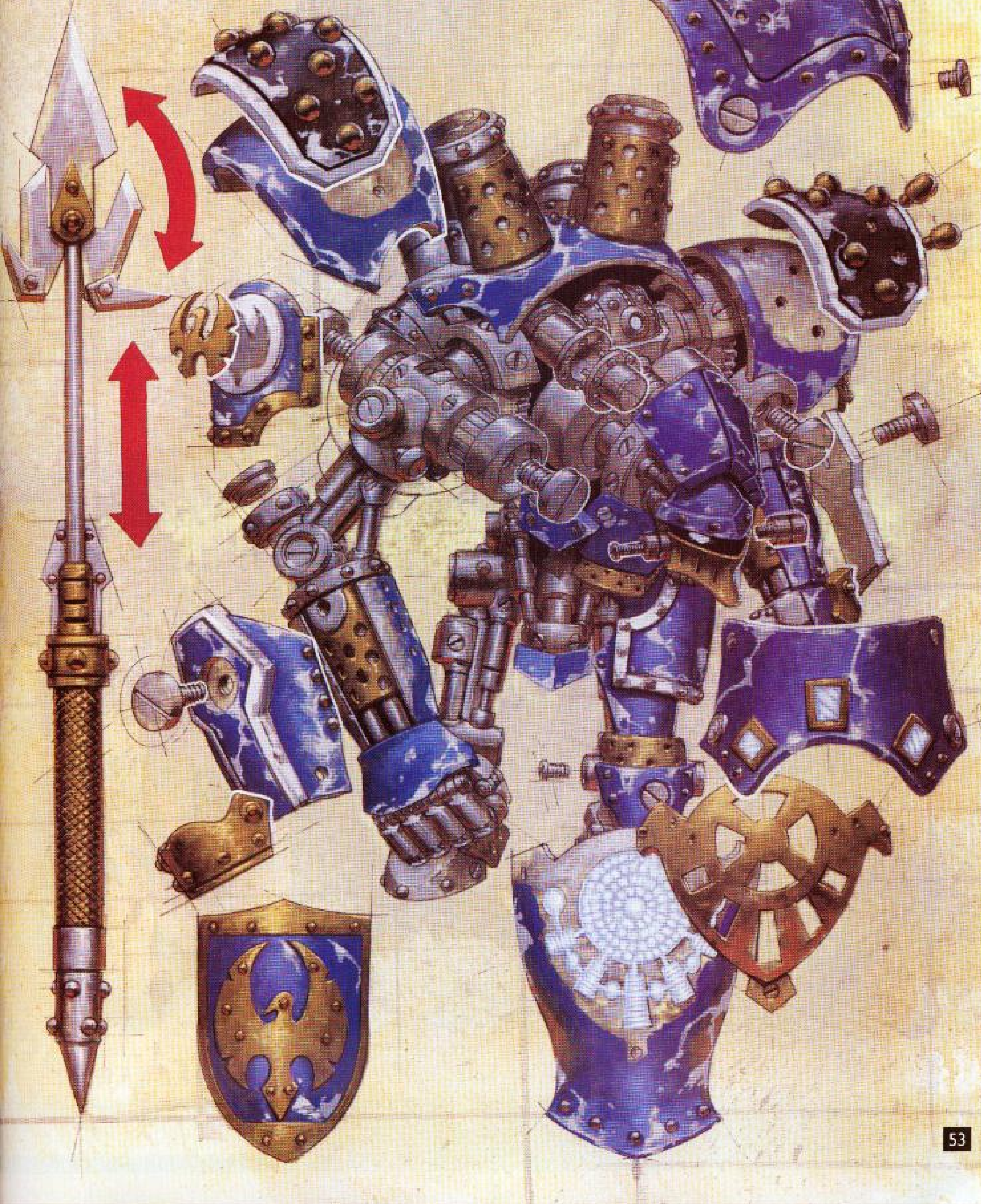
FUEL CONSUMPTION: 5 hrs general, 1
combat

DESIGNER NOTATIONS: "When we we
tasked for a new chassis design, we wan
to stand toe-to-toe with the best Khador
to offer without sacrificing our mechanik
superiority. The magno shield is in a clas
itself—you'll be seeing the Centurion on
front lines long after I'm gone."—Lassiter

BATTLEFIELD RECOMMENDATIONS:
"When they demonstrated the Centurion,
much was made of locking onto another
but that polarity field makes it invaluable
Stopping the enemy cold and charging o
your terms always puts a smile on my fac
The Piston Spear is just gravy. Tasty, lum
gravy."—Captain E. Dominic Darius



CENTURION



Centurion Heavy Warjack

Armament: Magno Shield (left arm), Piston Spear (right arm)

Hit Dice: 22d10+30 (151 hp)

Base Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

Armor Class: 26 (-1 size, +13 armor, +4 shield), touch 9, flat footed 26

BAB/Grapple: +16/+31

Attack: Piston Spear +27 (3d8+11/x3)

Full Attack: Piston Spear +27/+22/+17/+12 (3d8+11/x3)

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft. (15 foot reach.)

Saving Throws: Fort +7, Reflex +7, Will +7

Abilities: Strength 32, Dexterity 10

Cortex: Arcanum Grade—Intelligence 10, Wisdom 10

Build DC/Construction Time/Price: Military Secret

Special Attacks: Electro-lock, critical sustained attack

Special Qualities: Mechanikal construct traits, steamjack traits, damage reduction 10/Serricsteel, darkvision 60 feet, low light vision, polarity field

Electro-lock (Su): The Centurion can use the powerful mechanikal magnet in its shield to conduct a special grapple attack on another warjack or metal construct in melee range. For purposes of this grapple, the Centurion is treated as if it had 36 strength (Grapple BAB becomes +33). This does not provoke an attack of opportunity, and the grapple does not cause damage. Instead, the enemy warjack is unable to use either one of its arms or its head, selected by the Centurion, until it escapes from the grapple. The Centurion does not gain AC from his shield while using this ability. The Centurion cannot attack with its piston spear the same round it uses this ability.

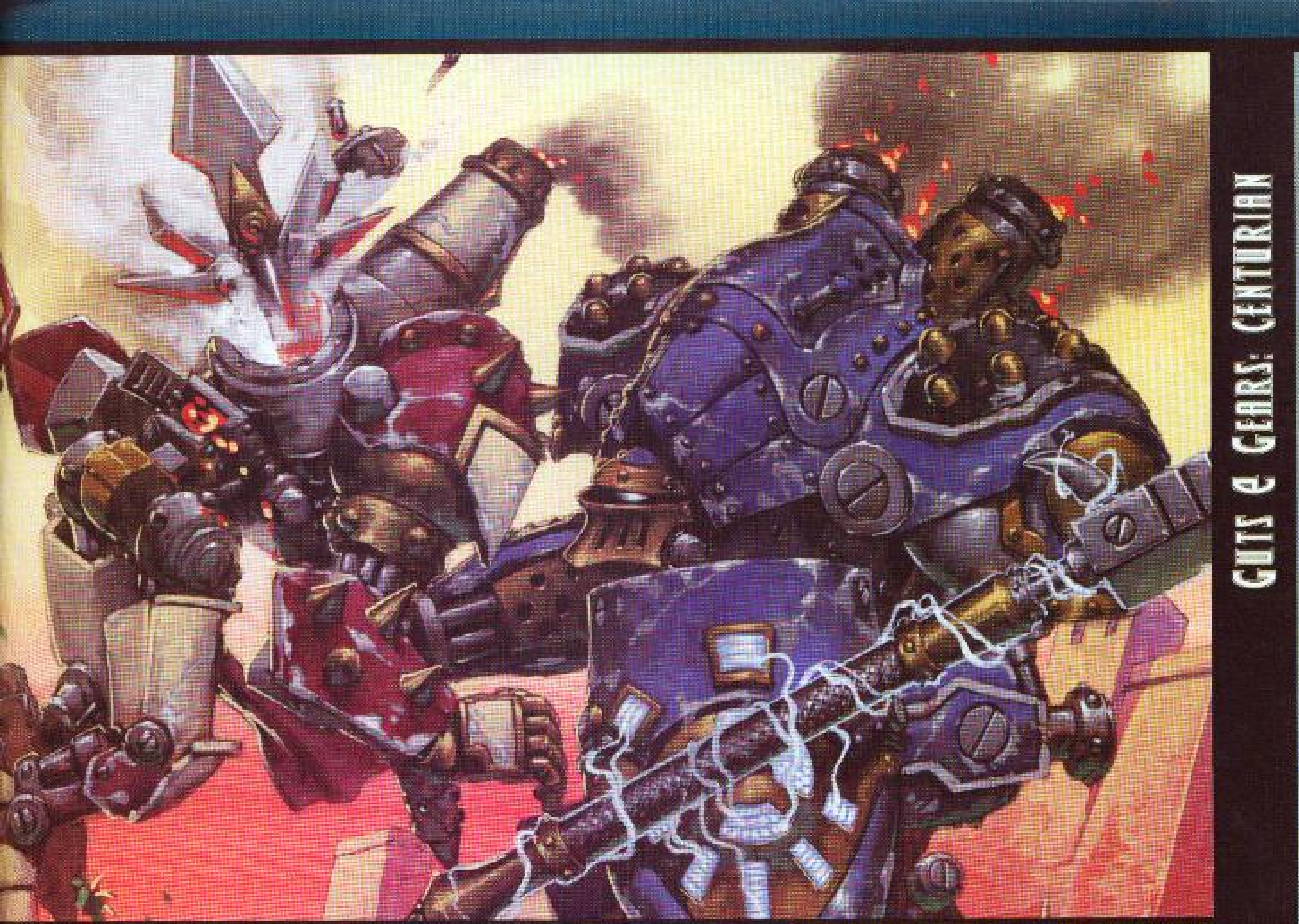
Critical sustained attack (Ex): If the Centurion succeeds in a critical hit with the piston spear, any subsequent attacks against the same target automatically hit without rolling an attack roll.

Polarity Field (Su): By the mechanikal power of the Magno Shield, within 60 ft. of the Centurion, no warjack, metal construct, or other adversaries wearing metal armor can approach the Centurion at a speed greater than its normal movement rate. The Centurion cannot be the target of a charge or a bull-rush so long as the Magno Shield is still functioning.

The Magno Shield only functions when attached to the Centurion chassis; it cannot be removed and attached to other warjacks and retain its abilities.

craftsmanship, while adding the bulk necessary to stand up to the massive force from another heavy. In the end it was decided that the size and strength needed to counterbalance the powerful and sophisticated magno-shield was more important.

The magno shield was initially tuned to cause a powerful electromagnetic polarity field to be generated in front of the Centurion that could stop a locomotive under full steam. This was fundamental to the design since it would hamper the Khador's notoriously powerful warjack charges. Likewise, the sophisticated mechanika would also allow the polarity field to be reversed and narrowed, giving the Centurion the ability to lock down the arm or head of an enemy warjack. The application of this design was a bit trickier. The problem the engineers faced was finding a way to reverse the field without pulling unintended targets toward the Centurion, pinning it against the hull of other 'jacks. It took a great deal of fine tuning and experimentation to hone the shields electro-lock ability so that

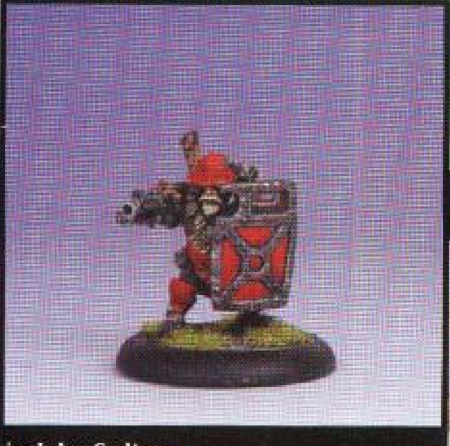


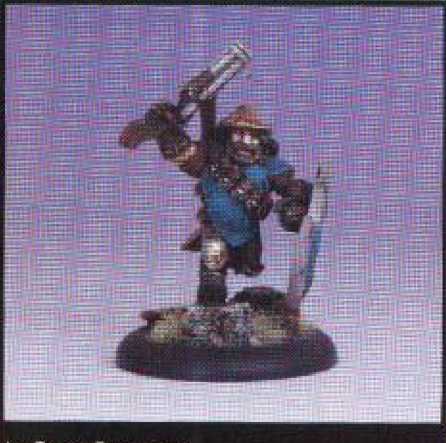
it could target a single head or arm system. Though incredibly effective, the great weight of the magno shield has restricted its application to the Centurion, the only chassis currently in the Cygnaran arsenal that can support it.

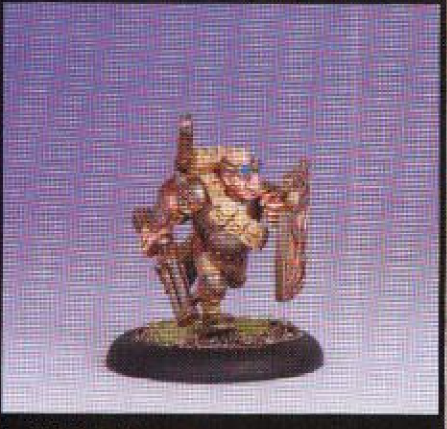
By the time the prototypes for the chassis and the shield were complete and the proper balance was found between them, the brute had already been in development for almost seven years. During that time work on the piston spear was completed separately. The spear was crafted with a sharp, tempered steel tip that could tear through most any armor. After a successful initial strike in melee, a piston within the spear itself is activated and drives the tip of the weapon repeatedly into the already damaged target. It is a deadly and effective attack system that works equally well against highly armored heavy 'jacks and devastating against lighter but more nimble 'jacks.

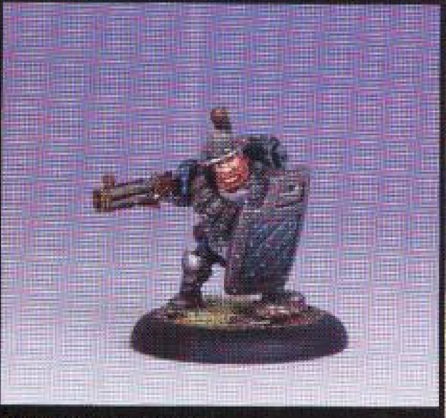
The design and execution of the Centurion came together to create a threat greater than the sum of its individual parts. Its particular combination of an incredibly strong chassis as a foundation and sophisticated armaments made the Centurion a deadly melee machine. The blending of old ways and new mechanika created a 'jack that was easily a match for its Khadoran counterparts. Taking advantage of the Centurions arsenal took some time however.

Initially utilizing the Centurion was an adjustment for Cygnaran warcasters who were accustomed to faster, more mobile 'jacks, and also those accustomed to relying on long ranged attacks. Certainly the Centurion cannot be moved to key spots as quickly as other Cygnaran 'jacks. But provided that its flanks are protected, there is no better 'jack for a defensive stand or serving as the strong center in a crushing forward advance. As more Centurions have made their way into battle, Cygnaran 'casters have become proficient using the beasts to anchor their armies or to seek out the biggest threat in an enemy force and lock it down, forcing opponents to drastically alter their strategies. Inspired by a combination of the capabilities of enemy warjacks, an aggressive political stance and the usual lightning strike of genius that accompanies invention, the Centurion promises to stand as a stalwart protector of Cygnar for many decades to come.


by **John Cadice**


by **Dave Perrotta**


by **Todd Arrington**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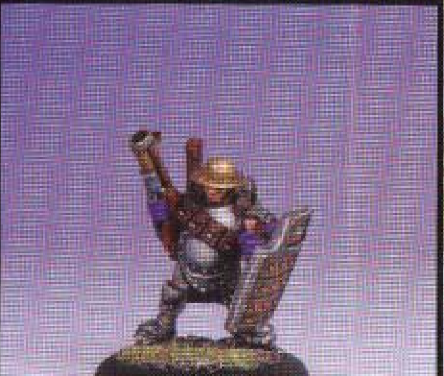
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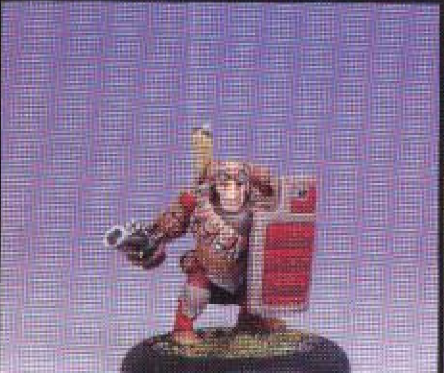
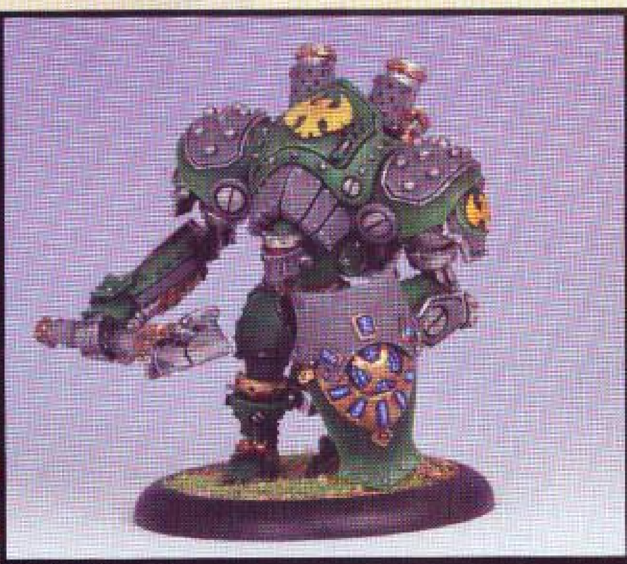
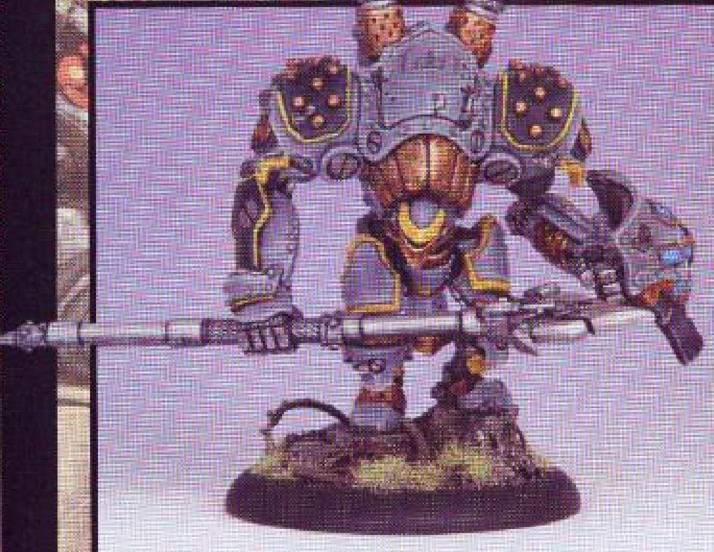
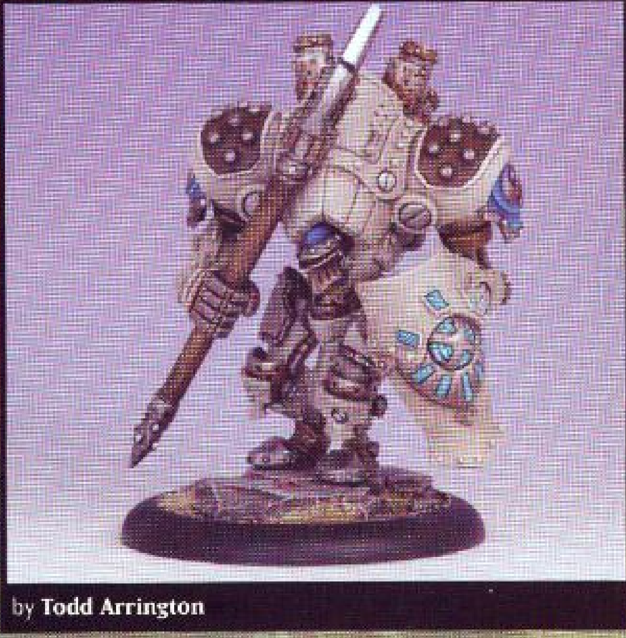

by **Jeff Hoy**



by **Dave Perrotta**



by **Dan Smith**



by **Todd Arrington**

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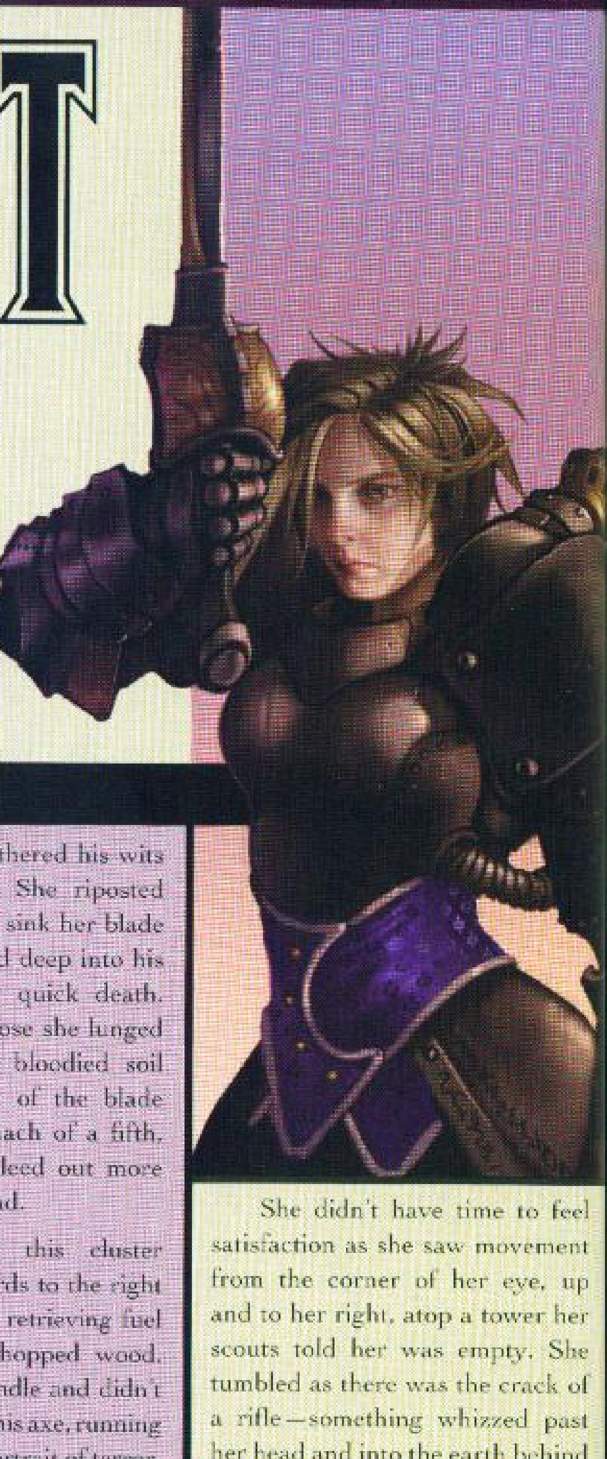


By Doug Seacat - Art by Chippy

Ashlynn felt a familiar burst of excitement as she infused her limbs with quickening power, sprinting forward and through the ragged opening in the crumbling wall. The Khadorans had occupied these old ruins, using its battered walls for their supply depot. The wall was breached several places in long forgotten wars; she chose an opening closest to the flickering of a bonfire beyond. She told her battlegroup, a Vanguard, Mule and Nomad, to circle to the left toward the main road entrance.

Coming through the ragged opening she arrived in the midst of a cluster of Winter Guardsmen huddled around a fire, right where she'd expected them to be. The keen edge of Nemesis flashed out, its tip going clean through the throat of one guard before he could reach for his axe, then reversing in a smooth motion to impale the one on the other side. She spun and fired her pistol straight into the chest of a third, then looked back just in time to block the swing of a fourth, who'd gathered his wits to swing his axe. She riposted past the weapon to sink her blade through his eye and deep into his skull, a mercifully quick death. Pulling Nemesis loose she lunged across the freshly bloodied soil to sink the length of the blade deep into the stomach of a fifth, crippling him to bleed out more slowly on the ground.

One man in this cluster remained, a few yards to the right where he had been retrieving fuel from a stack of chopped wood. He dropped his bundle and didn't bother reaching for his axe, running flat out, his face a portrait of terror. He ran toward a sentry along the wall by the main road, a man who had just turned at the sound of her shot, raising his blunderbuss. Ashlynn extended her hand. Timed perfectly to coincide with arrival of the fleeing guardsman, a whirlwind vortex sprang from her fingertips through the air to intercept them both, picking them up and tearing them apart while a cloud of dust and debris lingered.

She didn't have time to feel satisfaction as she saw movement from the corner of her eye, up and to her right, atop a tower her scouts told her was empty. She tumbled as there was the crack of a rifle—something whizzed past her head and into the earth behind her. Other shots followed as she dived under better cover; a stack of sealed wooden crates. A mental clock was ticking in her head, knowing her warjacks moved toward the main road entrance, the resistance soldiers behind them. If she didn't move to support them they'd be in trouble.

She sent a mental command to the Mule while she reloaded her pistol, calling it toward her.

She let the Nomad and Vanguard to continue toward the larger entrance. She heard the distinct thump of a Destroyer's cannon, and held her breath until she heard the explosion, knowing by looking through the Nomad's eyes that the shot had angled wide, missing both 'jacks and soldiers. She'd hardened herself against death in the last two years, but among these men were several true friends. Between the Man-o-Wars inside and the snipers they'd be cut down a few minutes.

The last guardsman she'd impaled wasn't quite dead, groaning and trying to crawl to the fire. She lowered her pistol toward him. "Where's Irusk?" It pained her to speak Khadoran, but she knew the occupiers hadn't bothered to learn her tongue.

The dying soldier was bewildered. He gasped, "Irusk? Not here... Kovnic..." His lips were already turning blue.

She felt a rage building as she realized her information must have been wrong, or perhaps they had laid a trap for her. It wouldn't be the first time. She knew her first order of business was to shut down the Widowmakers lurking in the tower.

She called to the Mule, letting her energy flow into the beast, and had it stand still and power up its Lobber, diverting steam normally intended for its legs. "Destroy the tower!" She ordered it, and heard the satisfying whump as it launched its oversized shell.

Only in that moment did she realize the probable nature of the crates beside which she was hiding at the base of that same tower. This was a significant Khadoran ammunition supply point. Her eyes widened as she took in the symbol of the Golden Crucible on the crates alongside the red Khadoran Star.

She vaulted out from behind the crate, tumbling across the open lane toward the wall opening she'd come through. She spun as she tumbled, holding her hand up toward the tower, unleashing her magic upon the snipers just bringing their rifles to bear. Bright flashes combined with an ear-splitting screeching erupted from the tower. This distraction sufficed to prevent them from firing before the Mule's explosive round thudded into the base of the tower, and her vision was erased with a tremendous blast, made doubly intense by the nearby crates which erupted in rapid-fire explosions like fireworks on Tenfest. A wall of heat hit her and threw her back as she landed just below the crumbled wall, fire roaring past her huddled form.

She didn't black out, but was stunned a moment, until she saw a familiar face looming over her. The Rynnish man shook his head and extended a hand to pull her to her feet. An elaborate pistol inscribed with glowing runes was in his other hand. "That was foolish. Why must you do these things? The Resistance does not have enough warcasters to throw them away..."

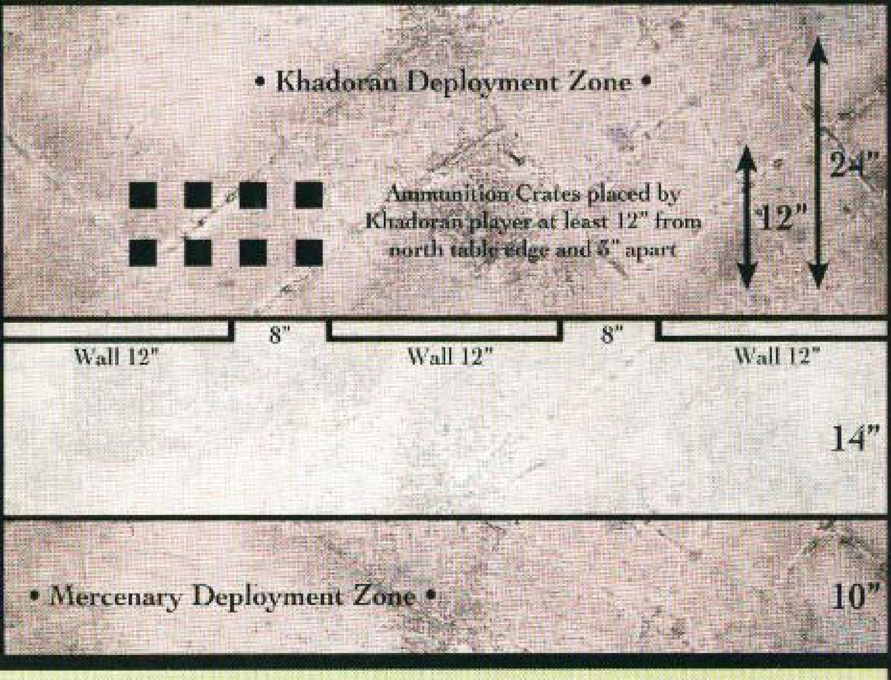
Ashlynn scowled, her attention divided as she reached across her link to tell the Nomad to charge the Destroyer who was even now firing another shot. She told the Mule to catch up with the others and provide cover fire at the main entrance. "Your concern is noted, Fynch, but we can argue later. Your men are walking into a wall of steam armor."

His face was grim. "There are more Khadorans coming up the road behind us. And this place is riddled with explosive crates."

She smiled ruefully as they ran to catch the others, hearing the sounds of battle. "I'm of a mind to leave the Khadorans a few less supplies..."

SCENARIO

Ashlynn has walked into a trap at a Khadoran supply depot. She intends not just to survive but to destroy Khador's precious ammunition supplies.


• Khadoran Deployment Zone •
Ammunition Crates placed by Khadoran player at least 12" from north table edge and 5" apart
24"
12"
8"
8"
Wall 12"
Wall 12"
Wall 12"
14"
• Mercenary Deployment Zone •
10"

MERCENARY ARMY COMPOSITION

- Ashlynn D'Elyse
- Mule Heavy Warjack
- Nomad Heavy Warjack
- Vanguard Light Warjack
- 2 Steelhead Halberdiers Units each with 1 Sergeant and 7 Halberdiers
- Fynch d'Lamsyn—gunmage of the Amethyst Rose and former captain of the Royal High Guard of Llael—use stats and rules for Cygnar's Gun Mage Captain Adept

KHADOR ARMY COMPOSITION

- 2 Man-o-War Kovniks
- Khador player's choice of 3 non-unique Heavy Warjacks
- Khador player's choice of either Man-o-War Shocktrooper unit with 1 Kapitan and 4 Troopers or Man-o-War Demolition Corps with 1 Kapitan and 4 Troopers
- Winter Guard unit with 1 Sergeant and 9 Troopers
- Iron Fang Pikeman unit with 1 Sergeant and 9 Troopers
- Iron Fang Unit Attachment with 1 Kapitan and 1 Standard Bearer
- Widowmakers unit with 1 Kapitan and 3 Troopers
- Winter Guard Mortar Crew with 1 Gunner and 1 Crewman

SPECIAL RULES AND SET UP

See the map. Place three walls at least 2" high, 1" thick, and 12" wide set along the lower edge of the ammunition depot, represented by the Khadoran deployment zone, 24" from the northern table edge. The first wall is set against the west table edge; the second is 8" east of the first; the third is 4" east of the second. Walls are brick structures with ARM 16 and can take 10 damage per inch. See Damaging and Destroying Structures, WARMACHINE: Prime, pg. 62 for details.

Players take turns each placing two (2) terrain features. Terrain features cannot be placed within 6" of the walls or within 3" of another terrain feature. Terrain features may be placed on hills. The Mercenary Player can not place terrain in the Khadoran Deployment Zone.

The Khador player then places eight (8) ammunition crates in his deployment zone. Crates are 1" cubes. A crate cannot be placed within 12" of the northern table edge or closer than 3" to another crate.

Ammunition crates are not structures. A melee attack targeting a crate automatically hits. Crates have DEF 5 when targeted by ranged or magic attacks. A magic attack only does its normal damage to a crate. Ignore a spell's special rules when it targets a crate. Crates have ARM 14 and will explode if they take a damage point; center a 5" AOE blast on the damaged crate. All models within the AOE suffer a POW 12 damage roll and are knocked down; the crate is removed.

A warjack with a open fist in base contact with a crate can make a special action to throw a crate. The throw is resolved as the power attack of the same name, though the warjack does not need to spend a focus point to throw a crate. No strength check is required for the throw. When resolving the throw, the crate is considered to be a small-based model.

BEGINNING

The Khador player deploys first, placing one Man-o-War Kovnic, the Man-o-War unit, 2 heavy warjacks, the unit of Winter Guard, the unit of Winter Guard Mortar Crew and the Widowmakers within the Khadoran Deployment Zone. The Kovnik in play controls the two heavy warjacks.

The Mercenary player then deploys his forces, within the Mercenary Deployment zone. The Mercenary Player takes the first turn.

The remaining Khadoran forces are reinforcements that are placed on the table during the Khador player's second turn, at the beginning of his Maintenance Phase. Place these models completely within 3" of any table edge. These models can activate this turn. The Kovnik placed at this time controls the third heavy warjack.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Khador player wins if Ashlynn is destroyed.

The Mercenary player wins if all of the explosive crates are destroyed.

NO GROUND LEFT UNHALLOWED

Narrative dy Doug Seacat - Scenario by David "DC" Carl - Art by Brian Snoddy

Even in the Protectorate it had been a cold winter, a poor time for this pilgrimage which had taken them to a small but noted temple in a village between Sul and Imer called Prautere. The temple was graced with an obscure relic of the faith which the Harbinger insisted on visiting in person. Set upon a low marble dais at the rear of the courtyard was a massive perfectly square stone of smooth granite, each side inscribed with a precisely centered Menofix. It was simple, yet the absolute precision of its proportions was a mystery. Excavated from Ancient Icthier, scholars at the Lyceum of the True Law theorized this stone to be the first carved by man after receiving the gift of stoneworking from the Creator. It was a mild curiosity to most faithful, relegated to this lesser temple. None questioned the Harbinger when she insisted on the pilgrimage, knowing she was guided by prophetic visions.

The Harbinger floated before the stone, her blindfolded face serene as she bowed her head in prayer. She looked vulnerable with her pale flesh protected only by a white gown with long trailing trains. Near at hand stood three acolytes chosen as her attendants, wearing simple robes of priestly novices. Around the sacred stone was a choir of priests who chanted ancient praises to the Creator.

Between the stone and the great entry gateway to the courtyard were arrayed an impressive escort; two special detachments of Knights Exemplar, each hand-picked for their skill and reliability by the Grand Exemplar himself, Baine Hurst, who knelt at the Harbinger's left side. At her right knelt another armored man, whose cloak and distinct armor set him apart. This was Dartan Vilmon, a Senior Paladin of the Order of the Wall, who together with the Grand Exemplar had sworn to keep the Harbinger safe. Conversation between the two men had been curt, but they were united in protective concern for their ward.

There was a sudden flickering as each of the many torches lighting the courtyard dipped low, guttering to dark orange before returning to normal. Baine stood at the same time as Dartan, who had his hand to his sheathed blade. The two men shared a look, while the Harbinger between them had not moved or shown any sign of noticing their alarm. Knowing the importance of the Harbinger, the priests had conducted a prayer ritual to ward the grounds, and the guttering of the flames was a warning that these had been tampered with. The paladin spoke, "A darkness comes."

The knights were disciplined, standing still at attention, but ready for his orders. Baine looked past them, where on either side of the great doors from the central nave he had stationed a large warjack, a Crusader and Vanquisher. The lights dimmed again, as the door cracked open, swinging wide. Baine drew his relic blades as a female member of the Temple Flameguard entered, not wearing a helmet. Her face and posture were familiar; a young woman named Kellise, assigned to watch the outer grounds. He knew instantly something was wrong; her bearing was improper, and no Flameguard would enter the presence of the Harbinger so brazenly. She strode up the center of the courtyard, marching double-time, her pale face expressionless. Her eyes were fixed on the Harbinger.

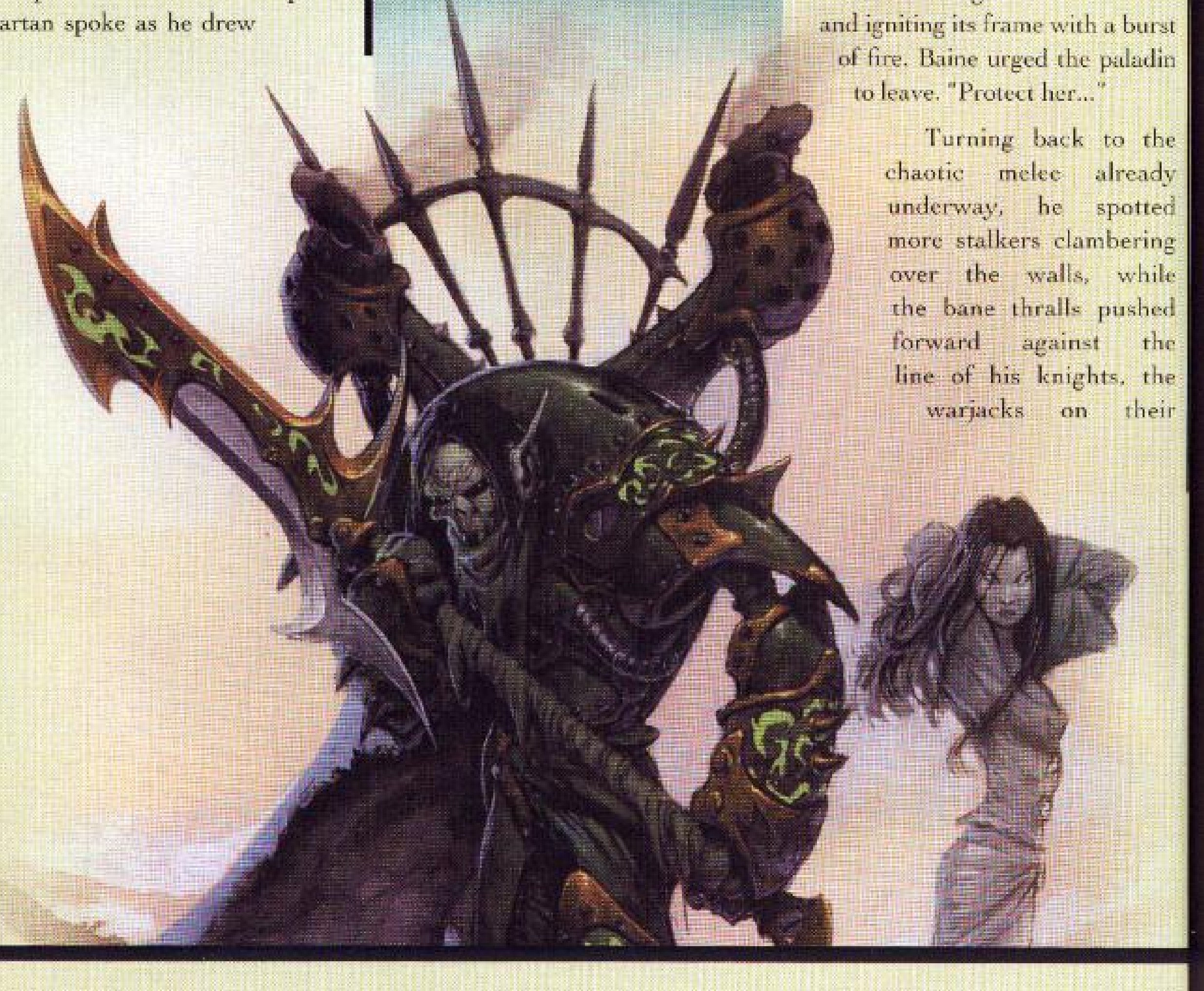
Baine was already giving the order, "Stop her!" pointing as his exemplars moved to intercept. Dartan spoke as he drew his own sword. "She is not alive..." Before any of the knights could swing, she leapt upon the nearest, wrapping arms around him as he froze. She dissolved to ash and smoke, while the knight stood pale and unmoving, his expression horrified as he was paralyzed.

Darkness like smoke gathered beyond the opened door before pouring into the chamber. Baine's blessed vision penetrated this, and he saw hulking armored forms, each holding an enormous weighted axe. "We are beset!" Baine pointed at the smaller door behind them, which led through the outer dormitory, and told the paladin, "Take the Harbinger and go! I will hold them."

The Harbinger did not seem concerned, but raised her head at last. "I must go to Imer to arm myself for war." Baine knew her words had nothing to do with what was happening around them, and was relieved when she followed the paladin toward the back door, attendants behind her. As she neared the door, she turned toward Baine and made a sign of benediction, but he was facing the other direction, shouting orders at his warjacks as the bane thralls rushed the room. The Vanquisher belched a great gout of fire which missed the first few but exploded into the hallway, consuming a few of the intruders in cleansing flame.

Baine spotted two other dark forms atop the walls of the courtyard on either side, the slender silhouettes of stalkers. They hissed and leapt over the knights, straight for the Harbinger's back. Baine intercepted one, his blades a blur, quickly shattering its fragile limbs. He saw the paladin turn to the other, blocking its advance with his great shield, then bringing an overhead blow down with his holy blade, shattering its skull-like head and igniting its frame with a burst of fire. Baine urged the paladin to leave. "Protect her..."

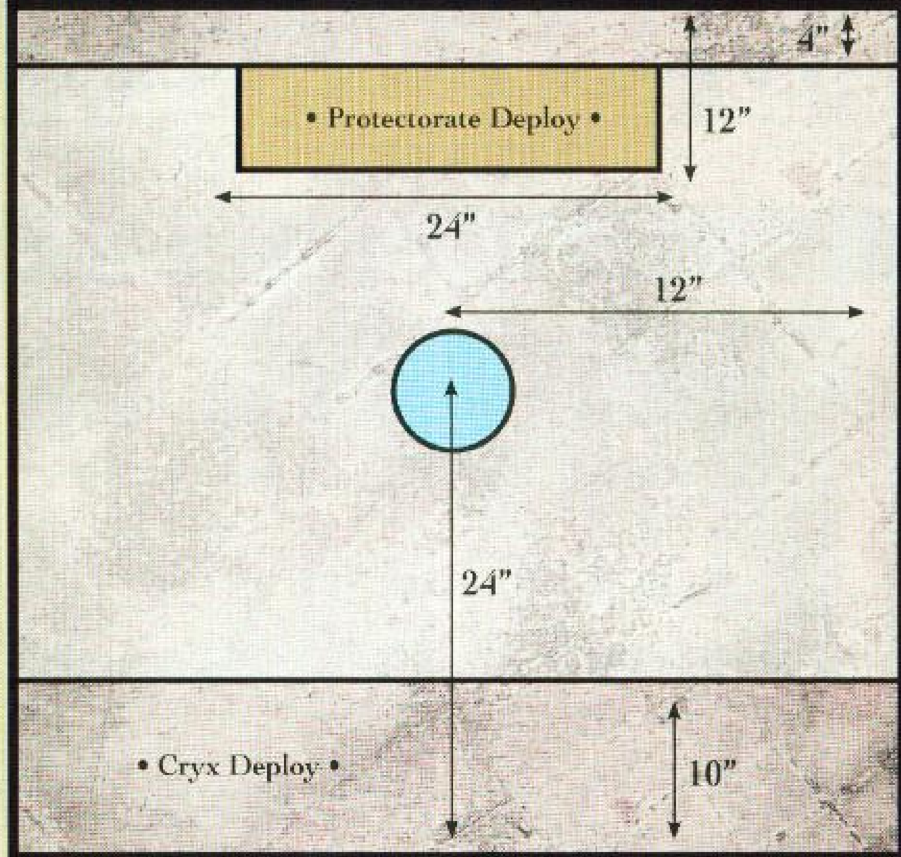
Turning back to the chaotic melee already underway, he spotted more stalkers clambering over the walls, while the bane thralls pushed forward against the line of his knights, the warjacks on their



flanks. An axe almost clove the paralyzed exemplar in two, striking just above the man's waist, and Baine felt a surge of righteous indignation and wrath which poured strength into his arms. Through the great gateway strode a terrible figure in ancient armor inscribed with green runes, gripping a tremendously large cleaver in its undead hands. His withered face was made more hideous by its hungry expression, and it was flanked by several bonejacks with jaws open and ready to tear flesh. Goreshade looked past the knights and his blackened eyes locked on Baine's. "The Harbinger will be mine. You cannot stand against me."

Baine's fists clenched on each of his swords. "Your unholy hands will never touch her." Aware his death may be at hand, but feeling the bond of strength surging between his peers, Baine stepped forward to battle the fiend.

SCENARIO



CRYX ARMY COMPOSITION

- **Goreshade the Bastard**
- **2 Stalker Bonejacks**
- **1 Deathripper Bonejack**
- **1 Bane Thrall unit with 1 Lieutenant and 5 Troopers**

PROTECTORATE ARMY COMPOSITION

- **1 Exemplar Seneschal representing Grand Exemplar Baine Hurst**

  (w/Jack Marshal 2 and 10 wounds)
- **1 Crusader Heavy Warjack**
- **1 Vanquisher Heavy Warjack**
- **2 Knights Exemplar units with 1 Warder and 5 Knights**

SET UP

Begin by marking the stone wall and door. A line of tape would suffice for marking the wall.

Place a 6" diameter fountain in the center of the table. The fountain is shallow water. See Water, WARMACHINE: Prime, page 61.

Players take turns, each placing three (3) additional terrain features. Terrain features should include objects that could be reasonably found in a temple, including but not limited to: lecterns, low walls, and statues. Avoid placing such natural terrain features as forests or hills. Terrain features cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature, including the north wall and the fountain.

BEGINNING

The Protectorate player deploys his models first, placing them in front of the wall, up to 12" from the north table edge and at least 12" from the east and west table edges.

The Cryx player then deploys his models up to 10" from the south table edge. The Protectorate player takes the first turn.

Victory Conditions and Resolution

The Cryx players wins if Goreshade moves into the 4" area beyond the north wall.

The Protectorate player wins if Goreshade is destroyed or if Goreshade has not moved into the 4" area beyond the north wall.

COMPERTA MONASTICA

A BATTLE REPORT - PROTECORATE VS. CYGNAR

Photographs by **Julie** and **Timothy Nahm** · Written by **Isaiah Mitchell**
Special Thanks to **Julie Nahm** for Notes Taken, Terrain Made, and Armies Painted

ISAIAH MITCHELL'S PROTECTORATE ARMY:

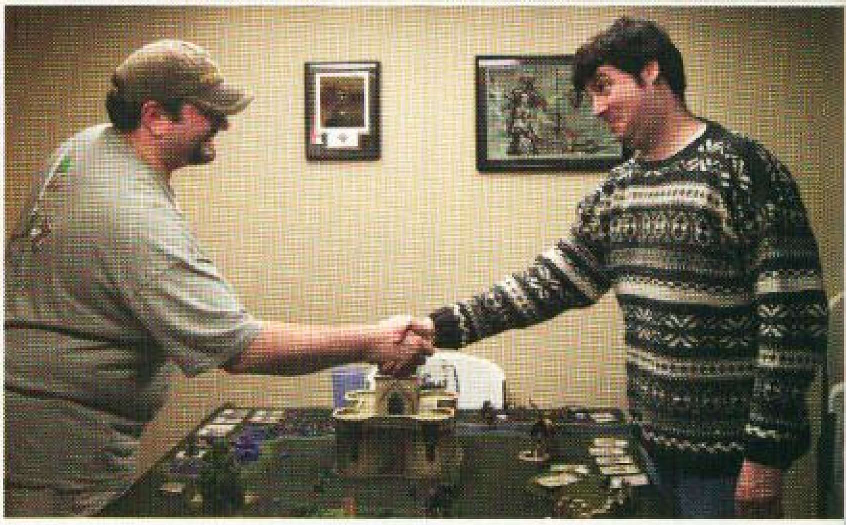
FEORA
DEVOUT
DEVOUT
VANQUISHER
TEMPLE FLAMEGUARD X9
CHOIR X6
CHOIR X6
EXEMPLAR SENESCHAL
PALADIN OF THE WALL

TOTAL: 499

TIM NAHM'S CYGNAR ARMY:

HALEY
CENTURION
LANCER
LONG GUNNERS X10
SWORD KNIGHTS X10
JOURNEYMAN WARCASTER
GUN MAGE CAPTAIN ADEPT

TOTAL: 500



PLAYED BY ISAIAH MITCHELL AND TIMOTHY NAHM

This issue two of our Press Gang walk us through an epic clash between the Protectorate and Cygnar. Tim and Isiah have been volunteers with us since the beginning, What follows is four rounds of full metal beat-down...

THE THEME AND ARMY CREATION

Julie has made some very cool Protectorate terrain pieces that we'd like to use, so the "theme" of our battle will be the guardians of a Protectorate temple struggling against a small raiding force of Cygnaran troops.

I can almost imagine the devout flameguard of the temple suddenly hearing from the laity of a Cygnaran raiding force approaching. Fearing for the safety of their beloved temple and monument, they call to their Priestess for aid. Feora comes, bringing with her a small force of warjacks. A Paladin of the Wall is at hand to help guard the sanctity of the temple, and an Exemplar Seneschal, who had stopped the evening before to rest and purify his soul, realizes that Menoth has decreed he help stave off the Morrowan raiders. Finally, the Acolytes of Menoth, led by their Warpriests, form up into two separate Choirs to call down divine guidance upon the battlegroup.

With Stryker off suppressing the faithful in other parts, it falls to Victoria Haley to assume command of this mission. She brings with her a Lancer and a Centurion. Providing support for the battlegroup is a squad of Long Gunners, a unit of Sword Knights, a Journeyman Warcaster, and a Gun Mage Captain Adept.

DEPLOYMENT AND STRATEGY

PROTECTORATE:

I managed to win the die roll, and so had the choice of whether or not to deploy first or second. I opted to set up first, so I can get my jacks under the protective blanket of the Choir's songs as quickly as possible

Looking over my side of the table, I can see the ruins of an older temple in the center of my deployment zone, with a forest to my left, and a hill to my right. I'm tempted to focus on the right side of the table, but decide to hedge my bet, and build my deployment around the ruin itself. Feora takes a commanding view on the upper floor of the ruins, with the Flameguard, the Exemplar Seneschal, and one Devout to her left. The second Devout and one of the two Choir units will take up station on the ground floor of the ruins, while the other Choir and the Vanquisher deploy to the right, and the paladin takes position on top of the hill.

I'll be the first to admit that I'm not a brilliant Feora player. Since I've only played a dozen or so games with this caster, I'm going to keep my tactics with her as simple as possible. My guiding thought for this game is to view her as a missile—she's going to move as quickly as she safely can, aim right for the heart of the enemy's formation, and explode into her feat. After I use Scorched Earth to get rid of the enemy troops, my warjacks will finish Haley off. I decided to leave the arc nodes at home, and use two Devouts instead to keep Feora alive as she closes with the foe. The Vanquisher has the dual role of finishing off any troops that might escape Feora's feat, and to beat up on other warjacks. The Flameguard will attempt to shield Feora, and then cause damage to any targets of opportunity.

Don't underestimate the Vanquisher - Templates are your friend

CYGNAR:

Timothy's deployment area features a forest on his left, and a hill to his right. He chooses to place Haley behind the forest, the Gun Mage Captain starts about an inch to her left, and the Lancer anchors the flank. To the right of Haley are the Sword Knights, followed by the Journeyman Warcaster, the Centurion, and finally the Long Gunners, which are positioned atop the hill. Both warjacks are part of Haley's battlegroup.

Timothy's strategy will play right into mine (although I don't know that yet). His goal is to use his troops to tempt Feora into closing and using her feat, and then finish her off with the Centurion, Lancer, Gun Mage Captain, and Journeyman. The Long Gunners and Sword Knights, although sacrificial, will attempt to cause as much damage as possible during Feora's "attack run". Since he's trying to lure me in, he's only planning on using Temporal Barrier as an offensive aid later in the game, and will forgo its use as an attack-stalling device.

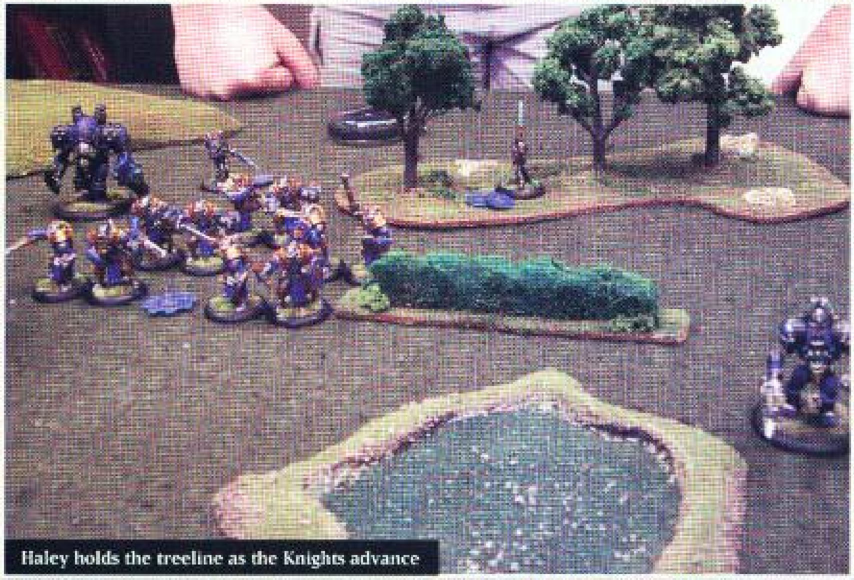
Longgunners set up for field control

ROUND ONE

PROTECTORATE:

Looking over the field, I see I've already made the first mistake. The Flameguard are directly facing the Long Gunners, with no terrain intervening. To advance toward them would be fatal for the Flameguard, and while Menoth can be demanding and harsh, pointless suicide would be a waste of fine troops. I'll have to find some other way to advance the unit.

With that in mind, I allocate one focus point to the Vanquisher and one focus point to each Devout, leaving three focus on Feora. The army advances, with the Choir singing Safe Passage, while Feora runs down the stairs of the ruins and into base contact with one of the Devouts. The Flameguard and the Exemplar Seneschal start running around the side of the ruins, in an effort to stay out from under the rifles of the Long Gunners. The paladin stays on the hill, because I don't want him exposed to fire until he's in position to deal some damage. Since he's not moving, he might as well go into Stone-and-Mortar stance.



Haley holds the treeline as the Knights advance

CYGNAR:

Haley allocates a single focus to the Lancer, and keeps the rest. The Journeyman Warcaster, lacking a warjack to control, likewise keeps his focus to himself.

The Cygnaran army also spends the turn moving forward. The Long Gunners give themselves a run order to move off the hill. Timothy is planning on moving them towards the middle of the board, and setting up a line of enfilading fire on his right flank later in the game. The Journeyman Warcaster places the Sword Knights under the protection of Arcane Shield, while the Lancer runs forward, to get close enough for Haley to use its arcnode. Haley does just that, and two Choir Acolytes fall to a Chain Lightning spell.

ROUND TWO

MENOTH:

Few things are worse than fighting a well-handled Cygnar army. Khador might stomp you into the ground, and Cryx might swarm you and take out your warcaster before you can say "I thought zombies were supposed to move slowly!" Nothing beats the sheer agony of watching your Choir leaders being singled out for destruction, having your warjacks forced to run willy-nilly all over the table, and seeing every possible piece of animate metal in your army suffering from disruption and prematurely burned-out cortices. It's enough to drive a Menite into the Hands of an Angry God.

In an effort to prevent some of this, Feora allocates two focus to the Vanquisher, and a single point to each Devout, leaving two focus points for herself. The Vanquisher activates, but not only does his Flame Belcher not get a direct hit despite boosting the attack roll, it doesn't even catch the Lancer underneath the area of affect! The Choir sings Shielding Ward, while the rest of the army continues its forward march. The Seneschal and Flameguard continue running, trying to get into position to help out the Vanquisher. Feora places a Wall of Fire template in front of the lead Devout, to discourage the Sword Knights from charging it.

CYGNAR:

Haley gives a full three focus points to the Lancer, and keeps the rest for herself, while the Journeyman upkeeps Arcane Shield. The Gun Mage Captain uses a Shocker round to deal a point of cortex damage to my Vanquisher.

Haley advances out of the woods and arcs another Chain Lightning spell into my poor choir, hitting every model, plus the Vanquisher and Devout. I was sure that after the flash and ozone, there'd be nothing left

"Her feat does WAHAT? ...lemee read that."

Around the watering hole

but charred stumps where my faithful choir once stood, but to my amazement, the Warpriest's armor kept him alive!

I must have smiled, or shown emotion, or done something to offend Menoth, because I promptly rolled a 12 on the CMD check and my Warpriest prepared to "advance to the rear".

The Lancer then charged the Vanquisher and completed the cortex-destruction begun by the Gun Mage. The Long Gunners change their direction of travel, and four of them manage to shoot the leading Devout for three points of damage. The Journeyman misses the same target.

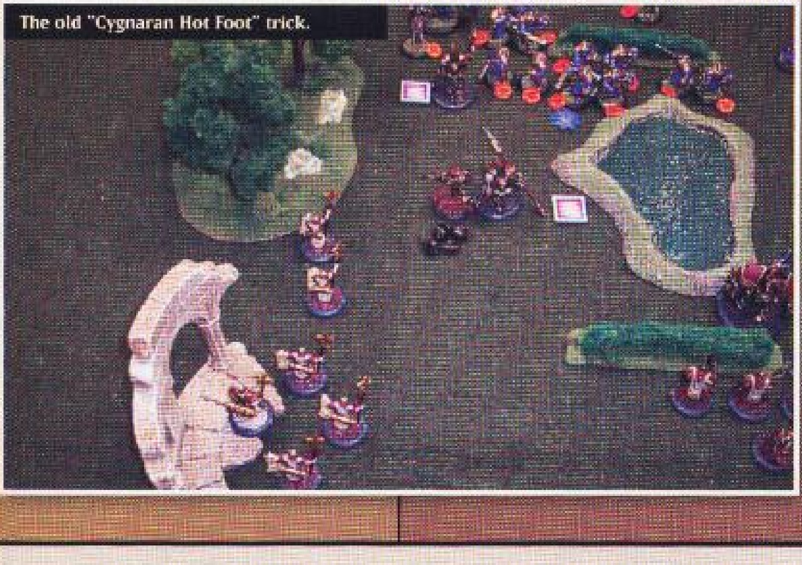
ROUND THREE

PROTECTORATE:

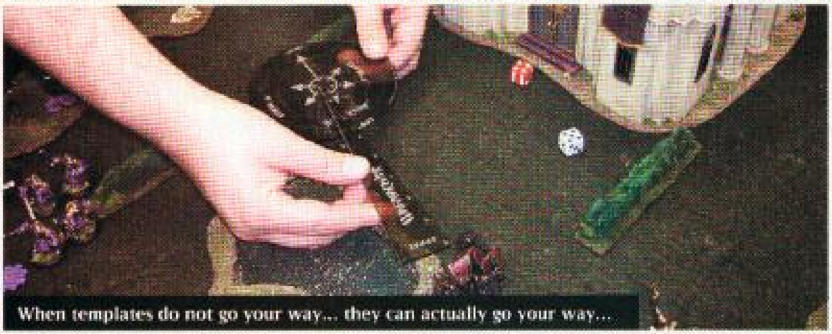
It has been a difficult struggle: my Vanquisher's cortex has turned into a smelly lump of charcoal, the sole survivor of one of my choir units is heading back to Imer as fast as he can, and my Flameguard—supposed defenders of the temple—have spent the entire game running around buildings. All that's in the past, however, for now I'm in position. Missile Feora is ready to do her thing.

First things first: the cowardly Warpriest finds some inner fire at the sound of the Seneschal's voice, and stops running. I let the Wall of Fire disperse, and give a single focus to each Devout, keeping 4 focus for myself. ("Myself"? I think I'm starting to over-identify.) The remaining choir gives both Devouts a Shielding Ward, and the Vanquisher predictably misses with its melee attack against the Lancer. The two Devouts move forward, one of them far in advance in an attempt to prevent a slam against Feora from the Centurion. The Flameguard charge into action...and deal no damage. Oh well, they'll at least prevent the Lancer from arcing a spell (unless Tim wants to risk a free strike or three).

Now it's time for the main event. Feora advances and then sets everything on fire, well, everything except a single Long Gunner and the Gun Mage Captain, but I won't complain. She also manages to fry a pair of Long Gunners with her flame throwers, and bathes a couple of Sword Knights in cleansing fire,


The old "Cygnaran Hot Foot" trick.

but doesn't kill them—yet. (I chose to not boost the damage rolls, saving the focus for armor, and the knights are still under Arcane Shield.)



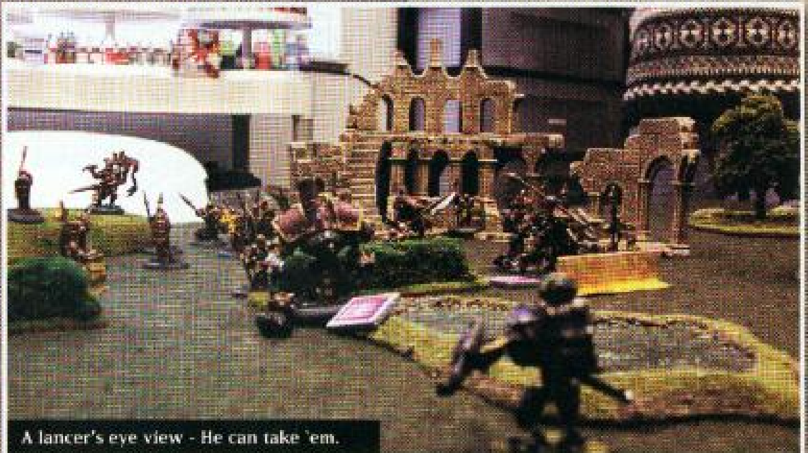
When templates do not go your way... they can actually go your way...

CYGNAR:

Timothy removes his unspent focus, and we start resolving the continuous effects. After the smoke clears, the final count comes to four Long Gunners, four Sword Knights (including the leader), the Journeyman Warcaster, and six points of damage to Haley.

Haley keeps 6 focus points, giving a single point to the Centurion. She advances, uses Temporal Barrier, retaliates with her own feat (every model can make an additional attack), and fires two pistol shots at Feora, neither of which deal any damage. The Centurion advances into melee with the forward Devout and shrugs off the Defensive Strike. The heavy warjack then uses its Electro-Lock ability to prevent me from using my shield. It makes two attacks with its Piston Spear, both of which miss.

One Long Gunner dies while attempting to leave melee with a Devout, while his three compatriots shoot at Feora twice, but again, the damage is absorbed by her enhanced armor. The remaining Sword Knights charge both Devouts and Feora (two knights charging each model). The Devout nearest Feora uses its Defensive Strike to kill one of the knights charging the warcaster, who also happened to be in melee with the defending jack. The remaining knight against Feora deals two points of damage with its charge attack, and then misses its second swing. The other four knights wreak terrible damage on the two Devouts. One Devout has three boxes left, while the other has six damage boxes remaining (both jacks lose the right arm and cortex, keeping hull, left arm, and movement). Next up, the Gun Mage Captain Adept moves closer to Feora, and fires into the melee, but both shots miss entirely (so much for his vaunted marksmanship). Finally, the Lancer manages to kill a pair of Flameguard models.



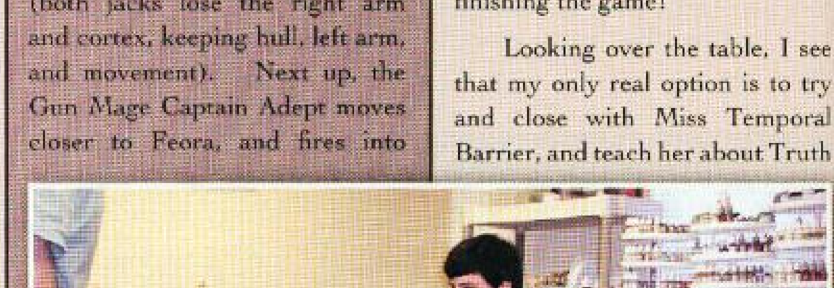
A lancer's eye view - He can take 'em.

ROUND FOUR

PROTECTORATE:

Things are looking good from my end. Feora took every shot Cygnar could fire, and only suffered two points of damage. There's only one slight, small, insignificant problem. I don't really have a plan beyond this point, and don't really have an idea for taking out Haley. Note to self: Next time you come up with a plan, make sure it includes finishing the game!

Looking over the table, I see that my only real option is to try and close with Miss Temporal Barrier, and teach her about Truth



"I have a cunning plan..."

and Consequence. Fortunately for Haley, Temporal Barrier will keep me from getting close enough. So be it. I'll have to bathe her with the Flames of the True Faith. The only way to get close enough is by casting Engine of Destruction, so I keep all 6 focus on Feora, and prepare for my great gamble. If I don't remove Haley, then the rest of her army will quickly take Feora to pieces.

Sideshow first, the Paladin of the Wall and the Exemplar Seneschal charge the Lancer, and destroy it. The crippled Devout that's engaging the Centurion moves out of Feora's path, and is wrecked by a free strike.

Now for the finish. Feora activates, casts Engine of Destruction, and fights her way through Temporal Barrier for a 4" move. Haley is 7" away, and has 9 damage boxes left. I have two shots, and need an 11 or better on three dice to hit. One hit will probably cause enough damage to finish her off (especially considering that she's still on fire).

I miss. Twice.

Then I miss with an unboosted Immolation spell.

CYGNAR:

Haley gives 3 focus to the Centurion, casts Temporal Barrier again, and shoots the Menite wench with her pistol for good measure. The Centurion moves out of melee with the Devout, and shrugs off the puny shield-driven free strike from the light warjack. A single strike with the Piston Spear at Feora is enough to end the game.

Feora's Death Pyre removes the remaining Sword Knights, so at least I have a small measure of satisfaction from her demise.

POST-GAME, OR HOW MENOTH HAS PROVIDED FOR HIS PEOPLE

Wow, what a finish! Everything went according to plan—for both of us. It just happened that Timothy had the better plan! Still, I'm mostly satisfied with how I played. I think the biggest mistake I made was not taking a Revenger. Looking over Feora's spell list, I decided that Blazing Effigy was too expensive focus-wise for me to plan on using, and so I left the arcnode at home in favor of the increased protection that a second Devout could offer. As it turns out, I didn't need the extra protection, and could have used the node. Once the game started, I made two key mistakes: I left the Flameguard exposed, and I let the Vanquisher get sidelined. It would have been better if the Flameguard and the Vanquisher had changed places. Still, there's the Canon of the True Law to consider:

There is no pain unendurable in the cause of Menoth

There is no object that cannot be given up for Menoth

My faith must have been lacking. I'm sure a few days on the Wrack will cleanse the taint of loss, and then I'll be ready for a rematch!

Friends to the end...

THE KHARDOV BUTCHERS

BY JON RODRIGUEZ

El Diablo Rojo will teach you the skills!

"Hey Jon, guess what?, You're writing an article for NQ." These are the words I hear in the break room from Duncan. "But, I'm just a dirty caster..." I tried to protest but his counter was better. "Write the article or we keelhaul ya!" Knowing that we're near a dry dock with lots of boats - big boats - around, I figured he wasn't bluffing.

With that out of the way, I was thinking of an army list that would be easy for someone new to the game, but still enough of a challenge for an experienced player. If you're like me and you're gaming on a budget, you'll be happy to know that this doesn't require a lot of models. So, without further delay...

I got this idea from being subjected to way too much football talk by my co-workers. The idea looks simple and, in a sense, it is. However, there are some nuances that a newer player might overlook or that a more experienced player might have forgotten. Think of the army more like a football team. Orsus is the quarterback, and the main purpose of the Jacks and Kovniks are to block and to clear the path of the other team's players so The Butcher can come in and sack the other QB hard. Very hard....as in carried-off-on-a-stretcher-out-for-the-rest-of-the-season hard. Here's how the play lays out.

The backbone of this team is the linemen, and what better linemen than Devastators. Armor 25 is nothing to laugh at, and with a large base they can easily block the line of sight to your QB. They don't really need a lot of focus to be useful (Bulldoze doesn't require focus; neither does Rain of Death) so they will work well with your tight ends, the Kovniks.

The Kovniks (your tight ends) will hang behind and protect the flanks of the team. Anything getting around the linemen will have to deal with a solo that's fearless, can slam and packs an ax that hits at POW 15 with 3 dice (they're weapon masters). Oh, did I forget to mention the cannon on the Axe? It has an 8" range with a POW 14 on the end of that. Their other job is to marshal the Devastators. They can make them run, charge or boost an attack, all without focus.

Every team needs a strong center and for this team we drafted the Kodiak. It has so many features that make it perfect for the job. Picture this: between two

THE KHARDOV BUTCHERS

ORSUS ZOKTAVIR,
THE BUTCHER OF KHARDOV
69 POINTS

KODIAK HEAVY WARJACK
117 POINTS

2 MAN-O-WAR KOVNIK
34 POINTS

2 DEVASTATOR HEAVY WARJACKS
244 POINTS

TOTAL 498

MVP Orsus Zoktavir and his Khardov Butchers

Devastators, a heavy Warjack that has two open fists (the better to two-handed throw you with) and that can vent steam a 3" AOE POW 12 cloud effect around him. Pretty serious deterrent for infantry, wouldn't you say? Now the Kodiak needs someone to bring out its full potential, and that brings us to the heart of the team.

The heart of every good football team is the QB, and our first round draft is Orsus. As the QB, his job is to keep his team working together smoothly. Orsus is the driving force when it's time to sack the enemy Warcaster. His spells are good for clearing the way, either using howl to scare them or, should they be more resolved, a POW 15 3" AOE known as Avalanche.

Now that you know the players and what they can do, here's the game plan. If you can, let your opponent set up first. This way you can see where the best place to line up will be. When deploying, you'll want to keep the linemen and center about 3" or so in front of the Kovniks, with Orsus in the middle. Cast retaliation on The Butcher right from the beginning and upkeep it. That way, should an enemy get the drop on him, they'll get one swing and then it's his turn. Then run forward. Your opponent will probably see this coming, and may try to punch a hole in your line or get around it. Stay focused and stay in formation. Don't go after the squishy stuff unless it gets in your way; remember the only thing you want is to get that tackle with The Butcher. Once you're close enough, it's time for the blitz. Let the Kodiak cut loose and carve a path. Use two-hand throw or trample to pound things on the way. Then follow the Kodiak in with The Butcher. He's got a 10" threat range with a charge, assuming you want to get into melee...and you will. Combine his feat, the extra die from the charge, and Lola - that's POW 16 with 5 dice. Feel free to drop retaliation and put Killing Blow up. Sure it costs 3 focus, which means you won't have much left for extra attacks, but most Warcasters can't take more than one or two hits from The Butcher, so it shouldn't be an issue.

Now, I know this army has flaws. All armies have flaws. Once you realize what they are it'll be easier for you to cover them and keep your opponents from exploiting them. This army is a good starting point for new Khador players, and will put them on the road to being good patriots of the Motherland.

MODELING AND PAINTING

By **Mike McVey**, Miniatures Director, Privateer Press
Miniatures painted by **Ali McVey**, Sculpting by **Werner Klocke**

~BIRTH OF A MONSTER~

The Journey of a Privateer Press Miniature

This month in the Modeling and Miniatures column, we are going to change tack completely and give you an all-access tour behind the scenes at Privateer Press. We are going to look at the sweat and tears, blood and cursing that go into the creation of an Iron Kingdoms master-piece! We'll start with the fevered imaginings of an artist and finish with the hard graft of the shipping department. Along the way we'll meet a wide variety of people, each with their own unique and vital role to play in the process – every one as essential as the last. In order to get the miniature on the shelf in your LGS it has to pass through many hands, and if just one of them drops it – it will never get to it's final destination – you.

For the sake of simplicity we are going to say that the process started with the concept – if we delved any further back in the process we would end up in Matt Wilson's mind, and that's not a place any of us want to go. Even worse, it could be a seed grown in the crazed nightmares of Jason Soles, and I don't even want to think about that. Anyway, we're getting distracted already, and looking at the beginnings of the creative process is way beyond the scope of this article. So our process starts when Matt hands off his latest concept masterpiece to one of our Graphic Designers, Josh Manderville for scanning. Some concept artists work digitally, but Matt still sticks with the tried and tested pencil and paper, so the image has to be digitized so it can be easily transferred to different people. Once the scanning is done the image arrives on my desk and the sculpting process begins.

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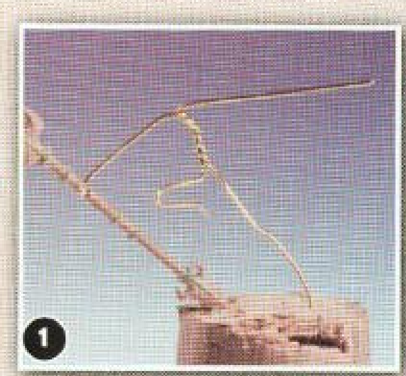
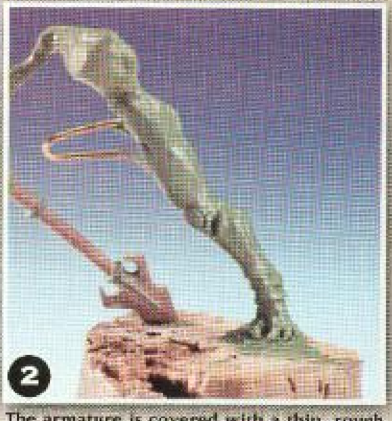


Wire armature. Weapon sculpted with an equal mix of greenstuff, brownstuff and whitestuff – shaped and sanded into shape when dry.

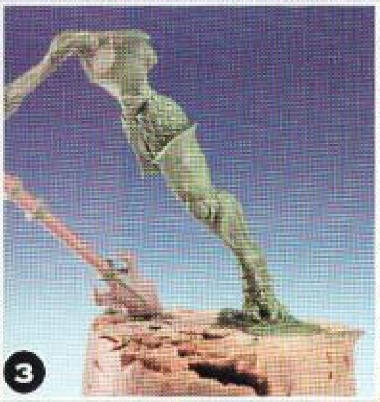
The example that we are looking at in this article is the Totem Hunter, one of the Minions for Hordes. It first started life as a creature in the Monsternomicon, way back when Hordes was just a tiny seed, hardly starting



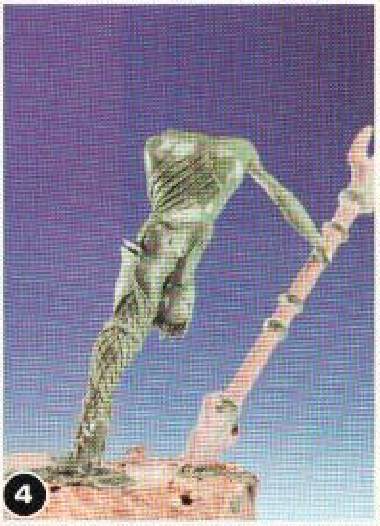
The armature is covered with a thin, rough layer of putty, this gives the initial shape and holds the wire together. Next step is to add the final bulk of the leg shape, it's very important that the leg has a clean surface that the detail can be pressed into.

I start from the bottom of the feet and work towards the hip, cutting the edges of the armour plates into the wet putty.

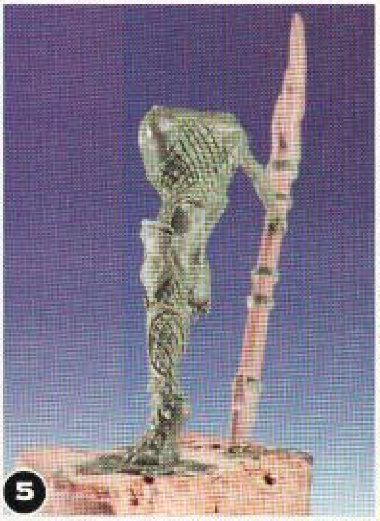
The putty is still wet right through this stage. Next is the scale armour on some parts of the leg. This can be done by cutting x-lines onto the areas and gently pushing the upper edges of the lines to the top.



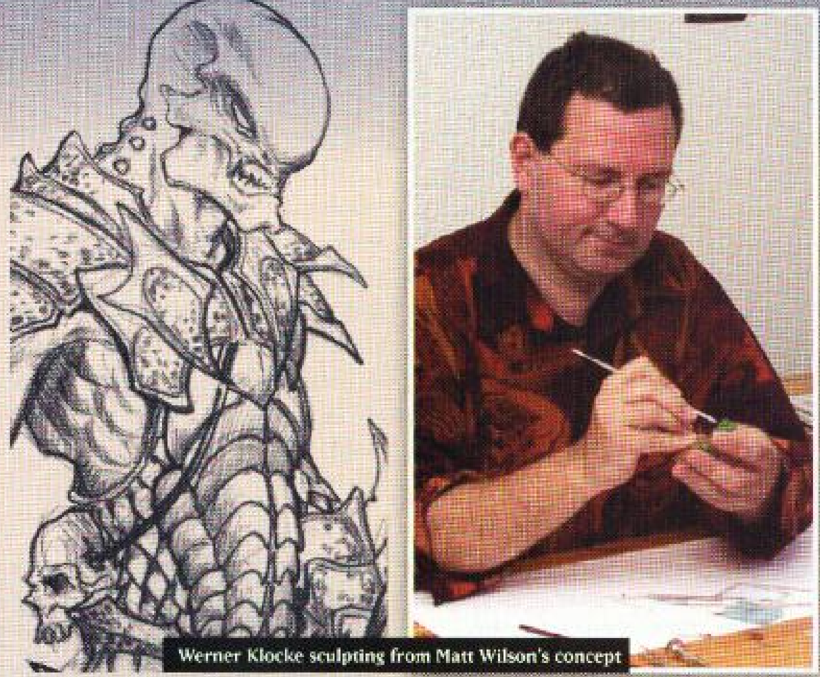
The upper rim is the leg armour is added as a separate piece that was shaped on a piece of plastic wrap. A former has been added for the groin armour.



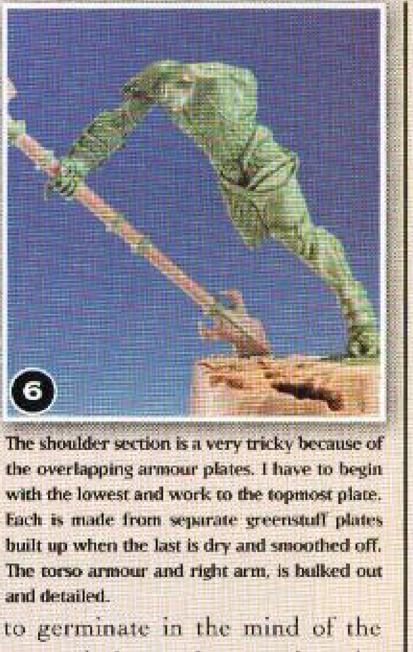
The scale armour on the torso is detailed, first parallel lines are cut into the wet putty making sure that one rim of the cut has a very sharp edge.



Cuts are then made in the opposite direction in the scale, further bulk and details have been added to the leg armour — this is sanded and smoother between applications to get a smooth finish. The putty has to be left for a full day so it's completely dry before it can be sanded



Werner Klocke sculpting from Matt Wilson's concept

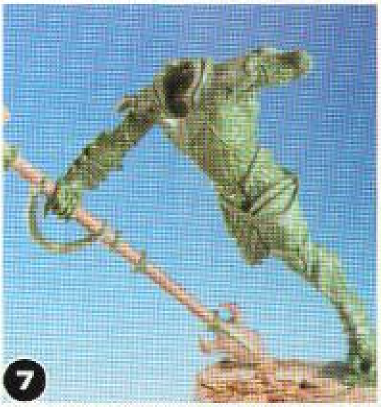


The shoulder section is a very tricky because of the overlapping armour plates. I have to begin with the lowest and work to the topmost plate. Each is made from separate greenstuff plates built up when the last is dry and smoothed off. The torso armour and right arm, is bulked out and detailed.

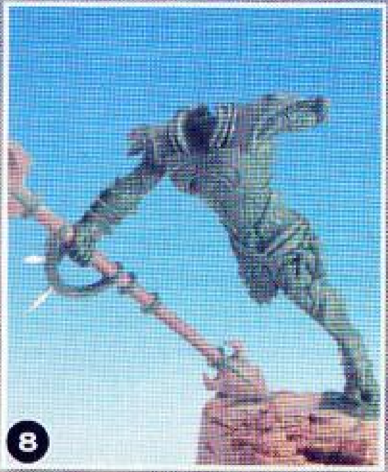
to germinate in the mind of the game designer. I remember the first time I flicked through the pages, seeing the art and thinking "Wow, that would make SUCH a cool figure!"

A large part of my job is the direction of sculptors, assigning the work and making sure that deadlines are hit and concepts adhered to. We work with sculptors all over the world – in eight different countries at last count. Each one of them is a veteran of the industry and has years of sculpting experience under their belt. We've set the bar pretty high for quality at Privateer, but all the sculptors do an amazing job at exceeding our expectations. Once I have commissioned the sculpt—based on a number of factors, such as scheduling and suitability—the concepts get emailed out, and the sculptor gets his first look at the project. Following conversations about how the miniature is going to be broken down for molding and what approach we are going to take, the ball is squarely in the sculptor's court.

Over the following days and weeks – or even months if the project is complex, there is a regular exchange of emails between the sculptor and myself.



More plates added around the shoulder area and the left arm is built up. Also added the half ring onto the shaft of the spear.



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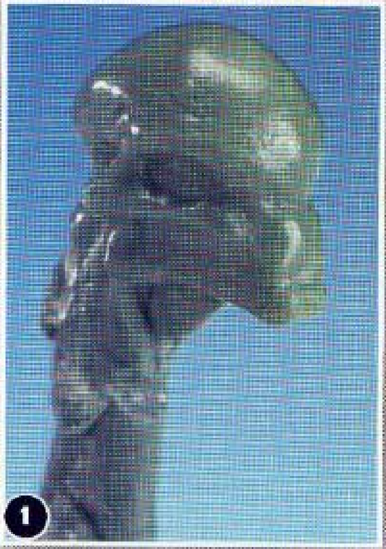
Once the ring on the shaft of the spear is hardened, I drill holes into it and put wire for supporting the two long spikes. Also added the totems on the belt last because it is much safer to add delicate details when the mini is nearly done. More shoulder detail added.

Digital photography makes the whole process easier—problems can be caught early in the process and fixed without difficulty. This article contains a complete stage by stage breakdown of the sculpting process for this miniature—it will be different for almost any sculptor you talk to – techniques, materials and tools will vary, but the process is much the same. In this case it was up to Werner Klocke, an unbelievably talented German sculptor, to bring the concept to life. Werner will be well known to many of you, having been sculpting masterpieces for many years, both for other game manufacturers and his own company: Freebooter Miniatures, the name says it all, how could we not want to work with a fellow Pirate?

Werner has always been great to work with—talented and reliable, an art directors dream, and he was no different on this project. Digital photographs were taken, no changes were needed, and the sculpt arrived inside the deadline, perfect! Once a green (sculpts are always referred to as "greens", as they are traditionally made from a green modeling putty) has gone through a quick approval and continuity check by the design team—Matt Wilson, Jason Soles, and Rob Stoddard, it's ready to begin the next stage in its journey.

This is where things get industrial! The miniatures production process is a strange one: it starts out with a beautiful and delicately created sculpt and finishes with a clean and detailed metal casting—in the middle is tons of pressure, hundreds of degrees of heat, heavy machinery and molten metal. We have to take one miniature and create thousands of replicas – and the way we do that never fails to amaze and fascinate me. A full-on industrial process is used to create little works or art that you can paint and game with.

The next people to be involved are the mold makers, whom I



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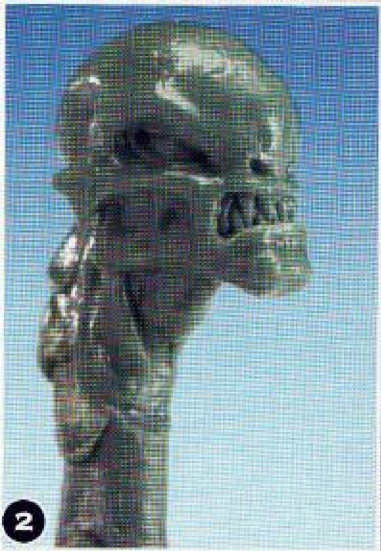
It began with a wire and the rough shape with greenstuff. Once this is hardened I add the final layer of greenstuff on the dummy and press the details into the wet putty.



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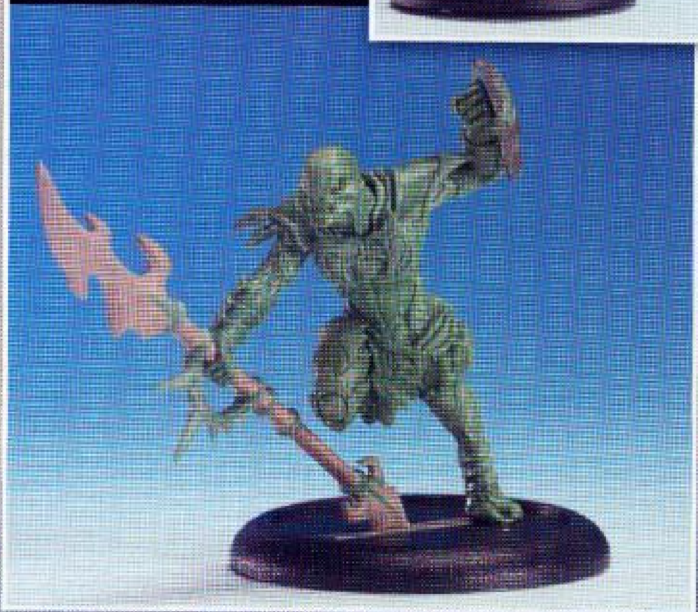
I do the detailing very carefully, working step by step. Usually I do the nose first, followed by the mouth and the eyes are the last detail I work on, but each step has to be repaired as the others are added.

The Totem Hunter begins to come alive



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meet with to discuss how easy the miniature is going to be to mold and cast. One thing that we can never forget as a miniatures company, is that sculpts have to be created for a certain process – you can have the most beautiful sculpture in the world, but if we can't mold and cast it by the thousands, it's no good to us. All of the sculptors we use have a good understanding of the limitations of the process, but there is always something to do before a green makes it into a mold. At Privateer Press, our Master Mold Makers are Kelly Yeager and Tom "Peeved" Wilkinson—and it's primarily the three of us (along with able contributions in the "green meeting" from Doug Colton, Mark Christensen, Sherry Yeary and Kevin Clark) that make the decisions about what needs to be done to the sculpt before it moves down the line. There isn't room to go into great detail about the molding process—it's too complex for the scope of this article, but we can look at the fundamentals.

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Back in the mists of time (well actually less than ten years ago...), pretty much all molds were made from black rubber, but these days silicone is the material of choice, allowing more flexibility and variation. Our Master Mold Makers are constantly pushing the envelope to discover better techniques and materials, and we are regularly producing molds that would have been unthinkable just a few years ago. Even with all the advances with materials and technique, the basic process remains the same—the series of photographs in this article show the key stages

With our miniatures, we constantly try to strike a balance between making the most dynamic figures possible, but at the same time not having too many pieces or making them too hard to assemble. Many of you will remember the old eighties and nineties gaming miniatures that came in one piece, but the poses and detail were enormously limited by the molding process, and more often than not were static and boring. One of the goals we had at Privateer when we started the miniature line was to break clear of that, and have figures that were truly dynamic and exciting. This is a constant headache for the mold makers and casters! The more 3-D the pose, the harder it is to make molds for and slower and more difficult to cast. But our team is up to the task.

In the case of the Totem Hunter, even though it was a beautiful looking green, there was quite a lot of work to do to prepare it for molding. Werner sculpted the miniature with the right arm and weapon attached, and while it's possible to mold and cast it like that, it would make for a very difficult and slow production process. So we decided that the best thing to do would be to remove the right arm at the elbow and half way across the tab. There was also a lot of "back-filling" to do to get rid of tiny recesses and under-cuts on the green. Basically anywhere that the mold would not release cleanly from has to be filled – it it's not, every time it's opened and the metal castings removed, that little recess will catch and eventually tear the mold material. When that happens the mold has to be trashed. A few hours on my desk and the arm was cleanly removed, the join finished, and all the filling done. Onwards and upwards!

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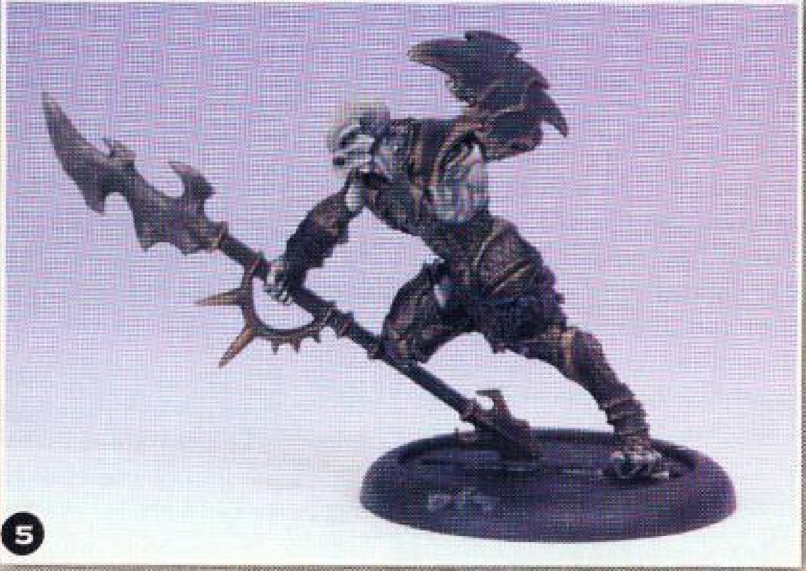
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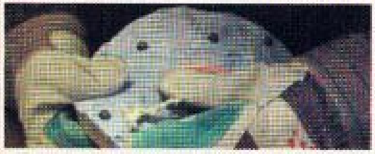
PAINTING

The miniature was undercoated black to give a dark base to work over. The first step was to paint the metallic areas – they were given a base coat of Vallejo Bronze and washed down with a mix of blue and brown ink, with just a spot of Bestial Brown added to make it cover more evenly. The highlights on the metal areas are built up with bronze and chainmail. The armour was given a base coat of black to make sure the undercoat is totally covered and then highlighted with green tones. The first highlight was a mix of black and two different Wargames Foundry colours – Forest Green and Moss Green. Further highlights were built up with more green and Bleached Bone. The Totem Hunter's skin was base coated with a mix of Black and Bleached Bone and highlighted by adding more bleached bone and white to the mix.

The master mould is loaded into a casting machine and the molten metal is poured into the top. Centrifugal force then forces it out into the cavities and fills them.


the master castings are removed from the mould very carefully to avoid damaging the silicone.

The silicone is put into the circular mould frame. Build-up has been added where needed and studs have been pressed into the silicone to make sure that the two half of the mould locate. The white substance is mould release that has been sprayed over the surface to make sure that the two halves of the mould separate after vulcanization.

Once the green is handed to the mold room, I'm out of the process for a little while and Kelly Yeager takes over–this is really the transition from what is essentially an artistic and creative procedure, to a production process. The first step in this process is to make the master mold. This is a mold that is taken directly from the green and contains all of the different pieces. The master mold differs from the production mold, which is made from castings from the master mold, and will only have multiples of one piece in it. So for a five-piece miniature, there will be one master mold and five different production molds. Make sense? We're getting a little ahead of ourselves—our green is still being "laid-up" in a master mold. Once the mold is "cooked" and "cut" (see photographs), it's ready to be cast. This is largely the same as the normal casting procedure—the mold is loaded in a centrifugal casting machine and securely clamped in place. When the start button is pressed the mold is spun at hundreds of RPM and molten metal is poured into a funnel on top of the machine. This metal enters the mold in the center and the centrifugal force pushes it outwards into the cavities, filling each of them. This is where the skill of the mold makers really show itself. If the pieces were placed in the wrong position in the mold, or the feeds or venting is incorrect – the cavity will not fill with metal and you will have a "miscast". This can vary from having soft and indistinct detail to only half a piece appearing. Fortunately our mold makers know their stuff, so with just a couple of spins to warm the mold, Kelly is pulling perfect castings out of the cavities.

At this point the process splits into two parts—half of it remains in the production department, with production molds and casting—and the other part comes back into the creative world with painting, photography and design. We'll look at creative first, and this is where things will start to become familiar to almost every one: miniature painting. Once Kelly has delivered a pristine Master Casting of the Totem Hunter we can get some paint on it. I'm not going to go into detail on this process; that's what we do most months in this column! However, there is a stage-by-stage breakdown of the painting and some brief color notes shown below.

In this case, Privateer Press studio painter Alison McVey expertly carried out the painting. Once the miniature was finished (with breaks to take stage-by-stage photographs), a last trip to the photo studio provides digital images of the finished piece, used for a wide variety of purposes. This image is placed on the central computer server where it can be accessed by whomever needs it—such as graphic designers for packaging, product and magazine use; sales and marketing for promotion and information to distributors; the web master for on-line content—the list goes on and on! We also have the painted miniature that will appear in many different dioramas and in-game photographs over the following months and even years. It will also travel the length and breadth of the country, and sometimes the world—making star appearances at conventions and shows.

That's not the end of the process though; some would say it's where the real work begins! While the same miniature is being painted and turned into a star, our production team is going into overdrive to fulfill the demand that the debut of the miniature creates. Once enough castings have been produced from the master mold to fill the separate production molds, it's back to the mold room.

As mentioned previously, there are as many different individual production molds as there are different components in the miniature. In the case of the Totem Hunter that's six: body, right leg, spear, head, shield, and spikes, and there will be different amounts of these in each of the molds depending on the size of the piece. The body is the largest piece, so there will be fewest of that, and the head is the smallest so there will be most of that in a mold. So to create 1000 complete Totem Hunters, the body mold will have to be spun many more times then the head mold. We have multiple copies on each production mold, partly so the miniature is quicker to produce, and partly because production molds have a certain life expectancy. The more complex the piece, the more wear and tear is created so the shorter the life expectancy before you start to get unpleasant things like tear-out on the castings. The molds for the Totem Hunter's head will last far longer than the mold of the body, for example.

Still with me? To be honest with you, we're just scraping the surface of the production process, keeping tack of all the different elements – quantity, scheduling, mold life, requires a team of crack mathematicians—fortunately we have one man who is more than up to the task, our Production Master—Mark Christensen. We also have an amazing team of casters who work literally around the clock (the casting machines never stop) to produce the miniatures we release. After a couple of days of non-stop casting we have large boxes full of pristine metal castings ready to move on to the next stage of the journey: packing.

I'm sure many people think that processes in the miniatures industry are automated, but it's really not the case. Every part that comes in a blister or box is put there by hand: casting, base, card, blister slip, foam—all have to be assembled in the plastic clam-shell. The clam-shell is folded closed and combined to fill case boxes, and stacked ready for shipping. Kevin Clark and his team of dedicated packing technicians handle this, and when they are in full flow you can hardly walk through the packing room for the stacks of boxes coming off the line.

The last stage is getting the miniatures out the door and on their way to you—sounds easy, but in reality it's a hard and complex task carried out with skill by our shipping masters, Chris Bodan and Aaron Gaponoff. These two handle and ship every box that comes out of the shipping dock, sent to destinations all over the world; the demand for Privateer Press miniatures is high enough that their work is never finished.

That's it—our part in the process is finished! There is a great deal more involved before you get your hands on the castings—shipping to distributors, sales, shipping to stores, unpacking, stocking shelves, but those are someone else's concern. The next time you open a blister or box full of Privateer Press miniatures realize every one of them has gone through the process in this article before they get to your eager hands.

One finished Totem Hunter ready for the hunt..

TAKE PHOTOS LIKE A PIRATE

By **James Davis**

Need to improve your photo skills? Want to show off your latest and greatest paintjob? Posting your pix to the Privateer forum have you puzzled? Privateer Press Art Director and resident photographer James Davis walks you through the basics to have you showcasing your 'jacks and beasts in no time.

One of the great things about miniatures gaming is that it's a very visual hobby. Not only do you get to play a game that's full of strategy and yelling, but you get to use these awesome looking minis on some cool terrain to really get those synapses firing. Seeing a fully-painted Deathjack on the table surrounded by mechanithrall crossing a swamp makes all those hours of painting worth it. And sometimes you've built some pieces that you're really proud of, and you want to share this image that you have of them in your head with other folks. That's why Menoth invented digital cameras and the internet. Let's figure out how to use it, eh?

A CARPENTER'S GOT TO HAVE TOOLS...

Digital cameras are shiny

The basic reference point of this article is the digital camera. They are very common, inexpensive-ish, and have really transformed not only photography, but the internet as well. Now anyone (this means you) can take photos and have them up on the web for the world to see in literally minutes.

To take pro-level miniature shots, you need something like our Nikon D70, which enables us to change lenses from zoom to macro, as well as hand-setting our f-stop and shutter speed. (And a bunch of other more boring stuff.) It's a 6.3 megapixel camera, which is not unheard of these days, but its lenses are 35mm style and enable us to take very clear photos.

A more compact, cheaper fixed-lens camera is very suitable to miniatures photography as well. Especially if you're mostly using it to put the photos on the internet. We would probably shoot for a 5 megapixel camera that enables you to turn the flash off if we were planning on buying one for shooting minis. Which we're not. Cuz we have one already

Light makes might

Now you need to get some light on the scene so that you can take a picture of your little men. Lighting can be anything from fluorescent desk-lamps to studio-level strobes like you see those pros on TV use when they take pictures of the skinny girls with the big teeth. I'm going to assume you don't want to run out and spend thousands of dollars on lights. So just look around your home/office/cage for lights. You probably have something useful already. You want lights that are as white as possible, (not bluish or green or whatever) and you need at least two of them that move and can stay in place where you put them. Really that's about it. Go find some lights. I'll wait here.

Your dimly lit, flat tabletop or mine?

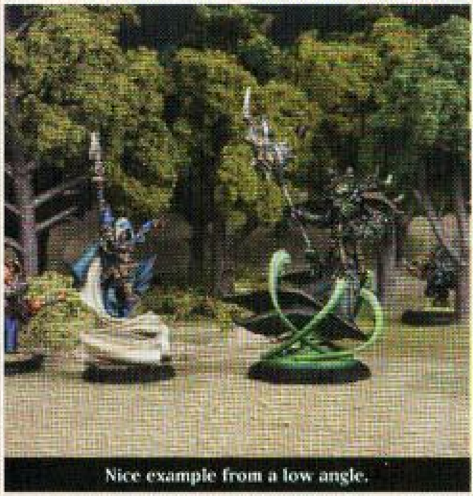
Ideally you would have a space for shooting the minis that would be dark. There's no point in getting your desk lamps out if the sun is going to shine in there and mess everything up like it always does. (Damn sun!) Also, if you pick a room that's painted bright purple, and all of your shots have a purple tint to them, don't blame me.

SETTING THE SCENE

Terrain is cool

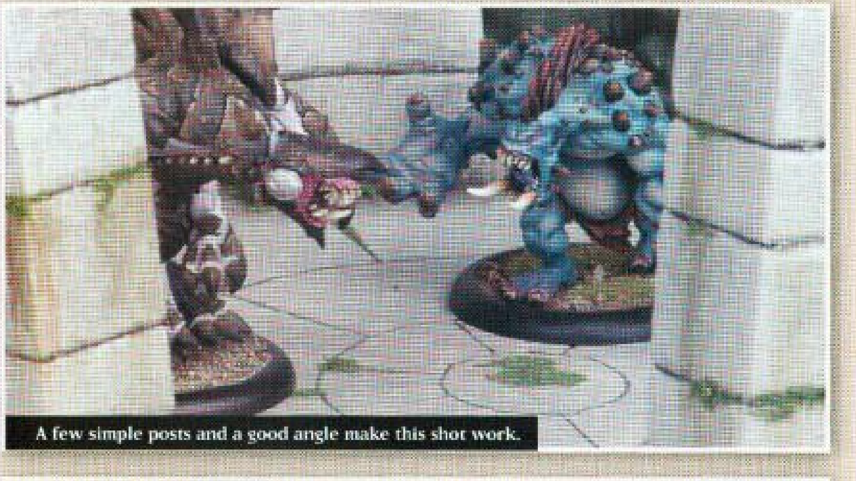
Terrain is often defined thusly: what do I have lying around that isn't plaid? That's fine if you're shooting a single mini by itself (a good job if you can get it) but if you want to shoot on terrain, you might think about a few guidelines for photography that are different than for standing around playing and yelling.

First, you need some elevation. Miniatures are small (who knew?) so the camera will be pretty low to get in front of them. We've found that it's actually difficult to get terrain just right so that several minis can be seen behind each other and not just look like a 'wall' of minis. You want elevation from the terrain, because bringing the camera up to see the guys in back makes the minis look small as you're looking down on them. (And we get enough of that at home.) Try putting some of the figures on a bridge, or rocks or movable hill. But keep the camera down low. Really low. See how low you can get it.

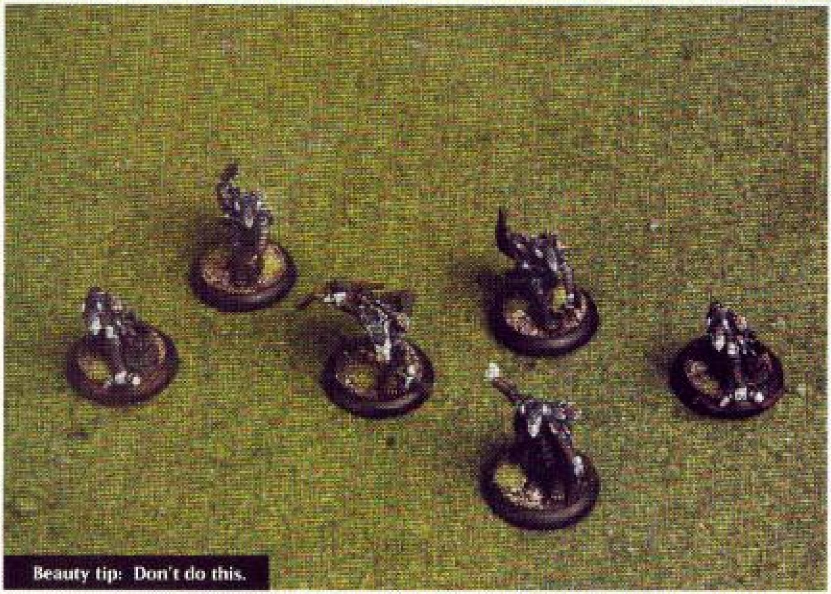

Nice example from a low angle.

When the camera is looking up at the minis, you'll notice that you need some kind of background. You can put trees behind them, but also you might put castle walls, bridges, mountains, or whatever. When I need that stuff I ask our full-time professional terrain-builder Alfonso to make me something. You might try that. (Or you can make something! You can do it!) Placing the minis in the right setting is incredibly vital to the feel of the shot. A burned village behind a troop of Protectorate would rule! Do that!

Make the minis look like they're fighting.


A few simple posts and a good angle make this shot work.

This scene is all about the terrain. It's so obviously the Legion of Everblight's turf.



Beauty tip: Don't do this.

Look for silhouettes. Minis look better from some angles. Make sure one guy's spear isn't poking another guy right in the face when you look through the lens. You'd be surprised how much this happens. And it only leads to hurt feelings. Try to get a feel for composition. Do the figures look better coming down a hill with the big guy at the bottom or the top? Should the leader really be in the middle front? Do they look like they're falling over because of what their base is sitting on? Try to be patient here and take it all in. Setting the scene at this point makes or breaks the shot.

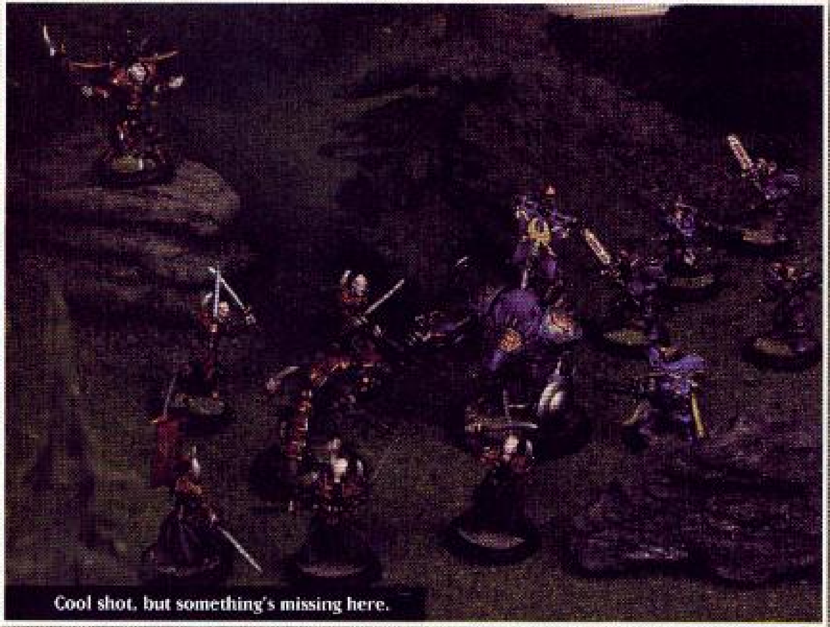
Turn on those lights

Now that you've set up a cool scene, let's try to make the little gnome in the camera make a good picture for once. A good photo consists mainly composition, color, and lighting. And color actually comes partly from lighting. We've already covered composition, so let's try to work on the interplay of light between your light sources and the camera.

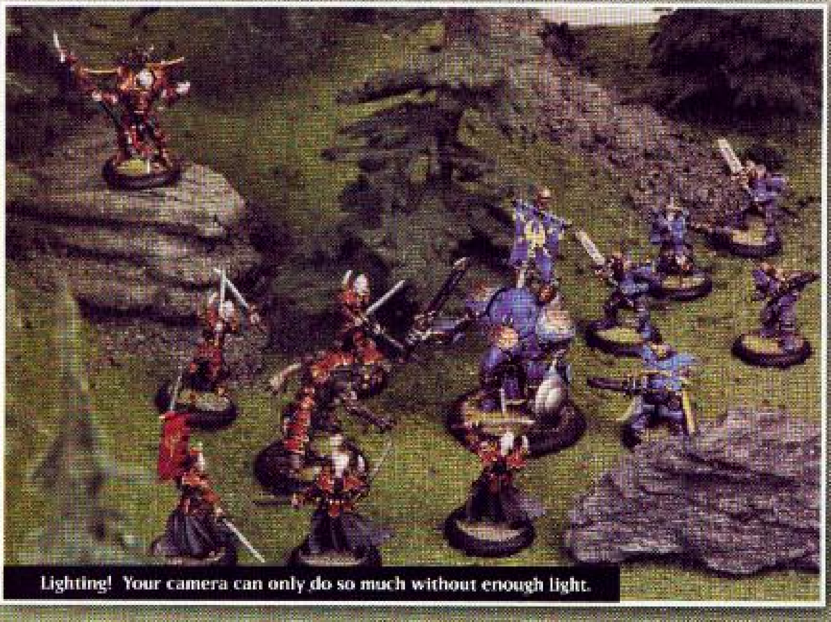
You need two light sources generally speaking. One main key light, and one fill light. The difference between these is their position and strength. Imagine if the subject that was being photographed was facing the camera and taking their left hand and pointing at an airplane off to their left. The key light should come from up there somewhere.

Then if the subject was, with their other hand, pointing straight in front of them and maybe down and to their right a bit. That would be the fill light. Now these positions change, and we would encourage you to try different things, but let's start with this.

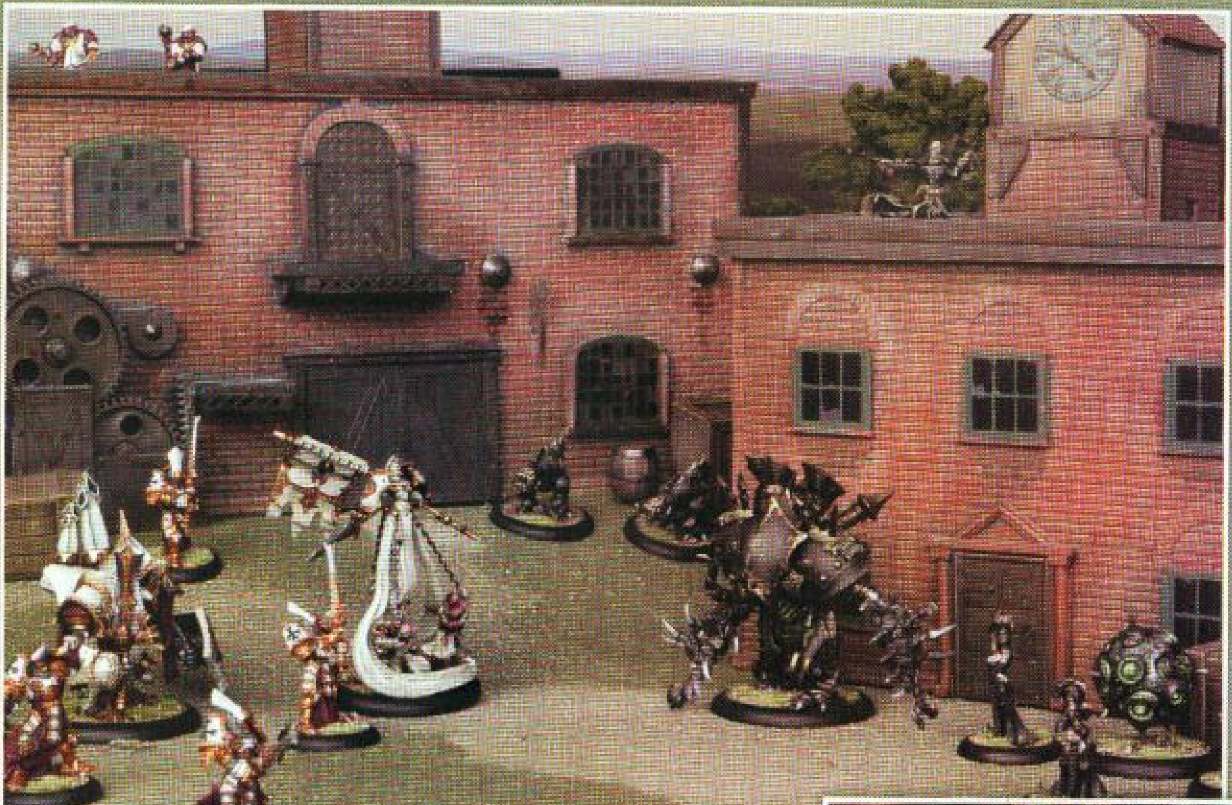
The key light and fill light should have different strengths.



Cool shot, but something's missing here.



Lighting! Your camera can only do so much without enough light.



You really have to get down into the scene to make it more life-like.

The key light being the much brighter of the two, with the fill light being used to light the underarms and shadowy nether-regions of the figures. You might say to yourself, "Self? How do make light stronger or weaker when all I have is two identical lamps that I stole from work?" Well Einstein says the light should get weaker or more intense as we get closer to it. So put the key light up close and the fill light farther away. This will work as your dimmer for these lights.

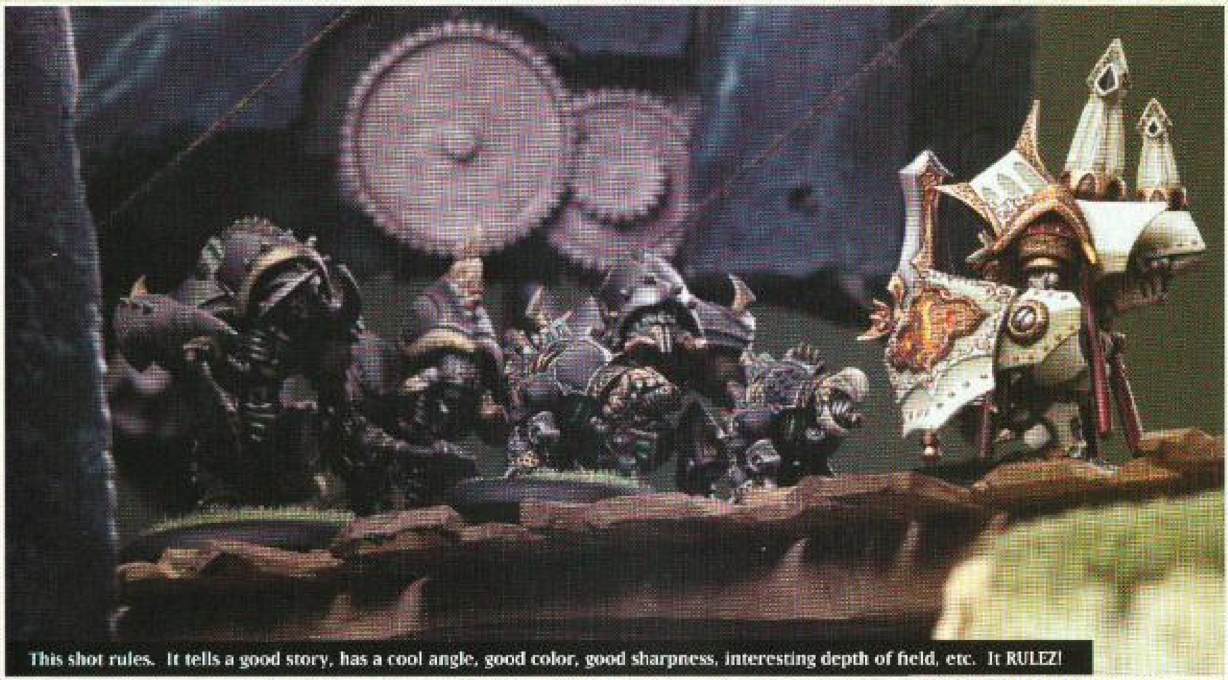
Now, you might realize that holding a hot light in each hand does not leave another hand free for picture taking. So maybe you're using springy desk lamps or maybe you should get some bungie chords or something. You need to keep those lights in place, obviously. Go ahead, I'll wait. We're getting really close now.

We shaded the light in places to give it this effect.

Not just shot from down low, but putting minis near the camera give it depth of field.

Get to clickin'

Now that your lamps are vaguely in place and your minis are staged and all that, you need to figure out how to start clicking. This is easier than it sounds. Set your camera so that it doesn't flash. (How do you do that? Probably a dial or button, but it's different on



This shot rules. It tells a good story, has a cool angle, good color, good sharpness, interesting depth of field, etc. It RULEZ!

each camera. Look for a lightning bolt arrow icon that will get crossed out when it's turned off.) Then set everything else to full-auto. If your camera has a macro setting then set it to that. Sometimes that is a little flower icon or a head or something. Now, because the light will be relatively low-level overall (unless your lamps and really freakin' bright) your camera is going to turn it's f-stop number really far down. Which means a big aperture (hole for light to get in). And it will slow the shutter speed way down. Holding the shutter open longer will mean more light gets in. This is all fine, but it means that the camera has to be very still. A tripod here obviously helps. Otherwise try holding the camera down with rubber bands on a block of wood or supergluing it to your cat. I don't think the cat thing would work very well, but you get the idea.

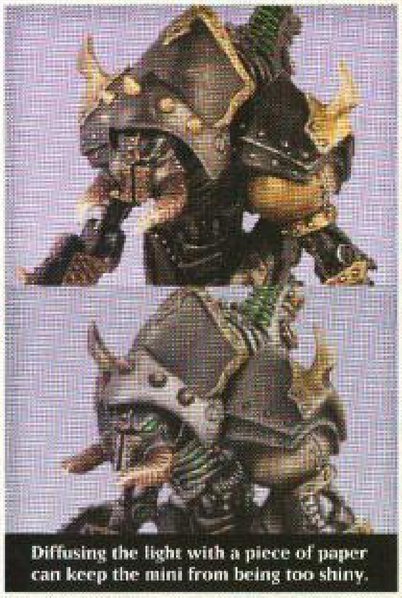
If the photos keep coming out blurry or dark, you'll just have to add more light. Go steal some more lamps. (Ed. Note: Don't steal lamps.) Also, try moving your springy lamps around closer and farther away. Move them up and down and see if you can fill in those weird shadows without making your minis have an unnatural shine. Shiny minis don't look real. Beware of that. You might have better luck lighting several minis in a scene with three lights to get all the shadows filled in.

The cool part about digital cameras is that the photos are free. So take several, test them out on your computer and try some more. This sort of trial and error is critical to figuring out how your particular room and lighting setup responds to the camera.

PLACING YOUR IMAGES GENTLY ONTO THE INTERWEB

File formats and other boring nonsense

After downloading the files into your computer you should open them up in some kind of image processing program. ImageReady, Photoshop, or perhaps whatever program came with your camera. There are a lot of options for this, but they usually have some things in common.



Diffusing the light with a piece of paper can keep the mini from being too shiny.

Color correction

You'll probably get your photos and notice that the room you picked is actually quite purple and the lights are green and your shot's color is sort of off. You can adjust the tint of the image using a tint or hue slider. It is in there somewhere; keep looking. If you're lucky enough to have a full version of Photoshop then you can also use Curves or Levels to adjust the color. Slide those things around until Cygnar is blue and Khador is red and Cryx is mean.

Then you'll need to get the brightness set correctly. Pretty much any photo program has a brightness control. Use it carefully. It's easy to make your photos better, but it's also easy to make it look faded and washed out. Remember that it's ok to steal another lamp and make your scene even brighter and take another picture if need be. (Ed. Note: Don't get caught stealing lamps.)

Then you will want to set the images to RGB. Set the dimensions to something around 4" x 5" at 72 dpi. Remember that scaling images DOWN is fine, but scaling them UP doesn't work very well. So save a bigger version of the image before you shrink it down.

The web hostess with the mostess

Once you have your beautiful mini shot color corrected and sized, you'll probably need to host it somewhere so that when you want to show it to folks you just give them the URL of the image. For instance, if you use a free photo hosting site like Photobucket.com or Photodump.com you can upload your image and then once it's up there you can copy the image reference URL. (See sidebar)

So that, after all that nonsense, you can simply paste that line of HTML code into your forum post or MySpace page or fan-site and show off your fancy-pants mini painting or your stunning terrain building with a great diorama. Maybe you have a conversion or a new color scheme. Just hopefully no photos of your actual fancy-pants.

AFTER YOU GET YOUR IMAGE SAVED TO YOUR HARD DRIVE, THEN YOU'LL NEED TO DIAL UP A WEB IMAGE SERVER LIKE PHOTOBUCKET.COM. FIRST MAKE AN ACCOUNT. (IT'S FREE.) THEN SELECT THE 'CHOOSE FILE' BUTTON. FIND YOUR PHOTO ON YOUR COMPUTER AND HIT 'SUBMIT.'

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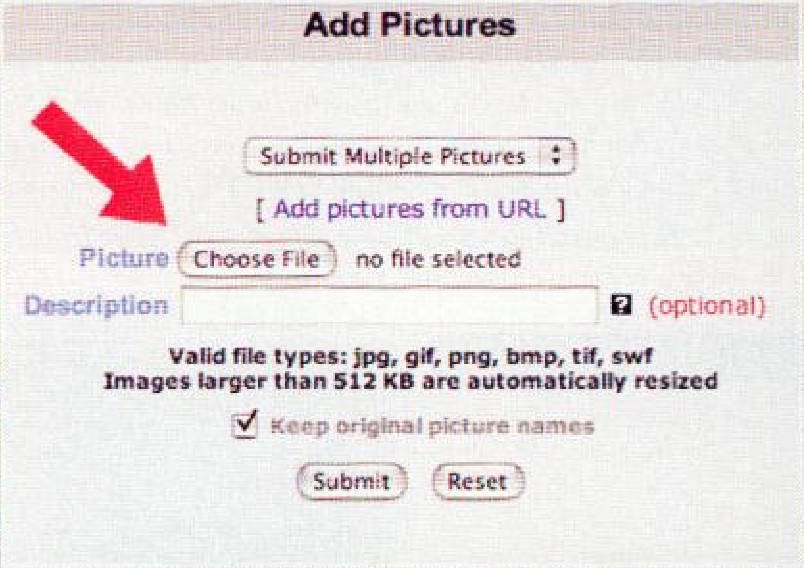

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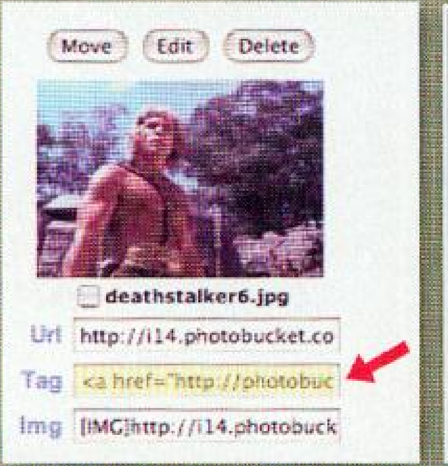

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THE 'URL' LINE IS WHAT YOU WOULD PASTE INTO YOUR BROWSER'S ADDRESS LINE AT THE TOP.

THE 'IMG' LINE IS TOP-SECRET.

Now that you know the tricks don't forget that you can submit your photos to No Quarter Magazine. If you think your paintjobs have what it takes, send them to submissions@noquartermagazine.com. If we like 'em, we'll publish 'em!

INTO THE GREENWOOD

by **Alfonso "the Traitor" Falco** with **Michelle Lyons**

Not every battle takes place among blasted ruins or hazy cobbled streets. While warcasters can find themselves hip deep in mud and steel from time to time, the advent of HORDES guarantees battles hidden away among the greenwood. For those special occasions, Alfonso has provided us with the nuts and bolts (or rather, roots and twigs) to get us started with a forest battle scene.

Every forest starts with a few humble—or not so humble—plants, so today we'll cover how to make a hedge row and stand of pine trees.

HEDGE ROW

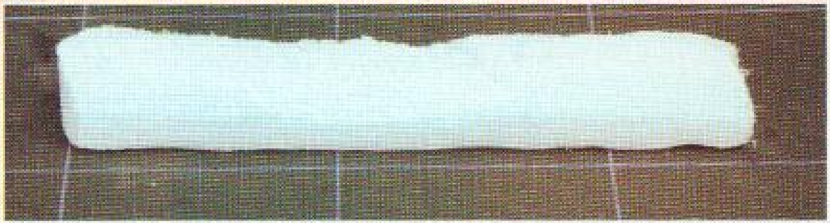
Undergrowth is a big part of any forest scene. The more things there are to trip over, the better. Random bits of shrub and scrub, however, clutter a tabletop unnecessarily and make play difficult. The answer to this difficulty lies in the compromise of the hedge row—effectively a bit of neat shrubbery.

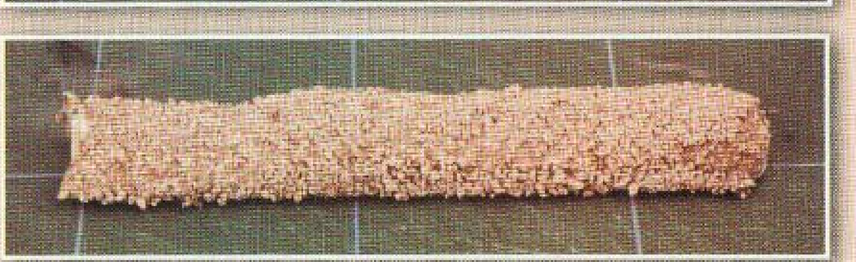
HEDGE ROW SHOPPING LIST

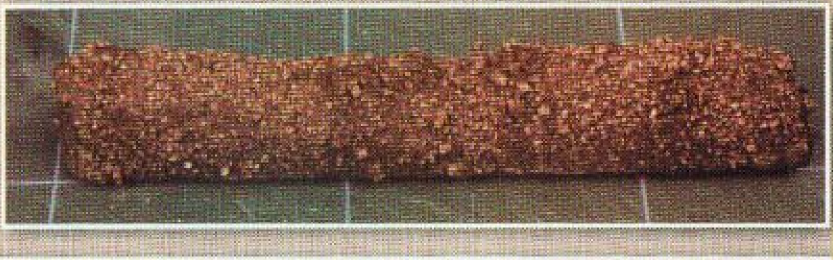
- **1 1/2" Foam insulation**
- **Sandpaper**
- **Paint (dark brown)**
- **Glue (PVA or carpenters)**
- **Sandy dirt mix**
- **Toothpicks and bamboo skewers**
- **Hobby knife**
- **Clump foliage**
- **Static grass**
- **Field grass**
- **Industrial scouring pad (optional) — You can find this at hardware stores; it comes in brown, black, and green**

First, start with the base. Take your 1 1/2" tall foam insulation and cut pieces 5 or 6 inches long. Round off one end and invert the other so that they'll fit together nicely. This sort of rounded joint allows you to add sections together seamlessly and make easy bends for a more natural appearance.

Next, rough up and round off the top of the foam. Don't be afraid to make one side smaller than the other. You'll want it to be irregular—nature doesn't do hospital corners, after all.



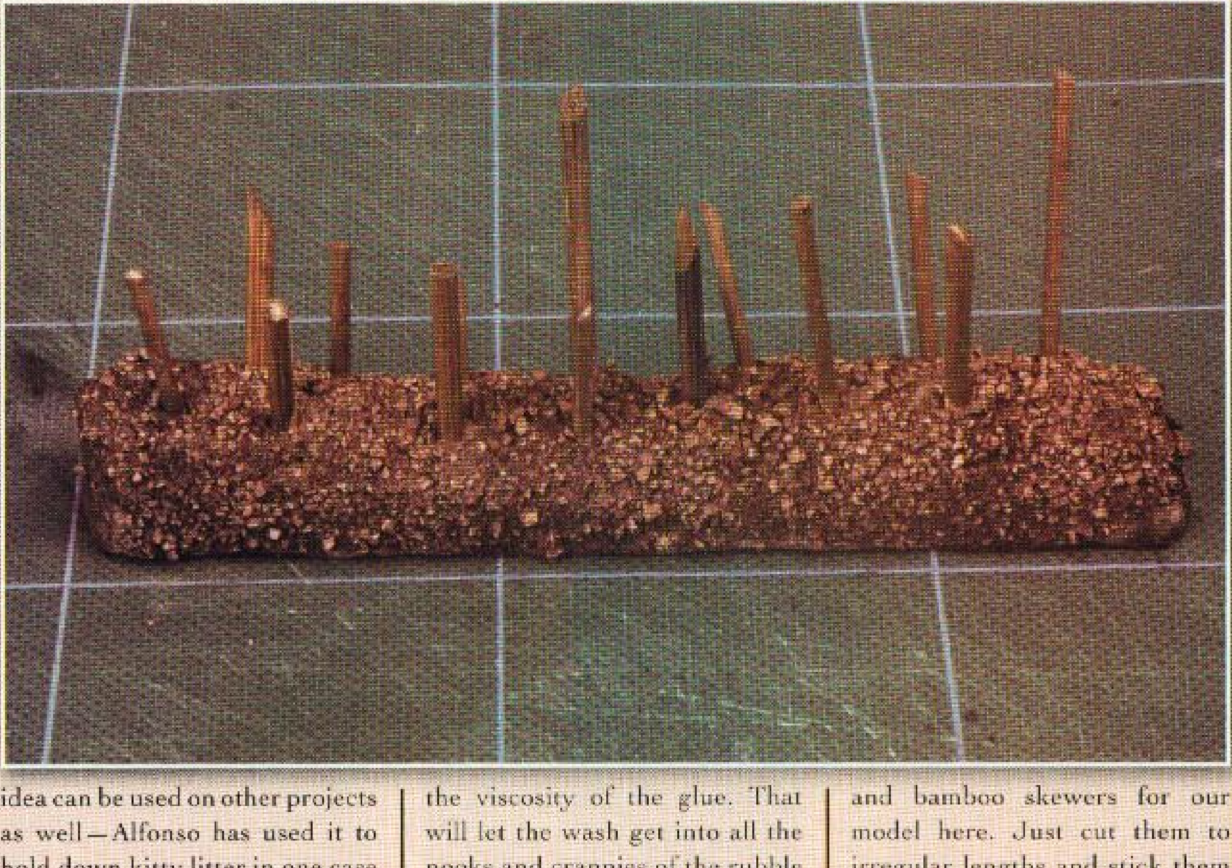




Now that you've got your bank shaped the way you like, glue the sandy dirt mix onto the foam. Do not put glue on either the rounded or inverted ends.

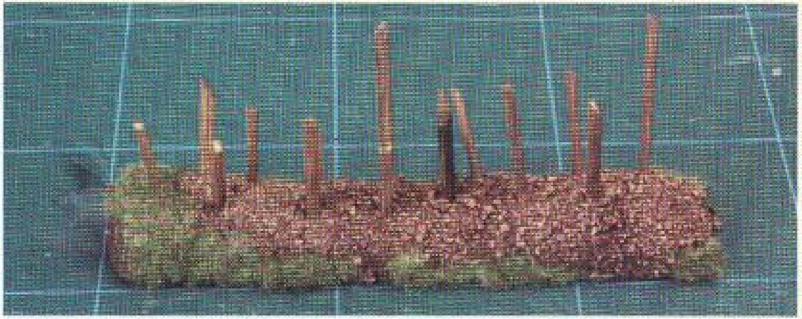
Before the glue dries, add a paint and glue wash over the sandy dirt mix. For the photos, we used dark brown paint combined with a 60/40 glue/water mix. We used carpenters glue for ours.

The reason for using a paint/glue mix here is simple. The paint will be added at some point, and it's easy to put it in now rather than make an extra step later. The glue in the wash gives some extra hold to the small rocks and sand on the base so that they won't rub off later on. This same idea can be used on other projects as well—Alfonso has used it to hold down kitty litter in one case and small rocks in another.

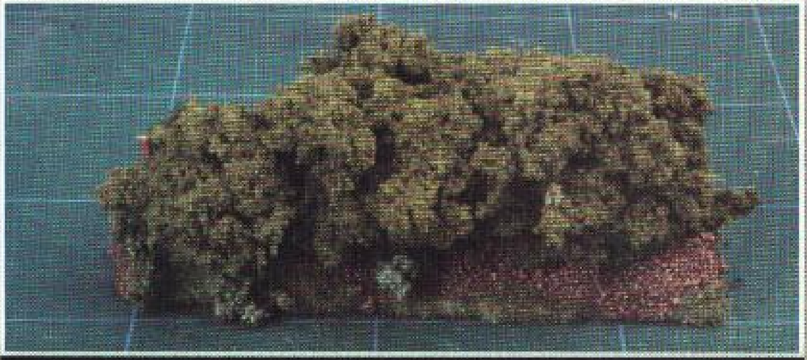


If the surface you're applying it to is very rough after the rocks and rubble have been attached, you can add a couple of drops of liquid dish soap to break down the viscosity of the glue. That will let the wash get into all the nooks and crannies of the rubble and really cover the surface well.

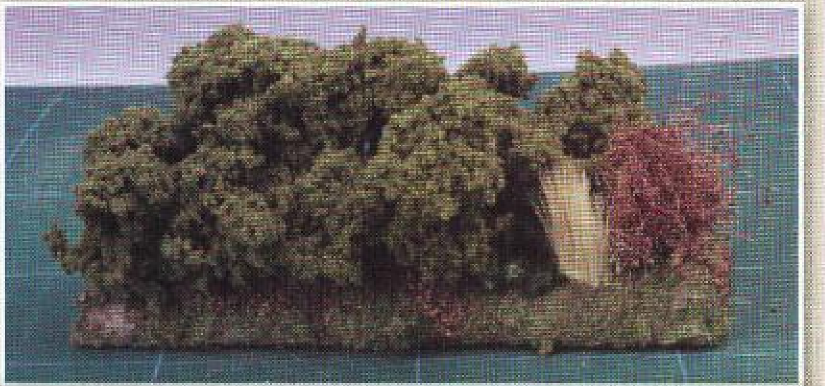
After the paint/glue wash has dried completely, add a few sticks to represent thick branches. We've used toothpicks and bamboo skewers for our model here. Just cut them to irregular lengths and stick them in the foam. You can add a drop of glue to the tips if you want. Just make sure both ends are pointed, then paint the sticks a nice branch color.



After the paint has dried, add on some static grass in patches over the mound.



Now it's time for the clump foliage. Just stick it on the sharpened sticks. You can also add glue to the stick to hold the foliage in place.



Here we've added some field grass as well, along with bits of an industrial scouring pad. You can break bits off of it to simulate dead shrubs that have no foliage left.

And there, before you know it, you've got your own hedge rows to scatter about the field and annoy your enemies. But wait, that's not all!

PINE TREES

It's all very well to have a bit of hedge lying about, but it takes more than a few shrubs to make a forest. You need trees—and have we got trees for you.

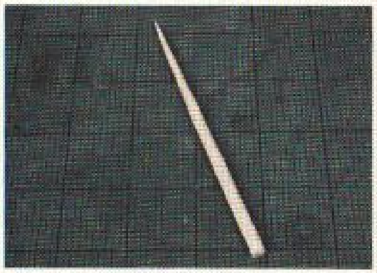
PINE TREES SHOPPING LIST

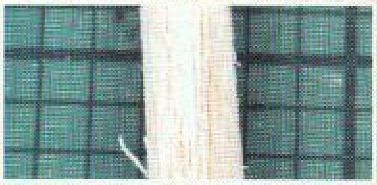
- 1/2" Balsa wood rods
- Hobby knife
- Hobby saw
- Small steel brush
- Carpentersglue
- Paint—brown, grey, and yellow oxide
- Pin vice and drill bit (2mm)
- Long sewing pins (1 1/2" or 2")
- Juniper twigs (lots of them)*
- Super glue
- Dark green static grass

*Optionally, you can replace the juniper twigs with silk plants or aquarium plants, as long as the greenery lays flat and fans out.

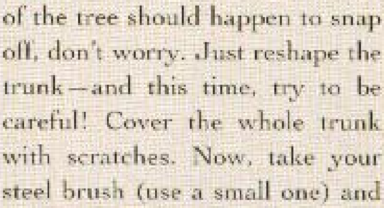
To start, take your balsa wood dowls or squares and cut them to the length you want. This is really up to you how tall you want your trees to be.

Now take a pocket knife or hobby knife and whittle the wood down to give you a basic pine trunk. Again, don't worry about imperfections. Mother nature almost never does anything in a straight line.





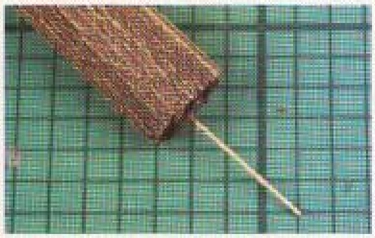
With your hobby saw, drag the blade down the tree. Start at the base of the tree and work your saw blade up to the top. If the tip of the tree should happen to snap off, don't worry. Just reshape the trunk—and this time, try to be careful! Cover the whole trunk with scratches. Now, take your steel brush (use a small one) and do the same thing with it that you just did with the hobby saw. Don't worry about the small splinters. You will fix that later.



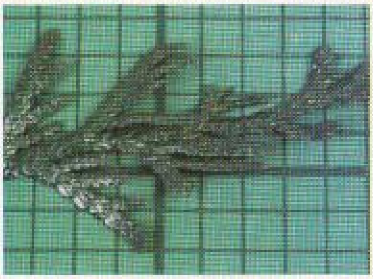
To seal the wood, apply a 50/50 glue/water wash to all the tree trunks. Set them aside and allow them to dry. After the glue has dried completely, go ahead and scrape off the splinters.

From there, it's time to paint them tree-colored. You can either use brown spray paint or brush it on. After it dries, drybrush over the top with a mix of brown, grey, and yellow oxide—just enough to pop out the details you've made on the bark.

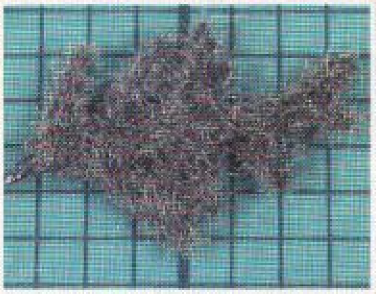
At this point, you need to decide how to base your trees. Here we used a strong sewing pin about 1 1/2 to 2 inches long. Push the pin into the balsa wood until there is roughly 1 inch remaining, then super-glued it to the bottom.



Now it's time to make the branches. Here we used the tips of the juniper trees that grow right next to the office. We didn't dry the branches out first because they will curl up like parsley if you do. Just lay them out flat on a board. We then spray painted them dark green. Allow them to dry and then repeat the job on the other side.



Once everything has dried thoroughly, glue dark green static grass on both sides of the branches. This can get a bit messy, so here's Alfonso's method: take you left hand and pick up the branch at its base. With your right, take a paint brush and apply glue to both sides. Still holding the twig in your left hand (and being sure not to have any drips), take it over to the dark green static grass.



With your right hand, sprinkle the static grass over the glued twig, making sure you cover both sides of the twig completely. Set it down on a board to dry—make sure you don't lay the branches on top of each other, or the result could tear a hole in time and space—or just make them stick together. Alfonso was vague on this point.

Repeat the process with each branch and allow them to dry. The described process works for right-handed modelers, but the hands can be easily switched if you're a leftie.

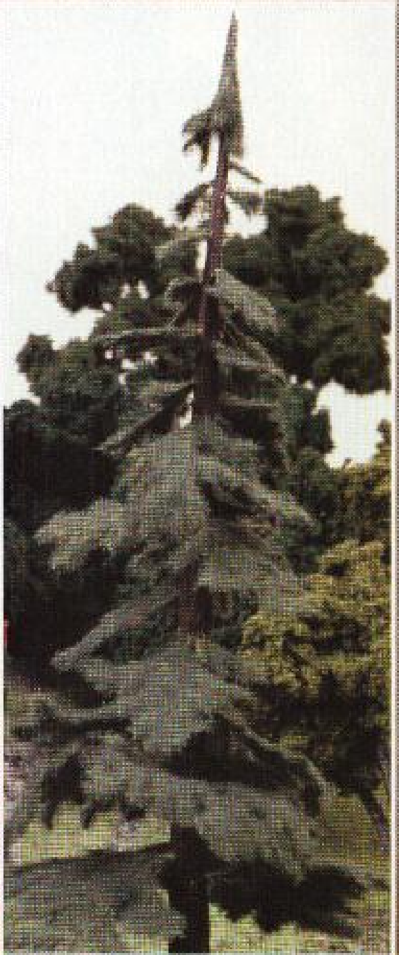
After all the twigs are dry, grab one of the tree trunks and drill a hole where you want your first branch. We started pretty low on our model in the pictures—about 4" from the bottom is optimal so you can have something to hold on to when placing the trees. You can use a hobby knife to make the holes, but you'll have a better result using a pin vice with a 2mm drill bit. Just make one hole at a time.

Dip the base of the twig in glue—PVA or carpenters glue will do fine; we used carpenters glue on ours. Place the twig in the hole in the position you want. Remember, largest branches on the bottom, smallest on the top. You may need a drop of super glue to hold the twigs in place.

When you get to the top of the tree, you'll need to get creative and make very small branches. At the very top, we suggest that you paint the top 1" or so and dip it in static grass. Allow the glue to dry.

If you don't have juniper bushes at hand, you just need to find anything that lays flat and fans out. If you do use natural juniper, remember that the trees are and will remain fragile. Juniper arguably looks the best, but it won't stand up to constant use. It is fine for home play, but if you're building this for a hobby club or a store, use manmade materials such as construction paper or even thin card stock instead. Other possible sources include the aquarium aisle at your local pet store, silk flowers or plants, or even making the branches out of wire.

And with that we now have the knowledge needed to create an amazing, lush battlefield that is perfect for all those imminent conflicts!



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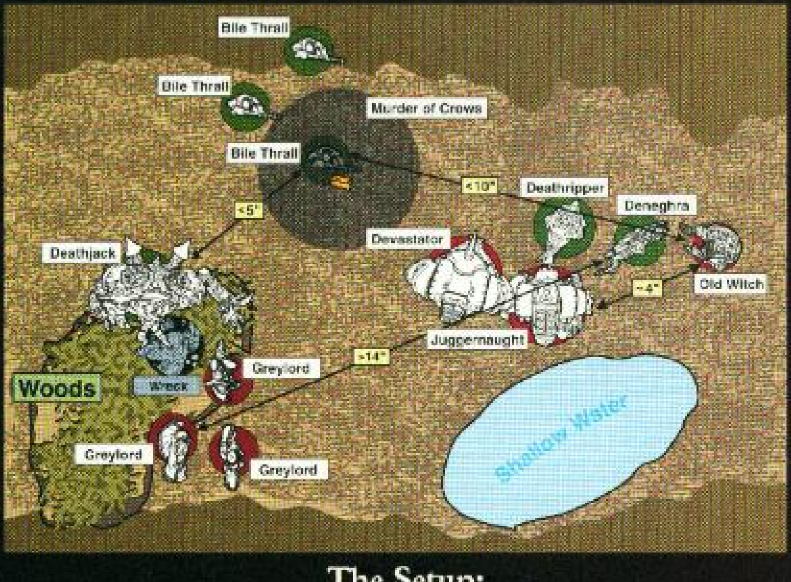
WARMACHINE CHALLENGE

SHADOWS AND FOG

A caster kill is not the only way to win the day. Subtle effects can be just as crucial as a massive assault. In this WARMACHINE brain teaser we'll see if you can look past a bad situation to pull scenario victory from the jaws of defeat. See if you can win in a few different ways. This time press your luck and roll out the results.



What You'll Need:

KHADOR

- Old Witch
- Devastator
- Juggernaught
- Greylord Ternion

Cryx

- Deneghra
- Deathjack
- Deathripper
- 3 Bile Thralls

The Setup:

In this scenario, the Cryx goal is to acquire Khador battle plans en route to the front lines. The Khador goal is to keep these plans from falling into the hands of the Lich Lords.

One of three remaining Bile Thralls from a depleted unit stands under a Murder of Crows template and holds the battle plans that define victory or defeat in this scenario game. A Deathripper is about five inches to the right of the Bile Thrall with the plans, and Deneghra is an inch beyond that, engaging the Old Witch from a distance of about an inch. The Deathjack is a little under five inches from the opposite side of the front Bile Thrall, standing triumphant over the twisted wreckage of the Scrapjack.

You are the Khador player. The Old Witch is Shadow Bound, knocked down, and Withered, but she does have a soul token culled from Deneghra's Ogrun Bokur. Her Juggernaut is just over four inches away but has lost its movement system and left arm. A fully functional Devastator is located just beyond the Juggernaut, and the nearest model in a unit of Greylords stands about 13 inches to her left near the Scrapjack wreck. All but the farthest Greylord is Withered; he is just over 14 inches from Deneghra.

The Challenge:

Maximize your chances of taking back the battle plans and winning the scenario. Get one of your models onto the objective to win.

The dice have been unkind this game, to say the least. Failing to kill the Bile Thrall that entered the Murder of Crows template last round to pick up the plans could have been the nail in your coffin. This is the final round, however, and, if you can conjure up a way to take back those crucial documents, the game will be yours.

It's true the seductive Warwitch has crippled your forces, but you still have a few tricks up your sleeve and aren't prepared to surrender just yet. Trying to account for poor die rolls as much as possible, what's your best course of action to win the game?

Our Solution:

Due to The Withering, none of your models will be able to take back the plans by simply advancing. Unseen Path is your only hope of winning the game. Fortunately, you can upkeep Murder of Crows without cost thanks to the Withered Staff rule. To take the dice out of the equation as much as possible, first activate the Greylords. Since the Magic Ability score is not a "stat," it is unaffected by The Withering. Even 5s on every die roll will allow one Greylord to kill the front Bile Thrall with Frost Bite and another to place a Blizzard cloud on the Withered Juggernaut from the back arc. Position the third Greylord to Frost Bite or Blizzard should any of the other models miss. Next, activate the Devastator, and Bulldoze the Juggernaut closer to the Old Witch. The Withered, Blizzarded, movement-disabled Juggernaut can still lurch one mighty inch towards the Old Witch and face his back to her. After the Old Witch stands up, a Strangling Chains spell will draw the Juggernaut close enough to allow her to Unseen Path over to the battle plans for victory. Again, just 4s on every roll will be sufficient to pull off the win.

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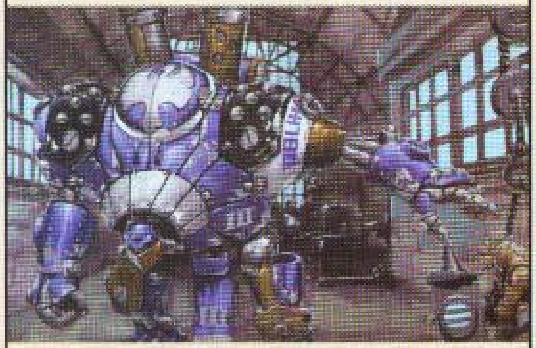
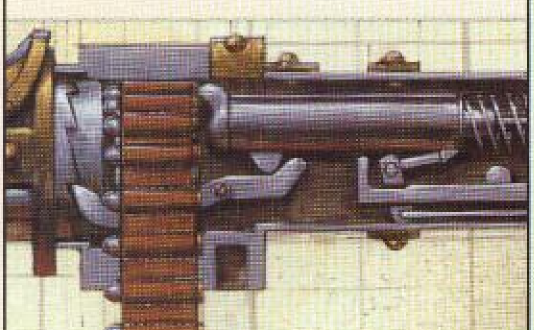


Inside a **'jack factory!**



Life of the **Trencher**

PLUS, **Carniveans**, **SUPERIORITY** hits the shelves, and what REALLY happened at the **Thornwood?**

KEVIN CLARK GIVES US A WHOOPIN'

As Duncan told you in the editorial, Kevin Clark recently laid down the law in a staff tournament. No easy feat, Kevin caved a path through the game designers and some of the best WARMACHINE players on the planet.

We thought you would like to take a look at the 750 point Protectorate that he drove to victory.

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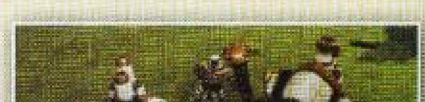
The smell of victory..isn't always.Old Spice.



The contract to guard the supply line seemed like such an easy job...

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